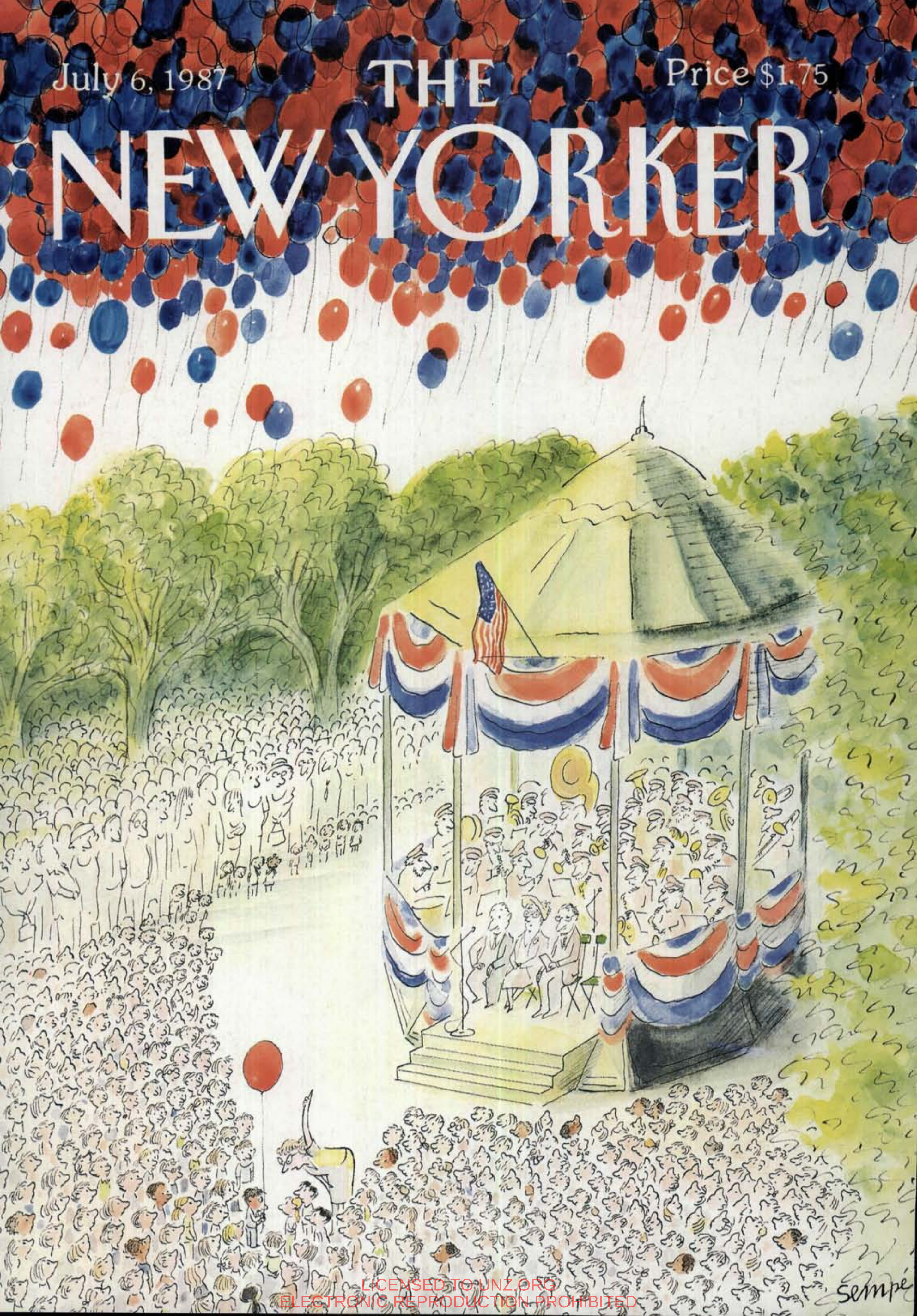
July 6, 1987

THE NEW YORKER

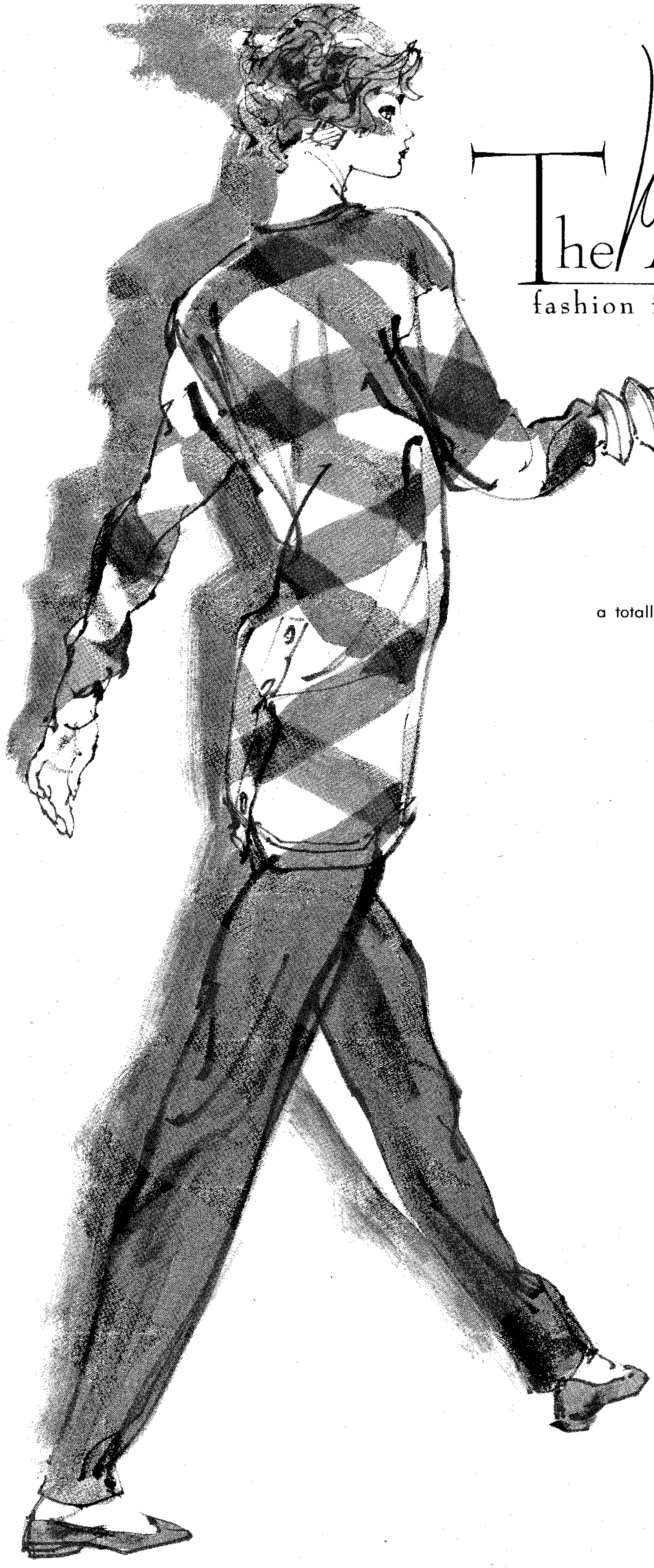
Price $1.75



Vaterford creates a 20th century design that lives up to 18th century standar

Vaterford® is mouth-blown and hand-cut by 200-year-old methods that are the precise oppo production. Which is why this new design has a brilliance machine-made crystal can't matc

vn: Colleen Tall Cocktail. © 1987 Waterford Crystal, Ocean, New Jersey 07712.



The American look

fashion forecast: new proportions

The tunic lengthens,

trousers taper.

Knit news from Vittadini

We applaud this new freedom in fashion,
a totally leaner, cleaner line from neckline to ankle.
The fresh length of tunic, button-detailed
in back, diamond patterned
in heathery taupetones, 100.00
Pull-on pants taper from
a softly gathered top, in solid taupe, 76.00
Both, wool-acrylic knit, S, M, L.
Lord & Taylor, Fifth Avenue at 39th Street.
Toll-free 800-223-7440 For New York City
(area codes 212 and 718) and information
(212) 391-1199 All 24 hours a day
including Sunday.

So many choices, so little time.
Gail Kittenplan and her staff
of Personal Fashion Advisors can
help you put together a whole
new season of looks you'll love.
To make an appointment (212) 391-3519

Property of
AMBASSADOR COLLEGE LIBRARY
Big Sandy, Texas

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			1	2	3	4
5	6	7	8	9	10	11

THE THEATRE

(This week, some theatres, as indicated below, are rearranging their schedules because of the Fourth of July. There may be further changes, so it would be wise to check the newspapers before making plans.)

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Beirut—A play by Alan Bowne. (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Mondays through Thursdays at 8:30; Friday and Saturday, July 3-4, at 7:30 and 9:30; and Friday and Saturday, July 10-11, at 8 and 10.)

Broadway Bound—A touching and unexpectedly serious study of a family—presumably the playwright's—as it begins to fall apart in Brooklyn in the nineteen-forties. Neil Simon retains his accustomed skill at comedy but has wisely suppressed his weakness for sure-fire gags. Linda Lavin is superb as the troubled mother; also in the cast are Philip Sterling, John Randolph, and Phyllis Newman. Gene Saks directed. (Reviewed in our issue of 12/15/86.) (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Claptrap—A witless comedy by Ken Friedman that aspires to be a spoof of "Deathtrap." Why bother? (6/29/87) (Manhattan Theatre Club at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Nightly at 8. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2:30. Closes Sunday, July 5.)

Coastal Disturbances—Tina Howe's funny and beautiful play about love is set on a private beach on Massachusetts' North Shore. Annette Bening, as a photographer from this city, and Timothy Daly, as a lifeguard, are the beguiling lovers, and among the other actors, as summer people, are Rosemary Murphy, Jonas Abry, Heather Mac Rae, and Ronald Guttman. Carole Rothman is the director. (12/1/86) (Circle in the Square, 50th St. west of Broadway. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Colored Museum—A sharp, satiric revue on the subject of blackness and related matters. The move from a tiny theatre at the Public to a larger one allows the show to spread out a bit, without in any way diminishing its force or dimming its brilliance. George C. Wolfe was the clever writer, and L. Kenneth Richardson the able director. The performers, all of them splendid, are Loretta Devine, Tommy Hollis, Reggie Montgomery, Vickilyn Reynolds, and Danitra Vance. (11/10/86) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, July 19.)

The Comedy of Errors—Shakespeare's treatise on identical twins and mistaken identity has become the occasion for the extraordinary juggling of the Flying Karamazov Brothers and the clowning of many another gifted hand. Robert Woodruff directed. (6/15/87) (Vivian Beaumont, Lincoln Center. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, except July 4, and Sundays at 2.)

Dreamgirls—A return engagement of Michael Bennett's 1981 musical. Tom Eyen wrote the book and lyrics, and Henry Krieger wrote the music. (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Educating Rita—Austin Pendleton plays the scruffy, bookish professor and Laurie Metcalf the brash, sharp-witted local hairdresser whom he educates, bit by bit, in Willy Russell's delightful comedy, which is set in the North of England. Starting Tuesday, July 7, Milo O'Shea will replace Mr. Pendleton, and Kitty Sullivan will replace Miss Metcalf. (5/18/87) (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Fences—August Wilson's play about a black garbageman, formerly a baseball player of professional calibre, is as powerful as, and even richer than, his "Ma Rainey's Black Bottom." The triumphant performance, with James Earl Jones in the leading role, supported by Mary Alice, Courtney B. Vance, Frankie R. Faison, Ray Aranha, Charles Brown, and Karima Miller, was directed by Lloyd Richards. (4/6/87) (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-0102. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Funny Feet—A dancing revue spoofing everything from classical ballet to Las Vegas lounge entertainment. Conceived, choreographed, and directed by Bob Bowy (Lambs, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780. Monda and Wednesdays through Saturdays at Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at and Sundays at 3.)

The Garden of Earthly Delights—A return gagement of a heavenly theatre piece, se here in 1984, that uses every resource of t theatre except words—dance, pantomin acrobatics, clowning, and music. Based on t Hieronymus Bosch painting, it was conceiv by its choreographer and director, Mart Clarke; its composer, Richard Peaslee; a the Music-Theatre Group from the Ler Arts Center. It is a triumph for everyone c cerned. (Minetta Lane Theatre, 18-22 Min ta Lane, east of Sixth Ave., between W. and Bleecker Sts. 420-8000. Tuesdays a Wednesdays at 7:30 and 9:30; Thursdays 8; and Fridays and Saturdays, except July at 7:30 and 9:30.)

Jackie Mason's "The World According to M—Jackie Mason's material consists alm entirely of outrageous insults addressed Jews, Italians, Poles, Puerto Ricans, a Wasps. For more than thirty years, Maso audiences—that is, his victims—have fou him hilarious, and the sorry truth of the m ter is that he *is* hilarious. (Brooks Atkins 256 W. 47th St. 719-4099. Tuesdays thro Saturdays, except Friday and Saturday, J

TABLE OF CONTENTS

THE TALK OF THE TOWN 2
"FAST FORWARD TO THE PAST" . . . . *Polly Frost* 2
"FAMILY SINS" . . . . *William Trevor* 2
"THE LEAST OF THINGS" (POEM) . . . . *Arthur Smith* 3
"THE DIFFICULTY OF MOONLIGHT IN THE 6TH ARRONDISSEMENT" (POEM) . . . . . . *Wong May* 3
ANNALS OF BUSINESS (PERDUE'S ADVERTISING) . . . . . *Thomas Whiteside* 3
THE THEATRE . . . . *Mimi Kramer* 5
MUSICAL EVENTS . . . . *Andrew Porter* 5
OUR FAR-FLUNG CORRESPONDENTS (HOT SPRINGS) . . . . . . *Edith Iglauer* 6
DANCING . . . . *Arlene Croce* 7
BOOKS . . . . *Jeremy Bernstein* 7
BRIEFLY NOTED 8

COVER: *J. J. Sempé*

DRAWINGS: *Edward Koren, Leo Cullum, Henry Martin, William Steig, Al Ros J. B. Handelsman, Roz Chast, Charles Addams, Joseph Mirachi, Boris Drucke George Booth, Lee Lorenz, Robert Mankoff, Warren Miller, Brian Savag Bernard Schoenbaum, Ed Arno, Charles Barsotti, Robert Weber, Fran Modell, Arnie Levin, Dana Fradon, James Stevenson*

RECEIVED
JUL 6
4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 1 2 3

THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 43RD STREET, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10036
(212) 840-3800

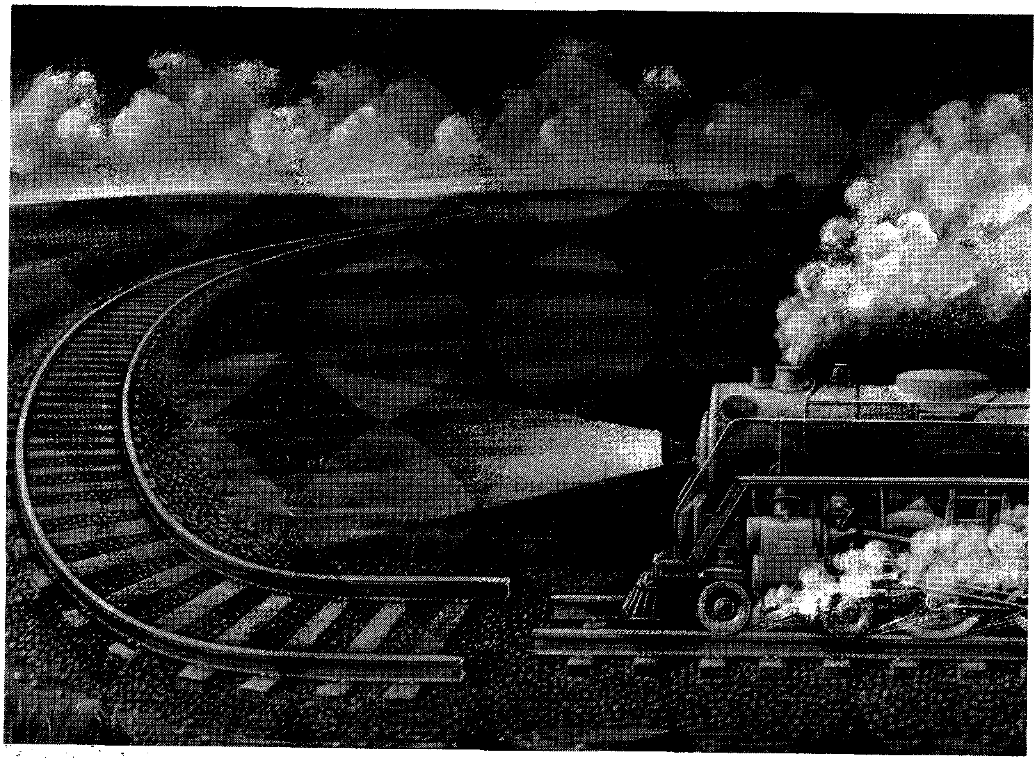
SUBSCRIPTION SERVICE

To inquire about a subscription or to change an address, please write to The New Yorker, Box 56447, Boulder, Colorado 80322, or telephone 1-800-525-0643 (in Colorado 303-447-9330). For a change of address, subscribers should give four weeks' notice. If possible, please send the address label from a recent issue.

THE NEW YORKER (ISSN 0028-792X), published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 W. 43rd St., N.Y., N.Y. 10036; Steven T. Florio, president and publis Jonathan E. Newhouse, executive vice-president; Rebecca Wesson Darwin, vice-president and associate publisher; Sam R. Spoto, vice-president; Stuart H. Jason, v president and treasurer; Ruth A. Diem, vice-president and human resources director; Lynn W. Guthrie, advertising director; Frank Mustacato, circulation director. Bra advertising offices: 111 East Wacker Drive, Chicago, Ill. 60601; 41 Osgood Place, San Francisco, Calif. 94133; Suite 2360, 5900 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90 67½ Chestnut St., Boston, Mass. 02108; 19 South Audley St., London, W1Y 5DN. Metropolitan Publishers Representatives: 3017 Piedmont Road, NE, Atlanta, 30305; 2500 So. Dixie Highway, Miami, FL 33133; 3016 Mason Place, Tampa, FL 33629. Vol. LXIII, No. 20, July 6, 1987. Second-class postage paid at New Y N.Y., and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, and for payment of postage in c
© 1987 by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the conser The New Yorker.
Printed in U.S.A. Subscription rates: In U.S. and possessions, one year, $32.00; two years, $52.00. In Canada, one year, $50.00. Other foreign, one year, $56.00, payable in advance. POSTMASTER: Send address changes to The New Yorker, Box 56447, Boulder, Colorado 80322.

ssues of the Information Age:

The way beyond Babel.



Imagine trying to build a railroad system if every locomotive manufacturer used a different track gauge. Every local stretch of railroad had its own code of signals. And in order to ride a train, you needed to know the gauges and the signals and the switching procedures and the route and the conductor's odd pronunciation of the station names.

The business of moving and managing information is in a similar state today. Machines can't always talk to each other. Proprietary systems and networks abound, with suppliers often jockeying to make theirs the de facto standard. The enormous potential of the Information Age is being dissipated by incompatibility.

The solution, as we see it, is common standards which would allow electronic systems in one or many locations to work together. People will be informed and in control, while the systems exchange, process, and act on information automatically.

AT&T is working with national, international, and industry-wide organizations to set up comprehensive, international standards to be shared by everyone who uses and provides information technology. We think it's time for everyone in our industry to commit to developing firm, far-reaching standards. The goal: to provide our customers with maximum flexibility and utility. Then, they can decide how and with whom to work.

We foresee a time when the promise of the Information Age will be realized. People will participate in a worldwide Telecommunity through a vast, global network of networks, the merging of communications and computers. They'll be able to handle information in any form—conversation, data, images, text—as easily as they make a phone call today.

The science is here now. The technology is coming along rapidly. But only with compatibility will the barriers to Telecommunity recede.

Telecommunity is our goal. Technology is our means.℠

We're committed to leading the way.

AT&T

©1987 AT&T

3-4, at 8. Matinees Saturdays, except July 4, at 2; special matinée Wednesday, July 1.)

La Mama E.T.C.—Presenting **power, greed and self-destruction in america,** a revival of a 1966 comedy by Tom Eyen. The original title was "Give My Regards to Off-Off Broadway." (La Mama, 74A E. 4th St. 475-7710. Final performances Wednesday and Thursday, July 1-2, at 8.)

Les Liaisons Dangereuses—An exquisite production by the Royal Shakespeare Company of Christopher Hampton's adaptation of the scandalous 1782 novel by Choderlos de Laclos. With fine performances by Alan Rickman, Lindsay Duncan, Suzanne Burden, and Lucy Aston in the leading roles. Howard Davies was the deft director. (5/11/87) (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Presenting **give my regards to broadway,** a musical loosely adapted from George M. Cohan's "Little Johnny Jones," by Raymond Allen, Jerry Gotham, and Todd Ellison. (Playhouse 91, at 316 E. 91st St. 831-2000. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, and Saturdays and Sundays at 3:30.)

Les Misérables—Colm Wilkinson is a strong Jean Valjean and Terrence Mann is his strong pursuer Javert in this musical adaptation of the Victor Hugo novel, which comes to us from France by way of England. The real standouts of the production, however, are the settings, by John Napier, and the lighting, by David Hersey. But even these, remarkable though they are, are not sustaining enough for the three and a half hours that the show runs. (3/23/87) (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2.)

The Musical Comedy Murders of 1940—A whodunit, written and directed by John Bishop. (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Nerd—This farce by the late Larry Shue (author of "The Foreigner") is a source of laughter from beginning to end. It tells the story of an idiotic young man who almost becomes the permanent house guest of an inoffensive architect. Robert Joy gives a first-rate comic performance in the title role. (4/6/87) (Helen Hayes, 240 W. 44th St. 944-9450. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

No Way to Treat a Lady—A musical about a strangler of women, hateful but with a lively score and some clever lyrics by Douglas J. Cohen, who is also responsible for the nasty libretto. With Stephen Bogardus, Peter Slutsker, Liz Callaway, and June Gable. Jack Hofsiss was the director. (6/22/87) (Hudson Guild Theatre, 441 W. 26th St. 760-9810. Wednesday through Saturday at 8, and Sunday at 7. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, July 5.)

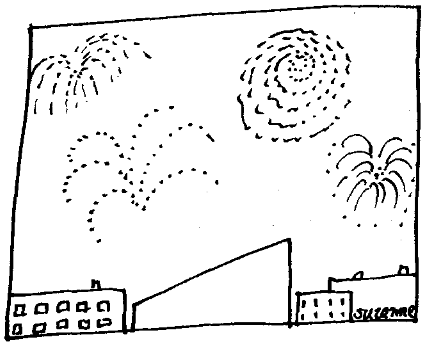
Pygmalion—This revival amounts to a one-man show. The one man is Peter O'Toole, as Professor Higgins, of course, and he is very funny. (5/11/87) (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Redthroats—A one-man show written and performed by David Cale. (Second Stage, Broadway at 76th St. 873-6103. Mondays through Thursdays at 8; Friday, July 3, at 7 and 10; Saturday, July 4, at 7; and Saturday, July 11, at 7 and 10. Closes Saturday, July 18.)

Starlight Express—A bore on roller skates. (3/30/87) (Gershwin, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Steel Magnolias—A play by Robert Harling. (Lucille Lortel, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 6 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Talk Radio—The gifted Eric Bogosian appears in a strong and funny play of his own as the scornful host of a phone-in radio talk show. (6/8/87) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)



S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			1	2	3	4
5	6	7	8	9	10	11

Long Runs—**big river:** William Hauptman and Roger Miller have drawn a pleasantly sentimental musical out of "The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn," and Mark Twain in Heaven has reason to be satisfied with the results. (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Wednesday, July 8, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Thursday, July 9, at 2.) . . . **la cage aux folles:** A musical about a pair of tenderhearted middle-aged lovers presiding over a drag-queen night club in Saint-Tropez; the production is one of the most beautiful—and extravagant—ever to reach Broadway. Jerry Herman wrote the music and lyrics; the book is by Harvey Fierstein. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **cats:** Some twenty poems about cats by T. S. Eliot, set to music by Andrew Lloyd Webber. A mighty spectacle about mighty little, owing its effectiveness to Trevor Nunn's direction and to the sets and costumes by John Napier. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **a chorus line:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **the common pursuit:** Six Cambridge undergraduates, in the sixties, plan to launch a literary magazine in accordance with the rigorous standards of the critic F. R. Leavis, and in the ensuing twenty years manage to breach those standards. Simon Gray's play, while not especially original, is consistently entertaining. (Promenade, Broadway at 76th St. 580-1313. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except July 4, at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays, except July 4, and Sundays at 3; special matinées Saturday, July 4, at 2 and 5:30.) . . . **the fantasticks:** 11,312 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **42nd street:** A musical based on the old Warner Brothers movie, and by no means an improvement on it. Directed and choreographed by the late Gower Champion. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **i'm not rappaport:** Herb Gardner's synthetic, though often entertaining, comedy about two old men who share a bench in Central Park, starring Jack Klugman and Ossie Davis. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **little shop of horrors:** Based on Roger Corman's 1960 horror quickie about a man-eating plant, this exuberant, jokey musical is wholly free of camp. The score is by Alan Menken, and Howard Ashman directed and wrote the book and lyrics. Martin P. Robinson designed the menacing
plant. (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th S
239-6200. Tuesdays through Fridays at
Saturdays, except July 4, at 7 and 10; ar
Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at
Special performances Saturday, July 4, at
and 7:30.) . . . **me and my girl:** An infelicitous
rehabilitated British musical out of the thi
ties, with Jim Dale in the starring role. (Ma
quis, Broadway at 45th St. 947-0033. Tue
days through Saturdays at 8. Matiné
Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Su
days at 3.) . . . **nunsense:** A musical comedy l
Dan Goggin. (Douglas Fairbanks, 432 V
42nd St. 239-4321. Tuesdays through Satu
days at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Satu
days at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **o
calcutta!:** A collection of short sketches th
purport to give us a refreshing view of s
and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 30
2302. Mondays through Fridays at 8; Satu
days at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Ma
nées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, a
Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

Beehive—A musical revue, featuring girl-gro
songs of the sixties. (Top of the Gate, 1
Bleecker St. 982-9292. Tuesdays throu
Thursdays at 8; Fridays at 7:30 and 10; a
Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays
5.)

Forbidden Broadway—A musical satire
Shubert Alley denizens. The lyrics to the so
parodies are by Gerard Alessandrini. (Pa
son's Upstairs, 158 W. 72nd St. 595-74
Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Frida
and Saturdays at 8:30 and 11:30; and Su
days at 8:30.)

DANCE

Bolshoi Ballet—Wednesday and Thursday ev
nings, July 1-2, and Monday and Tuesd
evenings, July 6-7: "The Golden Age."
¶ Friday evening, July 3; Saturday matin
and evening, July 4; and Wednesday a
Thursday evenings, July 8-9: Act I
"Romeo and Juliet," *divertissements,* and A
II of "Spartacus." . . . ¶ Friday evening, Ju
10, and Saturday matinée and evening, Ju
11: "Raymonda." (Metropolitan Ope
House. 362-6000. Evenings at 8. Matinées
2. Through Saturday, July 18.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing in which bold-fa
type is used to pick out a few of the more not
ble performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians a
night-club proprietors live complicated liv
that are subject to last-minute change; it
therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Angry Squire, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd
(242-9066)—A long, narrow, nautical b
restaurant, and jazz haunt. Saturday, July
belongs to singer Marty LeDonne's trio, a
Friday and Saturday, July 10-11, to pian
danny mixon's crew. Sets begin at ten Frida
and Saturdays, and at nine-thirty the rest
the week.

Ballroom, 253 W. 28th St. (244-3005)—A
cabaret on the edge of Chelsea, in the hea
of the fur and fashion-student distric
Wednesday, July 1, at nine, Marvin Ha
lisch; Thursday, July 2, at nine, Ma
Shaiman; and Saturday, July 4, at eleve
members of several Broadway casts, inclu
ing Jim Dale. All these shows are to bene
AIDS research.

Blue Note, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (47
8592)—A really blue but not really N
York jazz club; the idea for the brass plaqu
that are engraved with the names of visiti
jazz stars and embedded in the blue tab
appears to have been borrowed from Hol
wood. A double helping of soul jazz—t
combos led by two keyboardists, **les mc ca**
and **jack mc duff**—is the fare through Su
day, July 5; alto saxophonist **chris hun**
brings in a band on Monday, July 6; a
starting Tuesday, July 7, flutist **dave valenti**
quartet trades sets with pianist Dav
Benoit's foursome. Music after nine. Dinin

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (22
6300)—A vast pillared emporium that cat
to various musical tastes. Wednesday, July
dan hicks & the Acoustic Warriors; Thursd
July 2, T'Pau; Friday, July 3, the Brit
folk-rock band Fairport Convention; Sat
day, July 4, avant-funk guitarist **ja**

(BLOOD) ULMER'S band and **OLU DARA** (who plays sweet cornet and sings raunchy blues) and his sextet, **NATCHEZSIPPI;** Tuesday, July 7, the Truth; and Friday, July 10, **NRBQ** and flaky rock and roller **MOJO NIXON.** Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dining.

ADLEY'S, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A great up-close view from a bar-stool (unless there are a lot of standees, which is usually the case) of first-rate pianists and bassists. A periscope might be useful during the next couple of weeks, when the wonderful, light-fingered **HANK JONES** and his compeer **TOMMY FLANAGAN** will be here. Mr. Jones works with bassist **RAY DRUMMOND** through Saturday, July 4, and Mr. Flanagan and bassist **GEORGE MRAZ** set sail on Monday, July 6. Music from nine-forty-five. Dining.

ARLOS I, 432 Sixth Ave., at 10th St. (982-3260)—Long communal tables swathed in pink and a bandstand panelled in oak. Hard-bop alto saxophonist **LOU DONALDSON** heads up a quartet through Sunday, July 5, and on Tuesday, July 7, **JIMMY WITHERSPOON** starts singing the blues. Mondays are set aside for the father-and-son guitar team of **BUCKY** and **JOHN PIZZARELLI.** Music from nine every night but Monday, when it begins at eight. Dining.

ARLYLE HOTEL, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—The whimsical paintings on the walls of the Bemelmans Bar are by Ludwig Bemelmans, and the piano music (sometimes rocking, sometimes mischievous, always spirited) is by **DICK WELLSTOOD.** He plays Mondays through Fridays from nine-thirty.

T TUESDAY'S, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—There's not a lot of elbow- or head-room in this downstairs jazz club, but the musicians sometimes make out-of-body travel possible. **MC COY TYNER,** whose dense, thundering, rhythmically insistent piano style works like an incantation on some people, directs his big band through Sunday, July 5; bassist **HARVIE SWARTZ'S** little band, Urban Earth, will be here Tuesday, July 7; pianist **JIM MC NEELY** leads a trio on Wednesday, July 8; and on Thursday, July 9, pianist and droll, drawling vocalist **MOSE ALLISON** arrives with his trio. Mondays remain in the hands of guitarist **LES PAUL.** Music from eight every night but Monday, when it begins at nine. Dining.

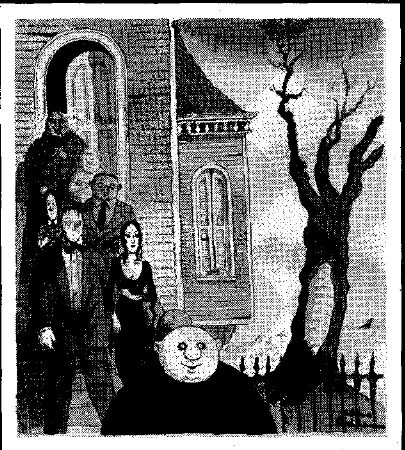
EENE STREET, 101 Greene St. (925-2415)—Only slightly smaller than an airplane hangar but considerably fancier. On clear nights, the piano, situated in a grove of palms in the south-central region of the dining room, is visible from the bar. **MICKEY TUCKER** is on hand through Saturday, July 4, and Nat Jones is in charge starting Tuesday, July 7. Sets begin at seven Tuesdays through Thursdays, and at seven-thirty on Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Mondays and Sunday, July 5.

EGORY'S, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—A small, dark bar, with ancient marching-band instruments on the walls, Art Tatum and Earl Hines on the jukebox, and an upright piano that seats four (not counting the pianist). Wednesday through Saturday, July 1-4, Alicia Sherman sings with support from pianist Peter Madsen and bassist John Arbo. Sundays and Mondays belong to singer Stan Edwards' trio, and Tuesdays to guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE'S** threesome. Music from ten.

ICKERBOCKER, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A busy corner bar and restaurant with a piano at the calm center of things. **JOHN HICKS** works out on it, with bassist **MICKEY BASS** at his side, through Saturday, July 4. Peter Malinverni and **MICHAEL MOORE** take over on Tuesday, July 7. Music from nine-thirty.

NE STAR CAFÉ, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—This hangout for homesick Texans, French tourists, and local yokels brags that it's "the biggest and best honky-tonk north of Abilene." Big it ain't, but it does feature some genuine honky-tonk music, a souvenir stand, and TV monitors (which permit you to watch the action onstage in case your view of it is blocked by a cowboy or a structural element). **THEY MIGHT BE GIANTS** are two medium-sized, college-educated rock vaudevillians whose songs ("I Will Date the Girl from Venus for Science," "Rhythm Section Want Ad," "Youth Culture Killed My Dog") have simple, catchy tunes and dense, pun-filled lyrics that are often clever and sometimes

THE ART OF
THE NEW YORKER
A 60 YEAR RETROSPECTIVE



© Copyright 1986 Charles Addams

"We're On Our Way To The New Yorker Art Show"

May 21st through July 10th
The Boston Athenæum
10½ Beacon Street

NEW YORK · DETROIT · BOSTON ·
ATLANTA · CHICAGO · PHILADELPHIA
WASHINGTON · LONDON · TORONTO

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

funny. They'll be here on Sunday, July 5. **JERRY LEE LEWIS,** the grizzled bad boy of rock and roll, is scheduled to sing, thump the piano, and raise hell on Thursday and Friday, July 9-10. Music after nine. Hot vittles.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—Unicorns and lions on the walls, well-heeled cats on the banquettes, and **NELLIE LUTCHER** and **ELLA MAE MORSE** on the bandstand. Both singers made hit records for Capitol in the forties (Miss Morse's "Cow-Cow Boogie," which she did with Freddie Slack's orchestra in 1942, was the company's first million-seller), and both of them air out some of those songs here. The other night, Miss Lutcher, who accompanies herself on piano, did her own jumping "Hurry on Down" and "He's a Real Gone Guy," "St. Louis Blues," "Alexander's Ragtime Band," and "Looking at the World thru Rose Colored Glasses." She decorates whatever she sings with yelps, shouts, whispers, Slam Stewart-style buzzing, little-girl "whee"s, mock-operatic scatting—and it all seems perfectly natural, as if she were fooling around in her parlor for her own pleasure. Shows at nine and eleven Tuesdays through Saturdays. On Mondays after nine-thirty, Woody Allen is likely to turn up to play clarinet with the New Orleans Funeral and Ragtime Orchestra. Dining. Closed Sundays.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A lively uptown bar and restaurant, with signed photographs of some swinging non-musicians on the walls (Reggie Jackson smiling shyly, Dave Winfield tuning up in the cage) and some heavy hitters on the bandstand. **ART FARMER,** a natty, lyrical flugelhornist, performs with his group on Friday and Saturday, July 3-4. Music from about ten.

Ritz, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—Fifty years ago, people practiced the jitterbug and the foxtrot in this ballroom; today's patrons listen mainly to rock, which issues from speakers the size of mobile homes, and sometimes practice a combination of exercise and intimacy known as slam dancing. Friday, July 3, Lords of the New Church; Tuesday, July 7, **LADYSMITH BLACK MAMBAZO,** the light-footed, all-male South African choir (seven basses, three tenors) led by **JOSEPH SHABALALA,** a Pentecostal minister, whose songs (about Jesus, girls, Zulu warriors) are lush, uplifting pop hymns; and Saturday, July 11, King Diamond. Shows begin at nine Sundays through Thursdays, and at eleven Fridays and Saturdays.

Sounds of Brazil, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—A musical melting pot: samba bands, African all-percussion ensembles, reggae outfits, out-there American jazz bands, and salsa groups all pass through this former luncheonette. Wednesday, July 1, jazz-funk guitarists Jerome Harris and Jean-Paul Bourelly and their bands; Thursday, July 2, trumpeter **MARIO BAUZA** and his Latin-jazz orchestra; Friday and Saturday, July 3-4, **PÉ-DE-BOI,** Tuesday, July 7, gospel singer **MARION WILLIAMS;** Wednesday, July 8, saxophonist **ARCHIE SHEPP** and pianist **HORACE PARLAN;** Thursday, July 9, reggae singer **PABLO MOSES;** and Friday, July 10, the Haitian dance band **TABOU COMBO.** Music from nine Tuesdays through Thursdays, and from eleven Fridays and Saturdays. Dining. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			1	2	3	4
5	6	7	8	9	10	11

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—A convivial knotty-pine-and-brick-walled jazz room. **SUN RA,** whose music is less kooky and more swinging than his gaudy astrologer's vestments might suggest, will be around with his **ARKESTRA** through Sunday, July 5, and on Tuesday, July 7, Danish guitarist Pierre Dørge & the New Jungle Orchestra take charge. On Monday, July 6, alto saxophonist **TIM BERNE** leads his quintet. Shows from about ten. Dining.

Sweetwaters, 170 Amsterdam Ave., at 67th St. (873-4100)—A sleek, multitiered soul-and-jazz café on the edge of the longhair-music district. A white piano lights up the bandstand. The Intruders, a Philadelphia soul group, sing here Thursday through Saturday, July 9-11. Music from nine.

Tramps, 125 E. 15th St. (777-5077)—"Irish" is what the canopy above the entrance to this bar says, but rock and roll is what the performers in the back room mainly do. Wednesday, July 1, Figure Life Out; Thursday, July 2, the Wylde Mammoths, Creeping Pumpkins, and the Shambles; Sunday, July 5, Lion Force and Lisa Lowell; Monday, July 6, the Nervous Kind and Seven Beauties; Tuesday, July 7, the World Famous Bluejays; Wednesday, July 8, Life in a Blender and the Special Guests; and Friday and Saturday, July 10-11, Chicago-blues singer Valerie Wellington. Shows after nine-thirty.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—Monday nights in the gym-size downstairs room are reserved for salsa bands and their whistling, clapping, table-drumming fans. On July 6, upper-atmosphere trumpeter **LEW SOLOFF** will take a solo or two with orchestras led by **WILLIE COLON** and Andy Montanez. Activity after nine. . . . ¶ One flight up, in the Terrace Bar, you can listen to the piano-bass team of **JACK WILSON** and **LEON (BOOTS) MALESON** through Sunday, July 5, and to **JUNIOR MANCE** and **MARTY RIVERA** starting Tuesday, July 7. Every Tuesday, the visiting duo trades sets with jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN'S** trio. Music from ten.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—People from all over the world descend the stairs to this ancient jazz club; many of them later emerge from it in an excited condition. A fiery quartet co-piloted by Mingus alumni **DON PULLEN** (piano) and **GEORGE ADAMS** (tenor saxophone) performs through Sunday, July 5, and on Tuesday, July 7, guitarist **KEVIN EUBANKS** moves in with his quintet. The **MEL LEWIS ORCHESTRA,** an institution within an institution, has the floor on Mondays. Music from ten.

West End, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—The big room in this student rest stop (Columbia U. is across the street) has a non-institutional cafeteria, a bar that can seat a marching band, and a jukebox. The smaller room has tables, booths, a couple of hanging plants, and live jazz. **AL HIBBLER,** the former Ellington band vocalist (1943-5 who likes to rumble around in the lower regi ter and shake notes until they light up, sin with his backing crew through Sunday, Ju 5, and on Wednesday, July 8, trumpet Manny Duran brings in his combo. On Mo days, comedians stand up and fall dow Shows from about nine. Dining.

Zinno, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—If you li pictures of cows, there's a good one here, l the British painter Malcolm Morley, of sor Holsteins adrift in a Turneresque landsca There's also jazz, which flows peaceably fr a passageway between the front-room b and the back-room restaurant. Bruno t bartender and everybody else who works h will be on vacation through Sunday, July On Monday, July 6, a trio composed of g tarist **ATTILA ZOLLER,** pianist **JOHN HICKS,** a bassist **CECIL MC BEE** begins a six-night sti Music from eight.

JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAI APPEARANCES, ETC.

Suzanne Vega—Carnegie Hall. 247-78 Wednesday and Thursday, July 1-2, at 8.

Paul Simon—With Miriam Makeba, Hugh M sekela, and Ladysmith Black Mamba (Madison Square Garden. 564-4400. Thu day, July 2, at 8.)

Crosby, Stills & Nash—Radio City Music H Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 757-3100. Tuesd and Wednesday, July 7-8, at 8.

Tom Petty & the Heartbreakers—With the Geor Satellites and the Del Fuegos. (Madis Square Garden. Wednesday, July 8, at 8.)

Lou Gramm—With Patty Smyth. (Felt Foru Madison Square Garden. 564-4400. Frid July 10, at 8.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are o Mondays through Fridays from around 10 11 to between 5 and 6. They will be closed S urday, July 4.)

GALLERIES

Francis Bacon—Six triptychs and a diptych, from the eighties. Through July 24. (M borough, 40 W. 57th St. Closed Friday, J 3.)

Chuck Close—Twenty drawings, dating fr 1974 to 1986, using such techniques as g systems and fingerprint patterns. Thro July 24. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

Leonardo Cremonini—Paintings of beach scen some very quiet and some populated w rather unearthly-looking figures. Throu Friday, July 10. (Bernard, 33 E. 74th St.)

James de Pasquale—Crossword-puzzle pai ings. Through July 25. (Shafrazi, 163 Mer St.)

Elizabeth Dworkin—Abstract drawings (in pai pastel, charcoal) from the past fifteen ye Through Friday, July 10. (Munroe, 415 W Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

William Garbe—Watercolors and charc drawings of crabs, lobsters, swans, and ot aquatic animals. First one-man show in N York. Through Friday, July 10. (McCoy, E. 71st St.)

Gilbert and George—New works. Through J 15. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway. Clo Mondays.)

David Hacker / Eric de la Cova—Drawings b sculptor. / Sculptures. Through July (Plumb, 81 Greene St. Closed Mondays; o Saturdays.)

Joan Miró (1893-1983)—Sculptures, paintin and drawings. Through Friday, July 3. (H stand, 24 W. 57th St. A retrospective is the Guggenheim Museum.)

Betty Parsons (1900-82) / **Elyssa Rundle**—Pai ings and driftwood constructions. / Abstr tions in mixed mediums on paper. Thro Tuesday, July 7. (Armstrong, 50 W. 57th St.

Peter Pinchbeck—Recent oils of overlapp geometric shapes. Through Saturday, J 11. (Kelly, 591 Broadway. Closed Monda

David Loeffler Smith and Jonathan Waite—N paintings. Through Sunday, July 5. (M-13, 72 Greene St. Opens at noon on Sundays.)

William Tillyer—Loosely executed, vibrant tercolors of the English countryside. Thro Friday, July 10. (Jacobson, 50 W. 57th St.

NDY WARHOL (1930-87)—Works executed in 1986, most of them very large. Through July 31. (Castelli, 142 Greene St. Closed Mondays.)

RAWINGS FROM FRANCE 1400-1900—A show on loan from Stockholm's Nationalmuseum. Through July 22. (The Drawing Center, 35 Wooster St. Open Wednesday evenings until 8. Closed Mondays and Friday, July 3.)

ROUP SHOWS—At the **ASSOCIATED AMERICAN ARTISTS,** 20 W. 57th St.: Old Master prints. Through July 31. . . . **AVENUE B GALLERY,** 167 Avenue B, at 11th St.: Conceptual works by Paik, Nauman, Sherman, Ireland, Holzer, Warhol, and others. Through July 26. (Opens at noon Tuesdays through Saturdays.) . . . **CDS GALLERY,** 13 E. 75th St.: Figurative and abstract works on canvas and paper by Roxi Marsen, Hedda Sterne, Graham Campbell, and others. Through July 27. (Open Saturdays.) . . . **CENTER FOR AFRICAN ART,** 54 E. 68th St.: More than a hundred African objects on loan from the Museum für Völkerkunde, in Munich. Through Aug. 16. (Open daily except Mondays; opens Sundays at noon.) . . . **CORDIER & EKSTROM,** 417 E. 75th St.: A strong showing of collages—by Bearden, Mackintosh, Stokes, and Ohnigian—and other works by gallery regulars. Through Friday, July 10. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **FORUM,** 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Paintings, drawings, and sculptures by Americans Saul Steinberg, Gregory Gillespie, Marina Stern, and Chaim Gross. Through July 31. . . . **GERMANS VAN ECK,** 420 West Broadway: Among the works in the current exhibit are sculptures by Donald Lipski and paintings by Peter Fletcher and Susan Laufer. Through July 31. . . . **GOOD,** 39 Great Jones St.: Works that are labor intensive but understated in effect, by nineteen artists—Günther Umberg applied fifty coats of finish to his black canvas, you can see yourself in Barry X Ball's highly polished gold-leaf painting, and the surface of Kath-een Montgomery's wax-and-graphite floor sculpture has the uniformity of cast metal. Through Friday, July 10. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **HOFFMAN,** 429 West Broadway: Four Bay Area artists—painters Squeak Carnwath, Michael Gregory, and Roger Hankins, and sculptor Rick Soss. Through July 24. Closed Monday, July 6.) . . . **LAFAYETTE PARKE,** 58 E. 79th St.: Paintings by German Expressionists Kirchner, Pechstein, Macke, Fein-nger, Nolde, and others. Through Saturday, July 11. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **LUHRING AUGUSTINE & HODES,** 41 E. 57th St.: Wall pieces —a three-part conceptual work by Blinky Palermo called "Für Beuys;" two geometric wood pieces by Imi Knoebel; and several paintings on lead and a photographic work by Günther Forg. Through Friday, July 10. Closed Friday, July 3.) . . . **MATHES,** 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St.: Paintings and drawings of landscapes by Louisa Chase, Freya Hansell, Richard Kalina, and others. Through July 21. . . . **MIDTOWN,** 11 E. 57th St.: Paintings of interiors (some with figures) by Sylvia Allen, Debra Bermingham, Elizabeth Sidamon-Eristoff, and Kathryn Waters. Through July 17. (Closed Friday, July 3.) . . . **OBERT MILLER,** 41 E. 57th St.: A selection from he sixties: paintings by Fish, Ruscha, and others; sculptures by Bourgeois, Sugarman, and others; and photographs by Arbus. Through July 31. . . . **PERLOW,** 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.: Summer activities reflected n paintings and drawings, such as Larry Rivers' large colored-pencil drawing of his amily out on the lawn and a 1980 oil by Bal-omb Greene called "White Sand." Through Sept. 8. . . . **PINDAR,** 127 Greene St.: One painting each by twenty winners of a national competition; the late John I. H. Baur was he judge. He awarded the grand prize to ealist painter Phyliss Purves-Smith, who has ighteen works on view. Through July 18. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11:30 to 6.) . . **ROSS,** 50 W. 57th St.: Drawings by fifteen New York artists, among them George McNeil, June Leaf, and Agnes Denes. Through July 30. . . . **RYAN,** 452 Columbus Ave., at 81st St.: American prints, 1900-40 —Blanche Lazzell, Charles Sheeler, Robert Gwathmey, and others. Through Saturday, *uly 11.* (Opens at noon Tuesdays through Saturdays; closed Friday, July 3.) . . . **SHARPE,** 75 Avenue B, at 11th St.: Nonobjective culptures and paintings brought together because they all, according to the gallery, "flaunt their materiality." By John Duff, Thomas Nozkowski, Robin Rose, Ruth Vollmer, and Tad Wiley. Through July 18. (Opens daily, except Mondays, at noon.) . . . **WASHBURN,** 41 E. 57th St.: Four oils by Marsden Hartley, four watercolors by John William Hill, two oils each by Georgia O'Keeffe and Arthur G. Dove, and several other paintings by Americans. Through Friday, July 10. . . . **WEBER,** 142 Greene St.: Works by Alice Aycock, Hans Haacke, Barbara Kasten, Mel Kendrick, and others. Through July 25. (Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.) . . . **WOOD,** 127 Spring St.: Images of fire conceived by seven painters and five sculptors, including Tom Hatch, Robert Longo, and Ken Tisa. Through July 25. (Closed Friday, July 3.) . . . **ZABRISKIE,** 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.: Six abstract paintings on paper by Peter Flaccus, four dark-wax floor sculptures by Rona Pondick, and abstract ink drawings from 1981 to '82 by Helen Miranda Wilson. Through July 31.

¶ **NOTE:** Exhibitions of works by gallery members can also be seen at **BLUM HELMAN,** 20 W. 57th St. . . . **FOURCADE,** 36 E. 75th St. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **GRUENEBAUM,** 415 West Broadway. (Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.) . . . **KENNEDY,** 40 W. 57th St. (Closed Friday, July 3.) . . . **MC KEE,** 41 E. 57th St. . . . **SCHOELKOPF,** 50 W. 57th St. (Closed Monday, July 6.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

REBECCA BLAKE—Prints, films, and videos by a commercial photographer whose work is seen in *Vogue* and who does rock-and-roll videos. Through July 17. (Light, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

SHIRLEY BURDEN—The Brooklyn Museum has mounted a show of thirty of his prints. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

MICHAEL EASTMAN—Photographs that stress the abstract qualities of façades, stairs, fireplugs. Through Saturday, July 11. (Witkin, 415 West Broadway. Closed Mondays; opens at noon on Saturdays.)

DAVID JOYCE—Installations combining life-size photographic cutouts with actual objects; one involves a man (photo) sitting in a chair (real) watching TV (real). Through July 31. (Pfeifer, 568 Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

GUSTAVE LE GRAY (1820-82) **AND HENRI LE SECQ** (1818-82)—The Metropolitan Museum has mounted an exhibition of works by these paper-negative pioneers. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

JOE MALONEY—Photographs of the Delaware River in upstate New York, stone houses in Philadelphia, and monuments in Washington, D.C. Through July 31. (Pace-MacGill, 11 E. 57th St.)

GERMAN PHOTOGRAPHY OF THE EIGHTIES—About a hundred prints by fourteen artists who have eschewed the documentary tradition in photography; their works fall into three categories: symbolic, representational, and experimental. Through Sept. 6. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Fridays, noon to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 11 to 6.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **BURDEN,** 20 E. 23rd St.: Prints by contemporary Latin-American photographers. Through July 25. (Opens at 1 Tuesdays through Saturdays; closed Friday, July 3.) . . . **LAURENCE MILLER,** 138 Spring St.: Painted photographs by Bayat Keerl, Arnulf Rainer, Thomas Barrow, and others. Through July 31. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **303 GALLERY,** 513 E. 6th St., near Avenue A: Photographs by Andrea Fraser and others; video by Marianne Weems; photographs and sculptures by Fareed Armaly. Through July 25. (Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays, except July 5.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Two nineteenth-century French photographers—Gustave Le Gray (seascapes of the English Channel and the Mediterranean, and other prints) and Henri Le Secq (Chartres and Notre-Dame de Paris before their restorations, and other prints). Through Aug. 16. . . . ¶ "Dance" is the title of the Costume Institute's show of men's and women's evening dress and accessories. Through Sept. 6. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Tuesday evenings until 8:45.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—"Ber-

Bill Koch
8 time Nat'l X-C
Ski Champion
Olympic Silver Medalist
World Cup Winner

Scientific Study Ranks NordicTrack #1

In tests of exercise efficiency at a major university, NordicTrack burned more calories and provided greater aerobic workouts.

Rank of Exercise Efficiency
1. NordicTrack X-C Ski Exerciser
2. An Exercise Bike
3. A Rowing Machine
4. A Shuffle-Type Ski Exerciser

NordicTrack's higher oxygen usage test scores show that more muscle mass is involved in the exercise and more calories are being burned.

It's Only Logical that NordicTrack Would Get the Highest Scores

- because NordicTrack is more complete than an Exercise Bike.
Adds important upper body exercise. Provides more uniform leg muscle usage.
- because NordicTrack is more thorough than a Rowing Machine.
NordicTrack's resistance is proportioned according to the individual muscle strength—no major muscles are over-stressed or under-worked.
- because NordicTrack has inertial resistance not available on a Shuffle-Type Ski Exerciser.
Other ski exercisers use less efficient frictional resistance with a resulting calisthenics-like feeling. NordicTrack's unique flywheel resistance for a life-like feeling of smoothness and continuity is matched only by real skiing.

Burns Up To 600 Calories per 20 Minute Workout

Free Brochure, and New Video!

800-328-5888
Minnesota 612-448-6987

NordicTrack
© PSI 1986

141NY Jonathan Blvd. N., Chaska, MN 55318

linart" covers paintings, plus photographs and handmade books, by artists (German and otherwise) who have been part of the Berlin art world in the past twenty-five years. Georg Baselitz, Markus Lüpertz, Rainer Fetting, Eva-Marie Schön, Jonathan Borofsky, William Eggleston, and others. Through Sept. 8. . . . ¶ A retrospective of works by the Italian industrial designer Mario Bellini, including computers, calculators, chairs, and lamps. Through Sept. 15. . . . ¶ Prints by Gauguin and other artists active in Brittany and Paris during the late eighteen-hundreds. The show includes etchings, lithographs, woodcuts, and monoprints. Through July 26. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.) . . . **NOTE:** The museum's sculpture garden, at 14 W. 54th St., is open free on Fridays and Saturdays from 6 to 10. Musicians from the Juilliard School will perform each evening at 7:30.

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—A retrospective show of the works of Joan Miró which includes paintings, objects, and works on paper. Through Aug. 23. A complementary exhibit (ending Friday, July 3) is at Arnold Herstand & Company, 24 W. 57th St. (The museum is open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—Parts of the 1987 Biennial are still on view; the second-floor exhibits continue through Thursday, July 2, and the fourth-floor exhibits continue through Sunday, July 5. (Open daily except Mondays and Saturday, July 4. Hours: Tuesdays, 1 to 8, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—A survey of Beverly Pepper's sculptures begins outside the museum's entrance, where four monumental columnar pieces and four smaller works are placed. Through Aug. 3. . . . ¶ Paintings by twenty artists whose studios are in Brooklyn. Roxi Marsen, Dan Rice, George McNeil, and Irene Lipton are among them. Through Sept. 7. . . . **PHOTOGRAPHY:** Prints of Ellis Island from the fifties by Shirley Burden. Through Sept. 14. (Open daily, except Tuesdays, 10 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—A three-inch-tall frog carved in jet, with turquoise eyes and a turquoise collar, is the centerpiece of a show of two hundred Pueblo artifacts. Through Aug. 2. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, 10 to 5:45; Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5.)

American Craft Museum, 40 W. 53rd St.—The ABCs of braiding illustrated with traditional fibre, clay, and metal articles from all over the world and with contemporary works by thirty-five artisans. Through July 17. . . . ¶ Glass objects from nine countries. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, 10 to 5.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—An exhibit of drawings done by the eighteenth-century Scottish architect Robert Adam for Kedleston Hall, a Neo-Palladian mansion in Derbyshire, which is considered his crowning achievement. Through Sept. 20. . . . ¶ Frank Lloyd Wright's designs for the Johnson Wax Company's buildings in Racine, Wisconsin, are documented with a hundred items, including drawings, models, furniture, and a videotape of Wright discussing what he called his "war against the box" philosophy of architecture. Through July 19. (Open daily except Mondays and Saturday, July 4. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			1	2	3	4
5	6	7	8	9	10	11

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—"Chagall and the Bible," a show of a hundred and five etchings illustrating the Hebrew Bible and of eighteen paintings and drawings, also with Biblical subjects. Through Aug. 16. (Open daily except Fridays and Saturdays. Hours: Mondays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays, noon to 5; Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—Italian Renaissance majolica and eighteenth-century German Meissen figures are among the European decorative works on loan from the Wadsworth Atheneum, which acquired them from the estate of J. Pierpont Morgan through a bequest. Through July 31. (Open daily except Mondays and Saturday, July 4. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—A selection of early-nineteenth-century furniture by New York artisan Duncan Phyfe and his contemporaries. Through Aug. 23. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, except July 3-4, from 10 to 5; Sundays and Friday and Saturday, July 3-4, from 1 to 5.)

National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—American landscape painting between 1865 and 1900 summed up in seventy-seven works—by Whistler, Eakins, Chase, Lilla Cabot Perry, and others. Through Aug. 16. (Open daily except Mondays and Saturday, July 4. Hours: Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 5.)

The New Museum, 583 Broadway—"Fake," an exhibit of various works which examines the ideas of authenticity and originality in art. For example, a "painting" by David Cabrera is in fact a piece of printed polyester fabric that is stretched like a canvas and framed. Through July 12. (Open daily except Mondays, Tuesdays, and Saturday, July 4. Hours: Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, noon to 6; Fridays, noon to 10; Saturdays, noon to 8.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—Nineteenth-century silver
and silver plate, Sam Wagstaff's eclectic co
lection of Americana. Flatware, ewers, te
sets, presentation pieces, designed by Go
ham, Meriden Britannia, Tiffany. Throug
Aug. 16. (Open daily except Mondays an
Saturday, July 4. Hours: Tuesdays throug
Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 144 W. 125th St.–
"Harlem Renaissance: Art of Black Ame
ica," a show of two hundred paintings, scul
tures, photographs, and prints, nearly all
them by five pivotal artists of the twenties–
Aaron Douglas, William H. Johnson, Palm
Hayden, Meta Vaux Warrick Fuller, an
James Van DerZee. Through Aug. 30. (Ope
daily except Mondays, Tuesdays, and Satu
day, July 4. Hours: Wednesdays throug
Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 1
6.)

ART AFTER DARK

(Performance, music, dance, video, film, ar
combinations thereof.)

Performing Garage, *33 Wooster St. 966-3651–*
Black-Eyed Susan in a solo performance
Ethyl Eichelberger's opera "Saint Joan
Tuesday through Friday, July 7-10, and Su
day, July 12, at 8; Saturday, July 11, at
and 10.

SPORTS

(The ticket-information number for Sh
Stadium is 1-718 507-8499, and for Yank
Stadium 293-6000.)

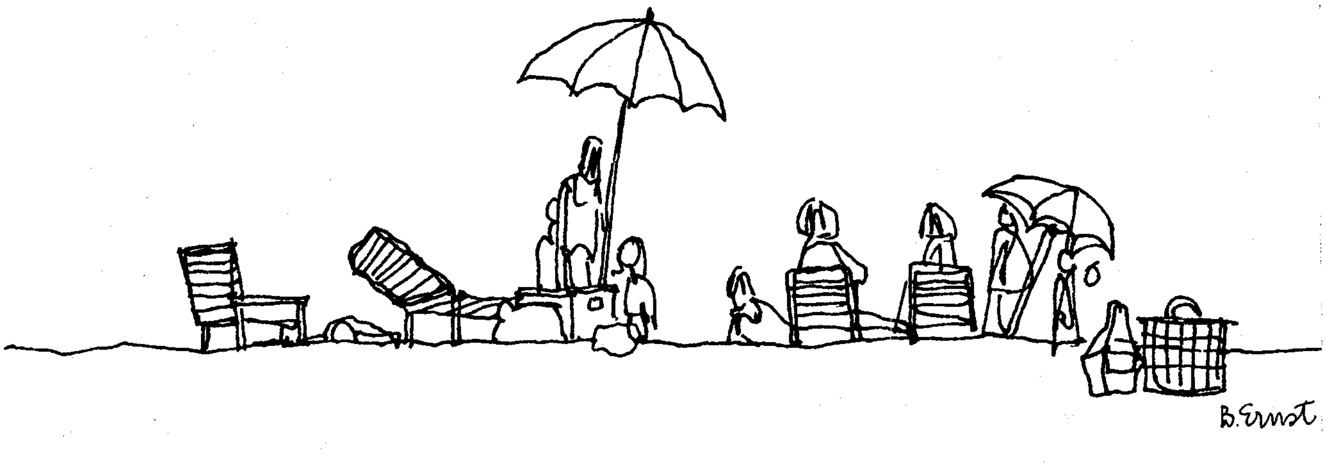
Baseball—**METS** at Shea Stadium: Vs. St. Lou
Wednesday, July 1, at 7:35. . . . **YANKEES**
Yankee Stadium: Vs. Texas, Thursday a
Friday, July 2-3, at 7:30; Saturday, July 4,
2:20; and Sunday, July 5, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Mi
nesota, Monday and Tuesday, July 6-7,
7:30, and Wednesday, July 8, at 1. .
¶ Chicago, Thursday and Friday, July 9-1
at 7:30, and Saturday, July 11, at about 2:
(the annual Old-Timers Day festivities w
begin at 12:15, and will include a couple
innings involving Yankees of the sixties a
seventies).

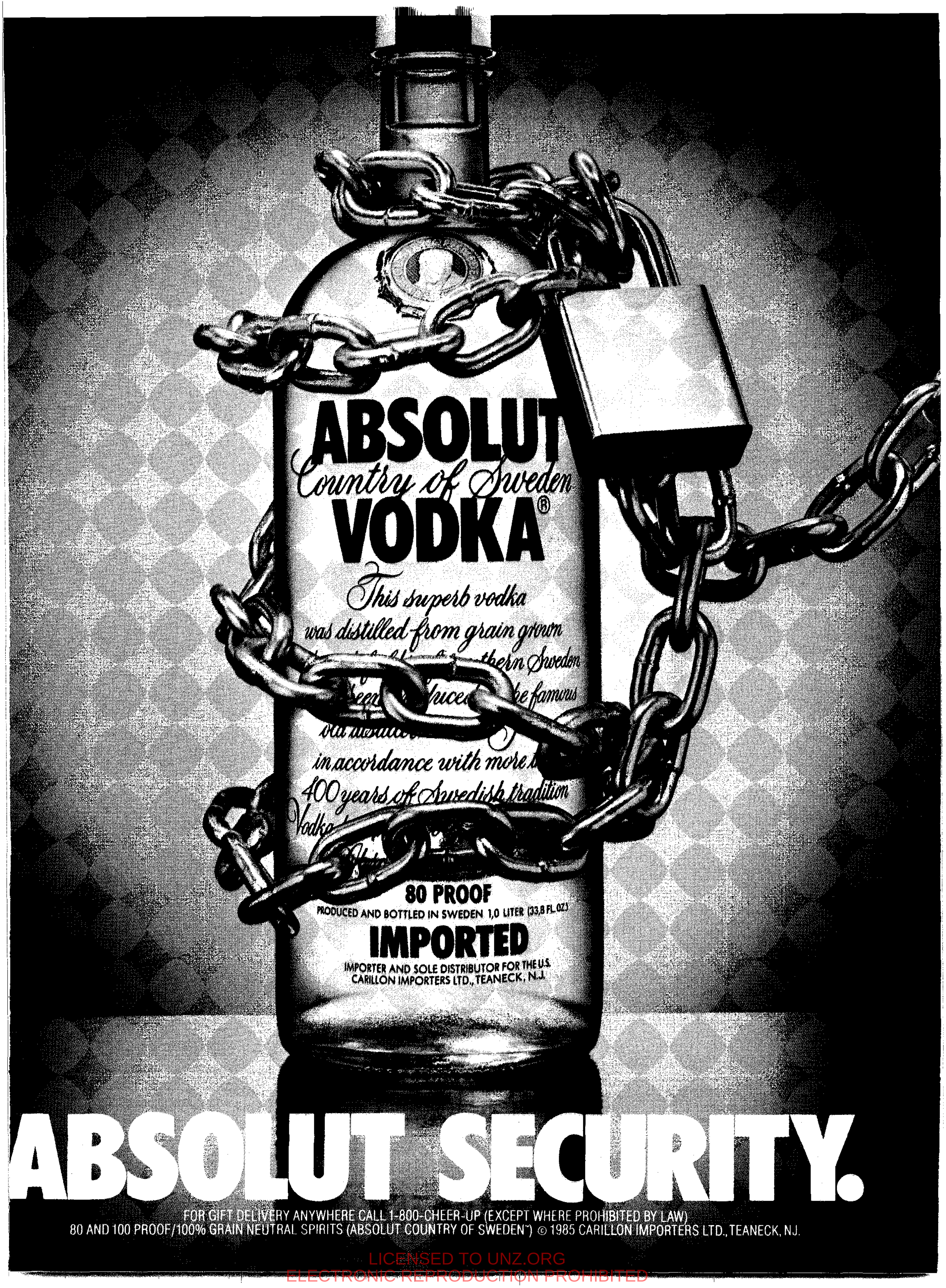
Racing—At **BELMONT:** Daily, except Tuesdays,
1; through Monday, Aug. 3. Post time will
at 3 on Thursday, July 2, and Friday, Ju
10. The Dwyer, Friday, July 3; the Suburb
Handicap, Saturday, July 4; and the Coac
ing Club American Oaks, Sunday, July 5. .
MONMOUTH PARK, Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays
1:30; through Saturday, Sept. 5. Post ti
will be at 3 on Friday, July 10. . . . **ATLAN**
CITY RACE COURSE, McKee City, N.J.: Night
except Tuesdays and Sundays, at 7; throu
Saturday, Sept. 5.

Trotting—At the **MEADOWLANDS:** Weeknights
7:30; through Saturday, Aug. 15. .
YONKERS RACEWAY: Nightly at 8, and Tuesda
at 1; through Sunday, Aug. 2. . . . **SARATO**
RACEWAY, Saratoga Springs: Weeknights
7:45; through Saturday, Nov. 21. Post ti
will be at 6 on Saturday, July 4.

MUSIC

New York City Opera—A week-long engageme
of Romberg's "The Student Prince" (J
Coleman conducting) will open the seas
which will run through Sunday, Nov. 1
(New York State Theatre. 870-5570. Tu




ABSOLUT
Country of Sweden
VODKA®
This superb vodka
was distilled from grain grown
in accordance with more
400 years of Swedish tradition
80 PROOF
PRODUCED AND BOTTLED IN SWEDEN 1,0 LITER (33,8 FL. OZ.)
IMPORTED
IMPORTER AND SOLE DISTRIBUTOR FOR THE U.S.
CARILLON IMPORTERS LTD., TEANECK, N.J.
ABSOLUT SECURITY.

FOR GIFT DELIVERY ANYWHERE CALL 1-800-CHEER-UP (EXCEPT WHERE PROHIBITED BY LAW)
80 AND 100 PROOF/100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS (ABSOLUT COUNTRY OF SWEDEN™) © 1985 CARILLON IMPORTERS LTD., TEANECK, NJ.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

day through Friday, July 7-10, at 8; Saturday, July 11, at 2 and 8; and Sunday, July 12, at 1 and 7.)

Mostly Mozart Festival—Opening performances of the season, which will run through Saturday, Aug. 22. Tuesday and Wednesday, July 7-8: Gerard Schwarz conducting the Mostly Mozart Festival Orchestra, with Marilyn Horne, soprano; Alicia de Larrocha, piano; and Jean-Pierre Rampal, flute. . . . ¶ Thursday, July 9: Gerard Schwarz conducting the Mostly Mozart Festival Winds and the Sylvan Winds. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, July 10-11: Gerard Schwarz conducting the Mostly Mozart Festival Orchestra, with Miss Horne and Dawn Upshaw, sopranos, and the Mostly Mozart Festival Chorus. (Avery Fisher Hall. 874-2424. Nightly at 8. Many concerts will be preceded by a recital at 7; for information, call the box office.)

Music College Chamber Choir—A forty-two-member a-cappella group from Vienna, appearing here for the first time. (Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. Saturday, July 4, at 7:30. No tickets necessary.)

THE GREAT OUTDOORS

The Glorious Fourth—The traditional Macy's fireworks display, set off from barges in the East River, will begin at nine-twenty. The best viewing sites will be the southbound lane of the F.D.R. Drive (which will be closed to automobiles) between 14th and 51st Streets. Pedestrians can enter the road at 23rd, 34th, and 42nd Streets. . . . ¶ On Friday and Saturday, July 3-4, sailboats participating in the Stars and Stripes Regatta will be racing in New York Harbor (and seen off the Battery) between 11 and 4 each day.

New York Shakespeare Festival—Free performances of **RICHARD II**, with Peter MacNicol. The first of three productions to be presented in the Delacorte Theatre this summer. (Central Park near W. 81st St. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Through Sunday, July 19. For information about tickets, which are required, call 861-7277.)

New York Philharmonic—Concerts in various city parks. Raymond Leppard is conducting the first in a series of three programs, this one with Philip Myers, horn. **SNUG HARBOR,** Staten Island: Wednesday, July 1, at 8. . . . **CENTRAL PARK'S GREAT LAWN:** Monday, July 6, at 8. . . . **CUNNINGHAM PARK,** Queens: Tuesday, July 7, at 8. . . . **VAN CORTLANDT PARK,** the Bronx: Wednesday, July 8, at 8.

Central Park Bandshell—Friday, July 3, at 8: Jim Self and Dancers, Lauri Nagel, and Jo Andres. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 4, at 3: Olu Dara & the Okra Orchestra. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 5, at 3: Ladysmith Black Mambazo. . . . ¶ Thursday, July 9, at 7:30: Vincent La Selva conducting the New York Grand Opera in "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "I Pagliacci." . . . ¶ Friday, July 10, at 8: Isabel Benet, Forces of Nature, and Bebe Miller. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 11, at 3: The Henry Threadgill sextet. (For rain-date information, call 860-1335.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			1	2	3	4
5	6	7	8	9	10	11

Prospect Park Bandshell—Saturday, July 4, at 3 (rain date, July 5): Betty Carter and her trio and the Dewey Redman quartet. . . . **BROOKLYN PHILHARMONIC**—The first two of three programs. Friday, July 10, at 8: David Amram conducting and acting as horn soloist, with Paquito d'Rivera, clarinet and saxophone. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 11, at 8: Anton Coppola conducting, with Marisa Galvany, soprano, and Harry Theyard, tenor.

Music Cruises—Jazz concerts on excursion boats. Saturday, July 4, at 7:30: Pieces of a Dream. (Hudson River Day Liner, Pier 81, Twelfth Ave. at 41st St. For information about tickets, call 595-5272.) . . . ¶ Monday, July 6, at 6:30: The Randy Brecker–Eliane Elias band. (South Street Seaport, Pier 16, East River at Fulton St. For information about tickets, call 964-9082.)

Damrosch Park, Lincoln Center—Jens Nygaard conducting the Naumburg Orchestra, with Dickran Atamian, piano. (Saturday, July 4, at 8.) . . . ¶ Richard Stoltzman, clarinet, and Bill Douglas, piano. (Tuesday, July 7, at 7.)

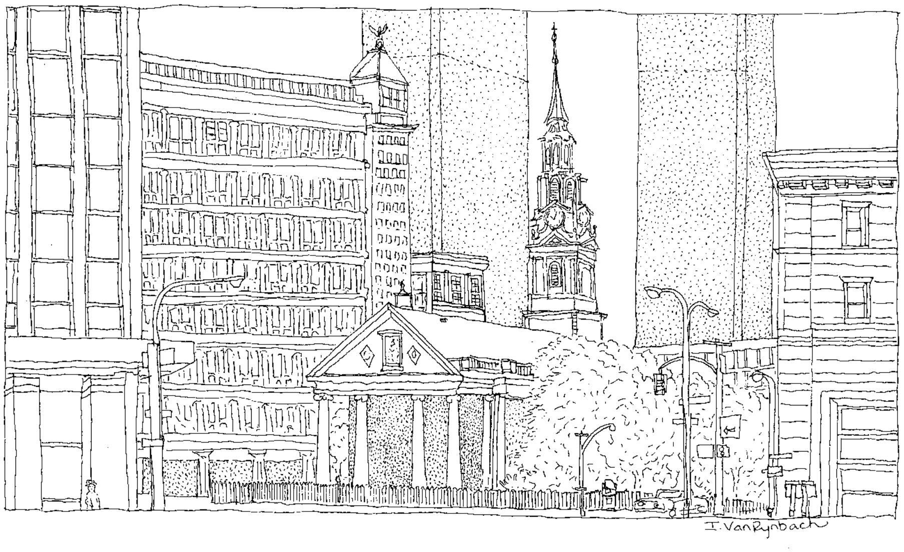
Riverside Park Rotunda—Wednesday and Thursday, July 8-9, at 7: The Riverside Shakespeare Company in "A Midsummer Night's Dream." (W. 79th St., near the Boat Basin.)

Music Festival on the Pier—The Miller beer people's summer series. Saturday, July 11, at 7:30: Freddy Jackson and Ray, Goodman & Brown, with Najee. (Pier 84, Twelfth Ave. at 45th St. For information about tickets, call 249-8870.)

IN THE COUNTRY

Summerfare—Opening performances of a three-week season of dance, theatre, and music which takes place at the State University of New York at Purchase. **FRANKFURT BALLET,** presenting "Artifact," a full-length work: Friday and Saturday, July 10-11, at 8, and Sunday, July 12, at 6. . . . **TEATRE DE LA CLACA,** of Barcelona, presenting "Mori el Merma," by Joan Miró and Joan Baixas: Friday and Saturday, July 10-11, at 8:30, and Sunday, July 12, at 6:30. . . . **STEPHEN PETRONIO DANCE COMPANY:** Saturday, July 11, at 5. . . . **MOZARTNU,** a work performed by two dancers from Spain: Saturday, July 11, at 10, and Sunday, July 12, at noon. . . . **MARIE CHOUINARD,** in a solo dance performance: Saturday, July 11, at 11 P.M. (For information about tickets and about round-trip bus transportation from Lincoln Center to Purchase, call 1-914 253-5900.)

Caramoor Music Festival—Thursday, July 2, at 4:15: The St. Luke's Chamber Ensemble. . . . ¶ Friday, July 3, at 9: The St. Luke's Chamber Ensemble, with Kathryn Selby, piano. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 4, at 8:30: John Nelson conducting the Orchestra of St. Luke's in an Ives-Gershwin-Bernstein program, with Kun Woo Paik, piano. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 5, at 5:30: Frederica von Stade, mezzo-soprano. . . . ¶ Thursday, July 9, at 4:15: The St. Luke's Chamber Ensemble. . . . ¶ Friday, July 10, at 9: The St. Luke's Chamber Ensemble, in an all-Mozart program. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 11, at 8:30: Raymond Leppard conducting the Orchestra of St. Luke's, with Peter Orth, piano. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 12, at 5:30: Misha Dichter, piano. (Katonah, N.Y. Through Sunday, Aug. 23. On Saturdays, trains leave Grand Central Terminal at 2:48 and 5:48, and are met at Katonah by buses for Caramoor. For information about tickets and trains, call 1-914 232-5035.)



Waterloo Festival Orchestra—Two in a series of weekly concerts. Saturday, July 4, at 8:30: Gerard Schwarz conducting, with Leonard Pennario, piano, and a chorus. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 11, at 8:30: Yoav Talmi conducting, with Ilya Grubert, violin. (Waterloo Village, Stanhope, N.J. 1-201 347-4700. Through Saturday, July 25.)

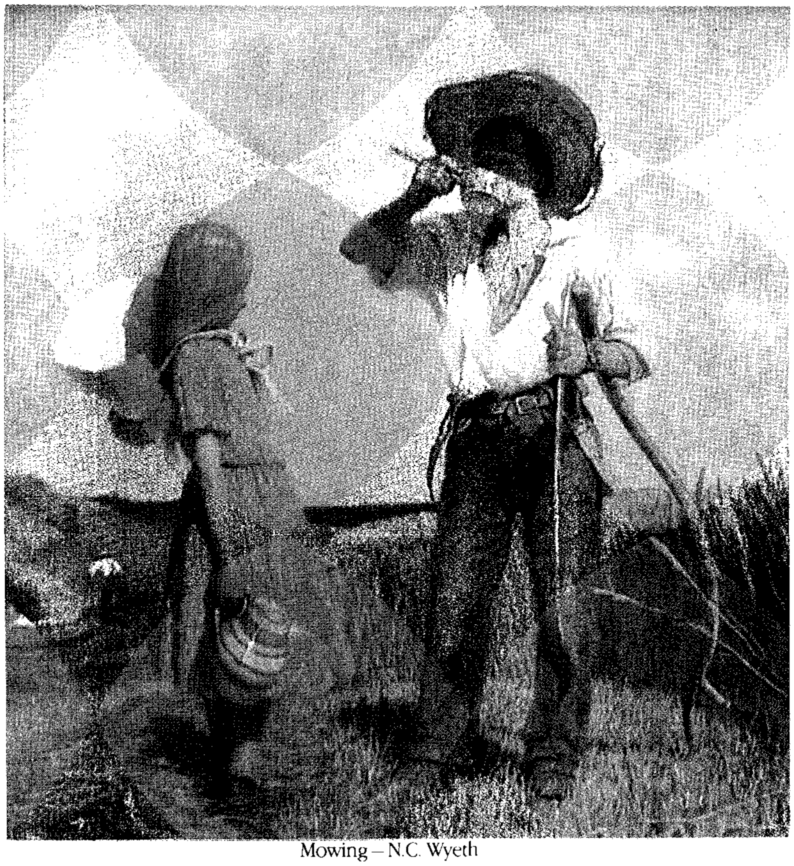
Norfolk Chamber-Music Festival—The opening performances of a five-week season will be given by the Fine Arts Quartet on Friday, July 3; Friday, July 10 (with Ward Davenny, piano, and Keith Wilson, clarinet); and Saturday, July 11, all at 8:30. (Norfolk, Conn. For information about tickets, call 1-203 542-5537.)

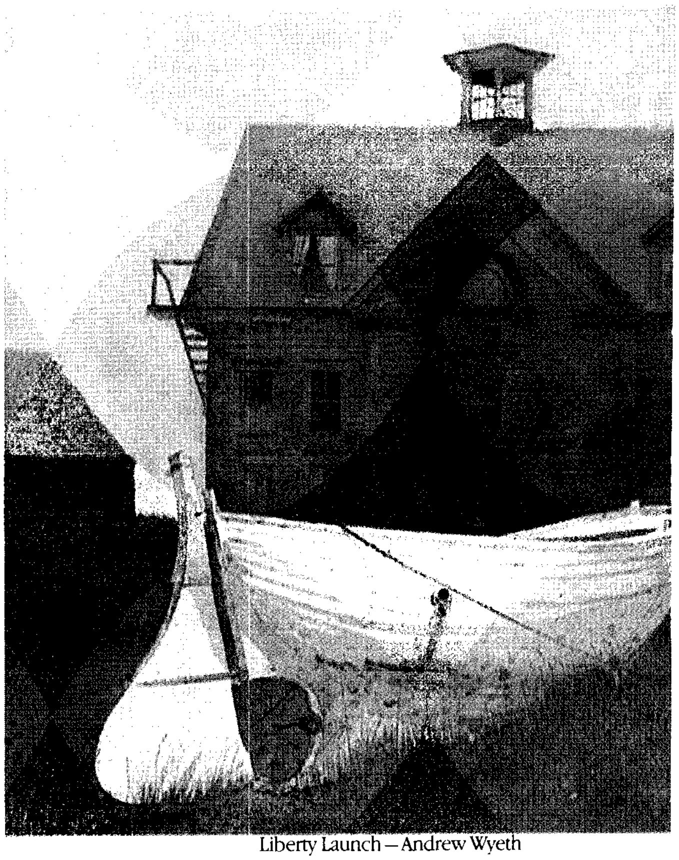
Tanglewood—Opening performances of the season, which will run through Sunday, Aug. 30. Thursday, July 2, at 8:30: Elly Ameling, soprano, and Rudolf Jansen, piano, in an all-Schubert program. . . . ¶ Friday, July 3, at 7: James Galway, flute, and Phillip Moll, piano. . . . ¶ Friday, July 3, at 9: Seiji Ozawa conducting the Boston Symphony, with Mr. Galway. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 4, at 9: Seiji Ozawa conducting, with Leontyne Price, soprano, and the Tanglewood Festival Chorus. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 5, at 2:30: Charles Dutoit conducting an all-Beethoven program, with Marvis Martin, soprano; Claudine Carlson, mezzo-soprano; Vinson Cole, tenor; John Cheek, bass-baritone; and the Tanglewood Festival Chorus. . . . ¶ Tuesday, July 7, at 8:30: John Williams conducting the Boston Pops Orchestra, with Burgess Meredith, narrator. . . . ¶ Thursday, July 9, at 8:30: The King's Singers. . . . ¶ Friday, July 10, at 7: The Empire Brass. . . . ¶ Friday, July 10, at 9: Edo de Waart conducting the Boston Symphony, with Emanuel Ax, piano. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 11, at 8:30: Gennady Rozhdestvensky conducting, with Dimiter Petkor, bass. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 12, at 2:30: Edo de Waart conducting an all-Mozart program, with Cho-Liang Lin, violin. (Lenox, Mass. For information about tickets, call 1-413 637-1666.)

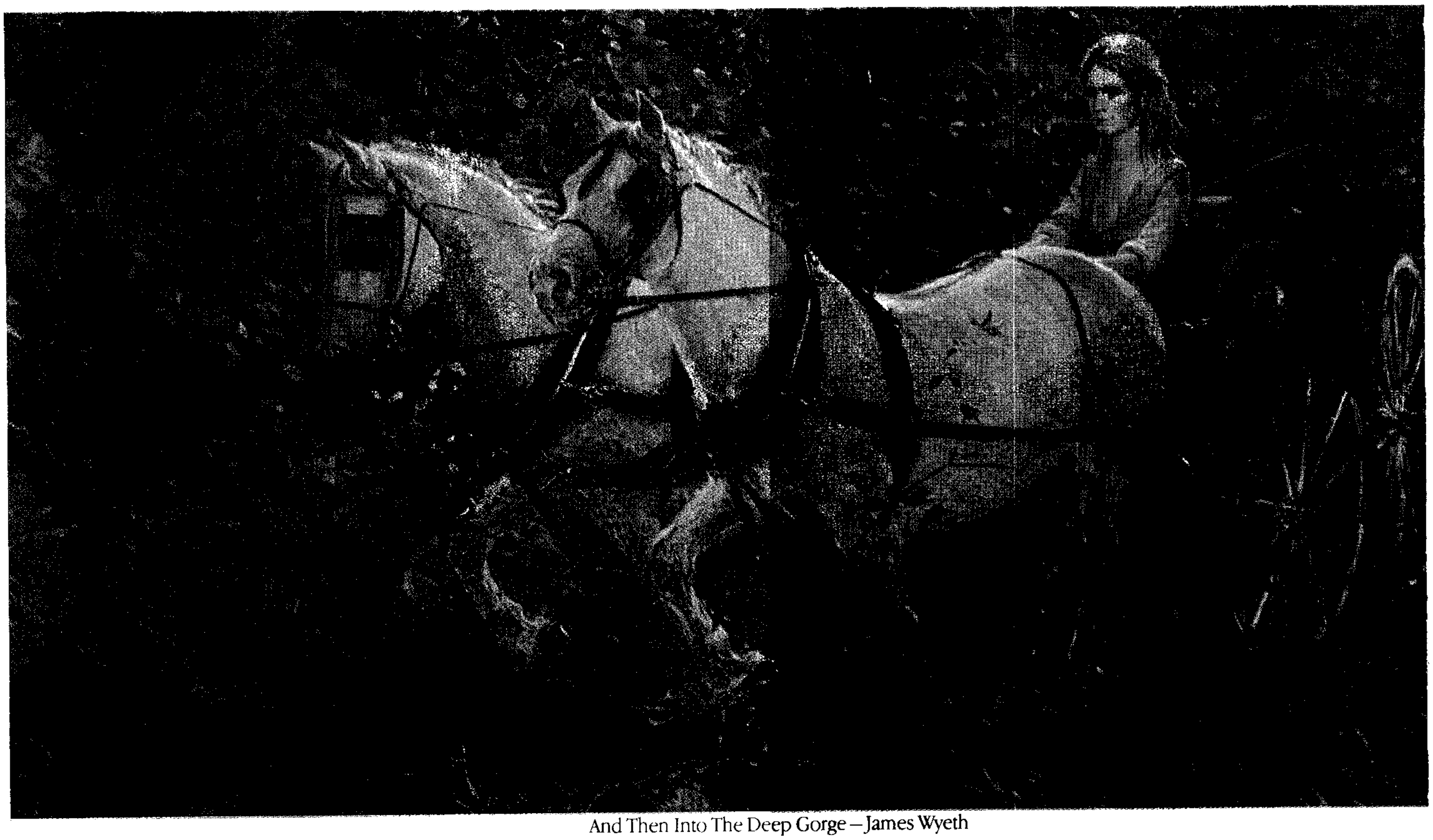
Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival—Through Saturday, July 4: The Mark Morris Dance Group. . . . ¶ Tuesday through Saturday, July 7-11: Yoshiko Chuma and the School of Hard Knocks, and the Wendy Perron Dance Company. (Becket, Mass. Tuesdays through Thursdays, at 8; Fridays at 8:30; and Saturdays at 2 and 8:30. Through Saturday, Aug. 29. For information about tickets, call 1-413 243-0745.)

Saratoga Performing Arts Center—Opening performances by the **NEW YORK CITY BALLET** of a three-week season that will run through Saturday, July 25. Tuesday, July 7, at 8:15: "Chaconne," "Ecstatic Orange," and "I'm Old Fashioned." . . . ¶ Wednesday, July 8, at 8:15: "Swan Lake," "In G Major," and "Fanfare." . . . ¶ Thursday, July 9, at 2: "Chaconne," "In G Major," and "Stravinsky Violin Concerto." . . . ¶ Thursday, July 9, at 8:15: "Swan Lake," "Ecstatic Orange," and "I'm Old Fashioned." . . . ¶ Friday, July 10, at 8:15: "Walpurgisnacht Ballet," "Concertino," "La Sonnambula," and "Stravinsky Violin Concerto." . . . ¶ Saturday, July 11, at 2: "Chaconne," "In G Major," and "Fanfare." . . . ¶ Saturday, July 11, at 8:15: "Swan Lake," "Ecstatic Orange," and "I'm Old Fashioned." (Saratoga Springs. For information about tickets, call 1-518 587-3330.)

ABSOLUT LARCENY.
FOR GIFT DELIVERY ANYWHERE CALL 1-800-CHEER-UP (EXCEPT WHERE PROHIBITED BY LAW)
80 AND 100 PROOF/100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS (ABSOLUT COUNTRY OF SWEDEN®) © 1985 CARILLON IMPORTERS LTD., TEANECK, NJ.


Mowing — N.C. Wyeth


Liberty Launch — Andrew Wyeth


And Then Into The Deep Gorge — James Wyeth

The event that cause
is starting up agai

After three months of great acclaim in Russia, the Wyeth exhibition is back home again in America.

Sponsored by AT&T, "An American Vision: Three Generations of Wyeth Art" is in Washington, D.C. during July and August.

This spectacular display of the art of the Wyeths represents their very personal views into life in America.

Organized by the Brandywine River Museum in Chadds Ford, Pennsylvania, the exhibition will travel around the world for the next two years – marking the first time these paintings have been shown together on tour.

We at AT&T like to think that the quest for excellence in our products and services springs from the same spirit of excellence that shines from these canvases.

Washington, D.C. — The Corcoran Gallery of Art, July 4 - Aug. 30, 1987
Dallas, Texas — Dallas Museum of Art, Sept. 29 - Nov. 29, 1987
Chicago, Illinois — Terra Museum of American Art, Dec. 13, 1987 - Feb. 4, 1988

© 1987, AT&T © 1987, Andrew Wyeth © 1987, James Wyeth © 1987, Brandywine River Museum

AT&T
The right choice.

uch a stir in Russia
n Washington.

Let the trade winds take you.

© 1987 Hyatt Corp.

The **Hyatt Regency Maui.** Where you can refresh your body, restore your soul and feel as timeless as the paradise around you.

The **Hyatt Regency Waikiki.** Where the day takes you down powdery beaches, and the night sweeps you into a whirling soiree.

The Hyatt Resorts Hawaii. Where far away isn't just a place. It's a state of mi

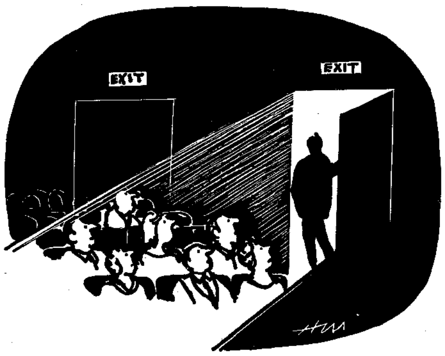
Faraway Places.℠

HYATT RESORTS HAWAII®

For reservations or more information on
Hyatt Resorts Worldwide, call your Travel Planner or 1 800 228 9000.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES



S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			1	2	3	4
5	6	7	8	9	10	11

FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 17.

EAST SIDE

lic Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; heatre opens in the late afternoon and is losed Mondays.)
hrough July 2: (Separate admissions) "Andy Warhol" (1973; directed by Lana Jokel), a documentary; and "A Virus Knows No Morals" (1986; Rosa von Praunheim; in German).
uly 3: At 6, "The Merry Widow" (1934; Ernst Lubitsch), with Jeanette MacDonald and Maurice Chevalier; at 8, "Sweethearts" (1938; W. S. Van Dyke), with Jeanette MacDonald, Nelson Eddy, and Ray Bolger; and, at 10, "Naughty Marietta" (1935; W. S. Van Dyke), with Jeanette MacDonald, Nelson Eddy, and Elsa Lanchester.
uly 4-5: At 4, "The Merry Widow" (1925; Erich von Stroheim; a silent film), with Mae Murray; at 6, "The Merry Widow" (1934); at 8, "Sweethearts;" and, at 10, "Naughty Marietta."
uly 7-9: At 6, "Show Boat" (1951 †); at 8, "Rose Marie" (1936 †); and, at 10, "Girl of the Golden West" (1938; Robert Z. Leonard), with Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy.
rom July 10: At 6, "New Moon" (1940; Robert Z. Leonard), with Jeanette MacDonald, Nelson Eddy, and Mary Boland; at 8, "The Firefly" (1937; Robert Z. Leonard), with Jeanette MacDonald and Allan Jones; and, at 10:15, "The Cat and the Fiddle" (1934; William K. Howard), with Jeanette MacDonald, Ramon Novarro, and Charles Butterworth.

vieland 8th Street Triplex, 36 E. 8th. (477-600)
heatre 1: Through July 9: "Predator" (John McTiernan), with Arnold Schwarzenegger. From July 10: "The Squeeze" (Roger Young), with Michael Keaton and Rae Dawn Chong.
heatre 2: "The Witches of Eastwick" (†).
heatre 3: Through July 9: "The Witches of Eastwick" (†). From July 10: "Revenge of the Nerds II: Nerds in Paradise" (Joe Roth), with Robert Carradine.

amercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
The Witches of Eastwick" (†).

Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
Adventures in Babysitting" (Chris Columbus).

ws 34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-544)
heatre 1: "The Untouchables" (†).
heatre 2: "Beverly Hills Cop II" (Tony Scott), with Eddie Murphy.
heatre 3: "The Untouchables" (†).

h St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
Roxanne" (†).

tside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
Benji the Hunted" (Joe Camp).

ton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
Innerspace" (Joe Dante), with Dennis Quaid and Martin Short.

tham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
hrough July 9: "Predator" (John McTiernan), with Arnold Schwarzenegger.
rom July 10: "Revenge of the Nerds II: Nerds in Paradise" (Joe Roth), with Robert Carradine.

za, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
'The Believers" (John Schlesinger), with Martin Sheen, Helen Shaver, and Robert Loggia.

nhattan Twin, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
heatre 1: "Full Metal Jacket" (Stanley Kubrick), with Matthew Modine.
heatre 2: "Full Metal Jacket."

ronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-663)
heatre 1: "Adventures in Babysitting" (Chris Columbus).
heatre 2: "Roxanne" (†).

W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
'Personal Services" (†).

nema I and II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-022/0774)
heatre 1: "Straight to Hell" (Alex Cox).
heatre 2: "Summer Night" (Lina Wertmüller; in Italian), with Mariangela Melato and Michele Placido.

Gemini I and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: "Dragnet" (Tom Mankiewicz), with Dan Aykroyd and Tom Hanks.
Theatre 2: Through July 9: "Dragnet." From July 10: "The Squeeze" (Roger Young), with Michael Keaton and Rae Dawn Chong.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"The Witches of Eastwick" (†).

Loews New York Twin, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: "Beverly Hills Cop II" (Tony Scott), with Eddie Murphy.
Theatre 2: "The Untouchables" (†).

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
Through July 9: "River's Edge" (†).
From July 10: "Whistle Blower."

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Spaceballs" (Mel Brooks), with Brooks.

U.A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"Dragnet" (Tom Mankiewicz), with Dan Aykroyd and Tom Hanks.

86th Street Twin, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: "The Untouchables" (†).
Theatre 2: "Innerspace" (Joe Dante), with Dennis Quaid and Martin Short.

Loews Orpheum I and 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Theatre 1: "Beverly Hills Cop II" (Tony Scott), with Eddie Murphy.
Theatre 2: "The Believers" (John Schlesinger), with Martin Sheen, Helen Shaver, and Robert Loggia.

86th Street East Twin, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Theatre 1: Through July 9: "Predator" (John McTiernan), with Arnold Schwarzenegger. From July 10: "Revenge of the Nerds II: Nerds in Paradise (Joe Roth), with Robert Carradine.
Theatre 2: "Full Metal Jacket" (Stanley Kubrick), with Matthew Modine.

WEST SIDE

Film Forum I and 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Theatre 1: Through July 7: "Number One" (1976; directed by Dyan Cannon), and three other short films on the subject of growing up. From July 8: "Karma" (1985; Ho Quang Minh; in Vietnamese).
Theatre 2: See listings under "Revival Houses."

Bleecker St. Cinema I and 2, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Theatre 1: Through July 2: "River's Edge" (†). From July 3: "Sleepwalk" (Sara Driver).
Theatre 2: Through July 2: "Law of Desire" (†). From July 3: "River's Edge" (†).

Waverly I and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: "Adventures in Babysitting" (Chris Columbus).
Theatre 2: "Roxanne" (†).

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
"Full Metal Jacket" (Stanley Kubrick), with Matthew Modine.

Art Greenwich Twin, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: "Dragnet" (Tom Mankiewicz), with Dan Aykroyd and Tom Hanks.
Theatre 2: "Innerspace" (Joe Dante), with Dennis Quaid and Martin Short.

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "My Life as a Dog" (†).
Theatre 2: "Hollywood Shuffle" (Robert Townsend), with Townsend.
Theatre 3: "Prick Up Your Ears" (†).
Theatre 4: "Devil in the Flesh" (1987 †).

23rd St. West Triplex, 333 W. 23rd. (989-0060)
Theatre 1: "Innerspace" (Joe Dante), with Dennis Quaid and Martin Short.
Theatre 2: "Spaceballs" (Mel Brooks), with Brooks.
Theatre 3: (Matinées only) "Benji the Hunted" (Joe Camp); and (evenings only) "Spaceballs."

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"Benji the Hunted" (Joe Camp).

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Roxanne" (†).

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"Devil in the Flesh" (1987 †).

New Carnegie, 225 W. 57th. (582-4582)
"Dragnet" (Tom Mankiewicz), with Dan Aykroyd and Tom Hanks.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. between 56th and 57th. (265-2520)
"Withnail and I" (Bruce Robinson).

Carnegie Screening Room, 7th Ave. between 56th and 57th. (757-2131)
Through July 2: Theatre closed.
From July 3: "Sleepwalk" (Sara Driver).

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Jean de Florette" (Claude Berri; in French), with Yves Montand, Gérard Depardieu, and Elisabeth Depardieu.

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"The Witches of Eastwick" (†).

Loews Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Spaceballs" (Mel Brooks), with Brooks.

Lincoln Plaza I, 2, and 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: "Prick Up Your Ears" (†).
Theatre 2: "My Life as a Dog" (†).
Theatre 3: "Rosa Luxemburg" (†).

Cinema Studio I and 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Theatre 1: "Tampopo" (†).
Theatre 2: "Full Metal Jacket" (Stanley Kubrick), with Matthew Modine.

Embassy 72nd St. I and 2, B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
Theatre 1: Through July 9: "Predator" (John McTiernan), with Arnold Schwarzenegger. From July 10: "Revenge of the Nerds II: Nerds in Paradise" (Joe Roth), with Robert Carradine.
Theatre 2: "Adventures in Babysitting" (Chris Columbus).

Loews 84th Street Sixplex, B'way at 84th. (877-3600)
Theatre 1: "Beverly Hills Cop II" (Tony Scott), with Eddie Murphy.
Theatre 2: "The Untouchables" (†).
Theatre 3: "Dragnet" (Tom Mankiewicz), with Dan Aykroyd and Tom Hanks.
Theatre 4: "The Untouchables" (†).
Theatre 5: "The Witches of Eastwick" (†).
Theatre 6: "Innerspace" (Joe Dante), with Dennis Quaid and Martin Short.

Metro Cinema I and 2, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)
Theatre 1: "Hollywood Shuffle" (Robert Townsend), with Townsend.
Theatre 2: "River's Edge" (†).

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Center, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)
Theatre 1: "The Witches of Eastwick" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Witches of Eastwick" (†).
Theatre 3: Through July 9: "Lethal Weapon"

(†). From July 10: "The Squeeze" (Roger Young), with Michael Keaton and Rae Dawn Chong.

Theatre 4: "Hollywood Shuffle" (directed by Robert Townsend), with Townsend.

Theatre 5: Through July 9: "Harry and the Hendersons" (William Dear), with John Lithgow, Melinda Dillon, and Don Ameche. From July 10: "Revenge of the Nerds II: Nerds in Paradise" (Joe Roth), with Robert Carradine.

Theatre 6: "Innerspace" (Joe Dante), with Dennis Quaid and Martin Short.

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
"The Untouchables" (†).

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, Seventh Ave. at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: "Adventures in Babysitting" (Chris Columbus).
Theatre 3: "The Untouchables" (†).
Theatre 4: "Benji the Hunted" (Joe Camp).

Loews Astor Plaza, 44th St. at B'way. (869-8340)
"Beverly Hills Cop II" (Tony Scott), with Eddie Murphy.

Movieland, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
"The Believers" (John Schlesinger), with Martin Sheen, Helen Shaver, and Robert Loggia.

National Twin, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Theatre 1: "Full Metal Jacket" (Stanley Kubrick), with Matthew Modine.
Theatre 2: "Predator" (John McTiernan), with Arnold Schwarzenegger.

Warner, 7th Ave. between 42nd and 43rd. (764-6760)
"Dragnet" (Tom Mankiewicz), with Dan Aykroyd and Tom Hanks.

REVIVAL HOUSES

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)

Through July 2: "A Place in the Sun" (1951; directed by George Stevens), with Montgomery Clift, Elizabeth Taylor, and Shelley Winters; and "From Here to Eternity" (1953; Fred Zinnemann), with Burt Lancaster, Montgomery Clift, Frank Sinatra, and Deborah Kerr.

July 3-4: "Stop Making Sense" (1984; Jonathan Demme), a concert film with the Talking Heads; and "Koyaanisqatsi" (1983; Godfrey Reggio).

July 5: "La Dolce Vita" (†).

July 6-7: "Runaway Train" (1985; Andrei Konchalovsky), with Jon Voight, Eric Roberts, and Rebecca DeMornay; and "Dersu Uzala" (1978; Akira Kurosawa; a Soviet-Japanese co-production, in Russian).

July 8-9: "Repulsion" (1965; Roman Polanski), with Catherine Deneuve, Ian Hendry, Yvonne Furneaux, and John Fraser; and "Knife in the Water" (1962; Roman Polanski; in Polish).

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			1	2	3	4
5	6	7	8	9	10	11

July 10-11: "Cocaine Cowboys" (1979; Ulli Lommel), with Jack Palance; and "Andy Warhol's Bad" (1977).

Film Forum 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

July 1: "The Freshman" (1925) and "Safety Last" (1923), both silent films, directed by Sam Taylor and Fred Newmeyer, with Harold Lloyd.

July 2-4: "The Hour of the Star" (1987; Suzana Amaral; a Brazilian film, in Portuguese); and "Sugarbaby" (1985; Percy Adlon; in German).

July 5-6: "Allegro Non Troppo" (1977; Bruno Bozzetto; in Italian), a six-episode animated and live-action film; and a program of short animated films by Bozzetto. Mr. Bozzetto will be present at 8 on July 5 and at 8:30 on July 6.

July 7-8: "Animation Celebration" (1987), a film comprising twenty-two films from seven countries.

July 9: "The Festival of Claymation" (1987), a full-length film of animated short features by Will Vinton.

July 10-11: "The 19th International Tournee of Animation" (1986).

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

July 1: "Platinum Blonde" (1931; Frank Capra), with Jean Harlow, Robert Williams, Loretta Young, Claude Allister, and Halliwell Hobbes; and "Red-Headed Woman" (1932; Jack Conway), with Jean Harlow, Chester Morris, and Charles Boyer.

July 2-4: "Libeled Lady" (1936; Jack Conway), with Jean Harlow, William Powell, Myrna Loy, and Spencer Tracy; and "Red Dust" (1932; Victor Fleming), with Clark Gable, Jean Harlow, and Mary Astor.

July 5-7: "Waterloo Bridge" (†) and "A Streetcar Named Desire" (†).

July 8-11: "Gone with the Wind" (1939; Victor Fleming), with Vivien Leigh and Clark Gable.

Thalia SoHo, 15 Vandam St. (675-0498)

July 1: "East of Eden" (1955; Elia Kazan), with Julie Harris, James Dean, Raymond Massey, and Richard Davalos; and "Wild River" (1960; Elia Kazan), with Montgomery Clift, Lee Remick, and Jo Van Fleet.

July 2: "2000 Maniacs" (1964; H. G. Lewis); and "Scum of the Earth" (1963; H.
Lewis).

July 3-4: "The Gods Must Be Crazy" (19
Jamie Uys); and "Dingaka" (1965; Jai
Uys), with Stanley Baker, Juliet Prow
and Ken Gampu.

July 5: "Open City" (1945; Roberto Ros
lini; in Italian), with Anna Magnani, A
Fabrizi, and Maria Michi; and "The G
en Coach" (†).

July 6: "The Man Who Knew Too Mu
(1934 †) and "Sabotage" (†).

July 7: "The Stunt Man" (1980; Rich
Rush), with Peter O'Toole, Steve Ra
back, Barbara Hershey, Allen Goorw
and Alex Rocco; and "Targets" (†).

July 8: "On the Waterfront" (1954; E
Kazan), with Marlon Brando, Lee J. Co
Eva Marie Saint, Karl Malden, and I
Steiger; and "Man on a Tightrope" (19
Elia Kazan), with Fredric March, Gl
Grahame, and Terry Moore.

July 9: "Home of the Brave" (1986; La
Anderson), with Anderson; and "B
roughs" (1984; Howard Brookner)
documentary.

July 10-11: "Alien" (†) and "Aliens" (†).

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (2
7400)

July 1: "The Misfits" (1961; John Hust
with Clark Gable, Marilyn Monroe,
Montgomery Clift; and "River of No
turn" (1954; Otto Preminger), with Rob
Mitchum and Marilyn Monroe.

July 2: "My Favorite Wife" (1940; Gar
Kanin), with Irene Dunne, Cary Gr
Gail Patrick, and Randolph Scott;
"Unfaithfully Yours" (1948; Pres
Sturges), with Rex Harrison, Linda D
nell, and Edgar Kennedy.

July 3-4: "Dark Passage" (1947; Del
Daves), with Humphrey Bogart, Lau
Bacall, and Agnes Moorehead; and "
Have and Have Not" (1944; How
Hawks), with Humphrey Bogart, Lau
Bacall, and Walter Brennan.

July 5: "The Seven Samurai" (†).

July 6: "Mayerling" (1936 †) and "Mada
Bovary" (1934 †).

July 7: "Bus Stop" (†) and "The Prince
the Showgirl" (†).

July 8: "Kennel Murder Case" (†) and "
Gracie Allen Murder Case" (†).

July 9: "Cat on a Hot Tin Roof" (†)
"Reflections in a Golden Eye" (†).

July 10-11: "On the Waterfront" (1954; E
Kazan), with Marlon Brando, Lee J. Co
Eva Marie Saint, Karl Malden, and I
Steiger; and "The Wild One" (†).

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Ti
Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9490; a lin
ed number of tickets are available to th

R. MacMillan

applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

THEATRE I: July 10 at 2:30: "The Smiling Lieutenant" (1931; directed by Ernst Lubitsch), with Maurice Chevalier, Claudette Colbert, Miriam Hopkins, and Charles Ruggles. . . . ¶ July 10 at 6 and July 11 at 2: "The Wild Party" (1929; Dorothy Arzner), with Clara Bow and Fredric March. . . . ¶ July 11 at 5: "Skippy" (1931; Norman Taurog), with Jackie Cooper, Robert Coogan, Mitzi Green, and Jackie Searl.

THEATRE 2: July 2 at 6:30: "Who Says It's Fate!" (1979; Helga Reidemeister; in German, with English subtitles), with Irene Rakowitz. . . . ¶ July 3 at 3 and 6:30: "The Horse of Pride" (1980; Claude Chabrol; in French; with English subtitles). . . . ¶ July 4 at 6:30: "Who Says It's Fate!" . . . ¶ July 9 at 6:30 and July 11 at 4: "Melek Leaves" (1985; Jeanine Meerapfel; in German, with English subtitles), with Melek Tez.

HITNEY MUSEUM, Madison Ave. at 75th St. (570-0537)—Through July 2: A series of programs composed of films and video works made during the past two years. The schedule of performances is complicated; our best advice is to phone the museum for titles, schedules, and ticket information. Closed Mondays.

JSEUM OF BROADCASTING, 1 E. 53rd St. (752-7684)—Through Aug. 1: "Columbia Pictures Television: The Studio and the Creative Process," a program of selected episodes from dramatic series, situation comedies, anthology series, TV movies, and mini-series produced over the past thirty-five years at the studio. The schedule of performances is complicated; our best advice is to phone the museum for titles, schedules, and ticket information. . . . ¶ Through July 23: "Peter Pan" (1960; Vincent J. Donehue), with Mary Martin and Cyril Ritchard. Showings Tuesdays at 12:30, 2:45, and 5:30; Wednesdays through Saturdays at 12:30 and 2:45. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

92ND STREET Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. (996-1100)—A program of films in which one or another of the seven deadly sins makes an appearance. July 1 at 8: Gluttony–"Sugarbaby" (1985; Percy Adlon; in German, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ July 8 at 8: Sloth–"Oblomov" (1980; Nikita Mikhalkov; in Russian, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ July 9 at 8: Pride–"The Magnificent Ambersons" (1942; Orson Welles), with Joseph Cotten, Dolores Costello, Agnes Moorehead, and Tim Holt.

GRACE RAINEY ROGERS AUDITORIUM, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. (82nd St. entrance on Tuesdays) (570-3949)—July 1: "Intermezzo: A Love Story" (1939; Gregory Ratoff), with Leslie Howard and Ingrid Bergman. . . . ¶ July 2: "The Front" (1976; Martin Ritt), with Woody Allen, Zero Mostel, and Herschel Bernardi. . . . ¶ July 7: "The Fountainhead" (1949; King Vidor), with Gary Cooper, Patricia Neal, and Raymond Massey. . . . ¶ July 8: "Casablanca" (1942; Michael Curtiz), with Humphrey Bogart, Ingrid Bergman, and Claude Rains. . . . ¶ July 9: "Interiors" (1978; Woody Allen), with Diane Keaton, E. G. Marshall, Geraldine Page, and Maureen Stapleton. . . . ¶ July 10: "Down Argentine Way" (1940; Irving Cummings), with Betty Grable, Don Ameche, and Carmen Miranda. . . . ¶ July 11: "Murder Ahoy" (1964; George Pollock), with Margaret Rutherford as Agatha Christie's Jane Marple. (All showings at 8. Tickets available one hour before performance time, on the night of the performance.)

CATHEDRAL OF ST. JOHN THE DIVINE, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. (316-7563)—"America" (1924; D. W. Griffith; a silent film), with Neil Hamilton, Erville Alderson, and Carol Dempster. Original organ score written and played by Lee Erwin. (Wednesday, July 1, at 8.)

ASIA SOCIETY, Park Ave. at 70th St.—A program of five films by Hou Hsiao-hsien. July 9 at 3: "The Boys of Fengkuei" (1984; in Mandarin, with English subtitles) and "Son's Big Doll" (1984; in Taiwanese, with English subtitles) . . . ¶ July 9 at 7: "Dust in the Wind" (1987; in Mandarin and Taiwanese, with English subtitles). (For information about tickets, call 288-6400, Ext. 284.)

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.

IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN "THE CURRENT CINEMA" DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

nsigned notes are by Pauline Kael; others are Brendan Gill, Penelope Gilliatt, Edith iver, and Terrence Rafferty.)

IEN (1979)—A sci-fi excursion into outer space, where things appear to be far drearier than they are on Earth. Sigourney Weaver is the attractive star. Directed by Ridley Scott.—B.G. (Thalia SoHo; July 10-11.)

IENS (1986)—An inflated sci-fi action-horror film, this sequel to Scott's 1979 "Alien" (see above) is more mechanical than the first film—more addicted to "advanced" weaponry and military hardware. The movie is really a combat film set in the future, in space. The writer-director James Cameron pits a platoon of United States Marines (ethnically assorted, of course) against a family of extraterrestrial monsters—a queen and her slimy brood. He does it in an energetic, systematic, relentless way, with an action director's gusto, and a shortage of imagination. The imagery has a fair amount of graphic power, but there's too much claustrophobic blue-green dankness. As Warrant Officer Ripley, the only human survivor of the spaceship that voyaged forth in the earlier picture, Sigourney Weaver seems to take over by natural authority and her strength as an actress. She gives the movie a presence, and Cameron toys with the sex-role reversal by turning the final confrontation with the queen into the Battle of the Big Mamas. But at two hours and seventeen minutes this is just a very big "Boo!" movie, with bum dialogue. With Michael Biehn, Paul Reiser, Lance Henriksen, Jenette Goldstein as Vasquez the bodybuilder, and Carrie Henn as the wraithlike little girl, Newt, who is out there in space to arouse Ripley's maternal instinct. (Reviewed in our issue of 8/11/86.) (Thalia SoHo; July 10-11.)

S STOP (1956)—See this not for the William Inge play, shrewdly widened by George Axelrod, but for Marilyn Monroe and Eileen Heckart. Don Murray plays a dimly ardent cowboy.—P.G. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; July 7.)

AT ON A HOT TIN ROOF (1958)—The Tennessee Williams play about the girl (Elizabeth Taylor) whose husband (Paul Newman) doesn't want to have sex with her. Much hocus-pocus about the reasons; when the "true" reason is revealed it sounds the hokiest. But Taylor looks very desirable, and the cast is full of actors whooping it up with Southern accents (Burl Ives, Judith Anderson, Madeleine Sherwood). Directed by Richard Brooks. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; July 9.)

VIL IN THE FLESH—Madness, politics, and sexual frenzy: business as usual for director Marco Bellocchio. In this very loose adaptation of the famous Raymond Radiguet novel about an affair between a student and a young married woman (filmed once before, by Claude Autant-Lara in 1947), Bellocchio's work is enervated and uncertain. There are flashes of his audacity and cruel wit, but the movie never quite comes to life. Even the explicit lovemaking scenes that earned this picture its X rating seem, in context, a little academic: most of the time, Bellocchio's movie plays as a kind of structuralist dissertation on the concepts of "in" and "out." With Maruschka Detmers (a powerful sexual presence but a terrible actress) and Federico Pitzalis as the lovers. Cinematography by Giuseppe Lanci. In Italian.—T.R. (Quad Cinema, and 57th St. Playhouse.)

LA DOLCE VITA (1960)—Each of the dozen or so sequences of this movie tells a separate story, and deals with a separate aspect of present-day Roman life—high, low, or café—as seen through the satiric eyes of Federico Fellini. His direction is masterly; his cast is splendid. In Italian.—E.O. (Cinema Village; July 5.)

THE GOLDEN COACH (1953)—At his greatest, Jean Renoir expressed the beauty in our common humanity; that's what Anna Magnani at *her* greatest also expressed. This movie—his tribute to the commedia dell'arte—is also a tribute to her fabulous gifts, and she gives the film its gusto. We see her here not only as a sensual, earthy "woman of the people" but as an artist who exhausts her resources in creating the illusion of volcanic reality. Though Renoir has taken Prosper Mérimée's vehicle and shaped it for her, it will be forever debatable whether it contains her or she explodes it. But this puzzle is parallel with the theme—a Pirandellian confusion of theatre and everyday life—it adds another layer to the ironic comedy. The film is set in a dusty frontier in Renaissance Peru: a band of Italian strolling players is attempting to bring art to South America. The movie has been compared to "Così Fan Tutte"—it is light and serious, cynical and beautiful, a blend of color, wit, and Vivaldi music. The film was made in English; though Magnani herself, in her first English-speaking role, is vocally magnificent, some of the other actors speak in dreary tones and some of the minor characters appear to be dubbed. Duncan Lamont, as the Spanish viceroy, and Riccardo Rioli, as the bullfighter, are just fine, but Paul Campbell, as the Castilian nobleman, is inept and his scenes go limp. This was Renoir's second color film (after "The River"), and his directorial rhythm seems to falter in his work in color, but in the flow and warmth of "The Golden Coach" this defect, like the others, is trifling. The cinematography is by Claude Renoir. (Thalia SoHo; July 5.)

THE GRACIE ALLEN MURDER CASE (1939)—S. S. Van Dine, the author of the Philo Vance detective novels, wrote Gracie into one of them, and Paramount very sensibly decided to film it. (George Burns figured in the story, but he was dropped in the film version.) It's a casual, entertaining absurdity; Gracie's peculiarly uncorseted mind is a wonderful corrective to Warren William's usual stuffiness, as Philo Vance; he hardly gets a word in edgewise. Alfred E. Green directed a good cast, including Donald MacBride, Kent Taylor, Ellen Drew, Horace McMahon, and William Demarest. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; July 8.)

KENNEL MURDER CASE (1933)—One of the pleasanter films in the series starring the suave comedian William Powell as S. S. Van Dine's detective Philo Vance. The plot involves some lively Scotties and a handsome Doberman, as well as that sinister figure the connoisseur of Oriental objects of art. (In the thirties, Ming and murder always seemed to go together.) Mary Astor, at an in-between stage in her career, has a conventional role that doesn't much suit her; however, most of the other players are cast so inevitably to type that the film is like a demonstration of the principles of running a stock company. The group includes snake-hipped Helen Vinson, wicked Jack La Rue, and tedious Ralph Morgan. Directed by Michael Curtiz. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; July 8.)

LAW OF DESIRE—This flamboyantly glamorous homosexual fantasy by Madrid's gagster-artist Pedro Almodóvar is satirical, romantic, metaphorical; it has wonderful jokes and the exaggerated plot of an absurdist Hollywood melodrama. It doesn't disguise its narcissism; it turns it into bright-colored tragicomedy. And even when it loses its beat (after a murder) there's always something happening. Carmen Maura, a powerful actress in the manner of the early Anna Magnani, with the trippiness and self-mockery of Bette Midler, plays Tina, a transsexual who has a hot, roiling temperament. Tina's celebrity brother Pablo (Eusebio Poncela) directs classy homoerotic films. One night, Pablo takes home Antonio (Antonio Banderas), a government minister's son, who has been stalking him; by morning, Antonio loves him, is determined to possess him completely, and refuses to get out of his life. With Miguel Molina as Pablo's true love, Manuela Velasco as little Ada, and the male transvestite Bibi Andersen as Tina's lesbian ex-lover. In Spanish. (4/20/87) (Bleecker St. Cinema; through July 2.)

LETHAL WEAPON—In this high-concept urban thriller, Mel Gibson and Danny Glover run through their buddy-buddy routines with the skill of veteran infielders: Gibson, as a suicidal L.A. cop, is as lithe and quick-witted as a shortstop, while his partner Glover, a paunchily contented family man, remains (thanklessly) rock-steady at first base. The movie's central joke is that the depressive Gibson, a crack shot *and* a martial-arts wizard, is so unconcerned with his own safety that he pushes sticky situations to perilous extremes—he can't seem to get through a whole day without killing someone. But neither the screenwriter, Shane Black, nor the director, Richard Donner, has the style for black comedy. Windshields shatter; copters swoop; bare-chested Vietnam vets are tortured; a teen-age girl, stripped to her underwear, screams; sleek cars burst into great balls of fire on the freeway—and it's all as depressing as only top-of-the-line Hollywood entertainment can be. With Gary Busey, Mitchell Ryan, Darlene Love, and Traci Wolfe.—T.R. (Criterion Center; through July 9.)

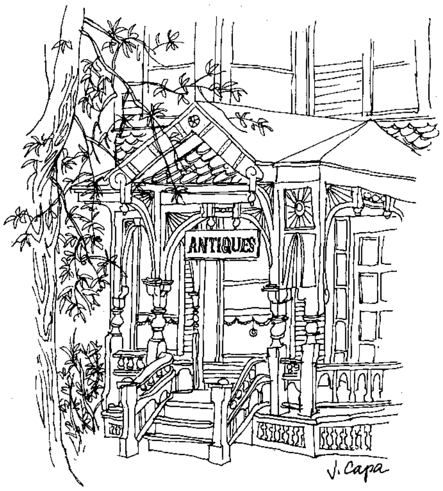
Madame Bovary (1934)—Flaubert's Emma Bovary has usually been a role for screen beauties, but in this version, adapted and directed by Jean Renoir, Emma is played by Valentine Tessier as an anomalous creature, half swan, half goose. This large woman is not at all what one expects, yet she's surprisingly effective. The sunlight and the spaciousness emphasize Emma's loneliness; she's a middle-class woman with an ample figure, drifting along on romantic daydreams. Renoir's film ran three and a half hours; the backers cut it to two hours and had a commercial disaster anyway. What's left is like a Renoir nature essay on Flaubertian themes. It lacks Flaubert's intensity, but it has fine, unstressed images and scenes that stay with one. The director's brother, Pierre Renoir, plays the uncomprehending philistine Charles Bovary, Max Dearly is M. Homais, and Robert Le Vigan is Lheureux. In French. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; July 6.)

The Man Who Knew Too Much (1934)—This Hitchcock thriller about a kidnapping and an attempted political assassination features Leslie Banks, Edna Best, Pierre Fresnay, Nova Pilbeam as the kidnapped child, and Peter Lorre (it was Lorre's début in English-language films), and it has the director's ingenuity and flair and sneaky wit. The best scenes—especially an assassination attempt at Royal Albert Hall—are stunning, but Hitchcock seems sloppily unconcerned about the unconvincing material in between the tricks and jokes. (Thalia SoHo; July 6.)

Mayerling (1936)—This beautifully made version of the legendary tragic love of Archduke Rudolf, heir apparent to the Hapsburg Empire, for the young Maria Vetsera is one of the most memorable of all French romantic movies. (Several less effective versions followed.) Anatole Litvak directed with far more delicacy than he showed in his later work, and the doomed lovers are played by Charles Boyer and Danielle Darrieux. Boyer hangs a cigarette on his Hapsburg lip and grabs a girl's leg and the movie takes off. In this account Rudolf is a dissolute voluptuary redeemed by his love for the innocent Vetsera—and the young Darrieux is so sexy and lovely in the role that you can just about believe it all. In French. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; July 6.)

My Life as a Dog—Lasse Hallström's film is a gentle, episodic narrative of a twelve-year-old boy (Anton Glanzelius) growing up in nineteen-fifties Sweden. Ingemar, a lively but sensitive kid, gets passed around from household to household when his mother becomes seriously ill. At its best, the movie is very shrewd about the ways children protect themselves from disorienting, and even traumatic, experiences. Hallström's naïveté as a director gives many of the dramatic scenes a touching straightforwardness. But that same quality sabotages the comic passages with a tone of heavy, self-satisfied whimsy. With Tomas von Brömssen, Anki Liden, Ingmari Carlsson, and Melinda Kinnaman. Screenplay by Hallström, Reidar Jönsson, Brasse Brännstrom, and Per Berglund, from Jönsson's novel. In Swedish—T.R. (Quad Cinema, and Lincoln Plaza.)

Personal Services—*An astonishingly cheerful* high and low comedy, starring Julie Walters as a London brothelkeeper. Walters is a human carnival; at times, she's as spirited as Mel Brooks on a good day. When this madam, called Christine Painter, thinks about the undignified actions that her dignified old gentlemen like to engage in, she giggles, and she carries you along with her. Her giddy hysteria seems the only appropriate response to the sexual habits of the English—it seems a higher normality. Christine Painter, grounded on Cynthia Payne, London's famous Mme. Cyn (who acted as consultant to the film), is a great subject for the director, Terry Jones, of the Monty Python group, and the writer, David Leland (who co-wrote the 1986 "Mona Lisa"). Julie Walters seems to energize the whole film—to give it a rare kind of screwball fizziness—though she actually gets a lot of help from Alec McCowen, Shirley Stelfox, and Danny Schiller (as Dolly, the elderly maid at the brothel). Cinematography by Roger Deakins. (5/18/87) (D. W. Griffith)



S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			1	2	3	4
5	6	7	8	9	10	11

Prick Up Your Ears—Joe Orton wrote some of the greatest farces of the English-speaking theatre in this century, but you could come out of this movie about him without any sense of their vengeful, bawdy originality. Directed by Stephen Frears from a screenplay by Alan Bennett, based on the literary biography of the same name by John Lahr, the film is honest and watchable. But, unlike Orton, it takes no real delight in misbehaving. And though the moviemakers don't try to conceal the facts of the sixteen years that Orton (Gary Oldman) spent with Kenneth Halliwell (Alfred Molina), who bludgeoned him to death and then killed himself, what you come out with is some modern-style psychosexual moralizing about how Orton's pansexuality liberated his talent whereas the inhibited Halliwell was driven to murder. You don't feel Orton's pulse, but Vanessa Redgrave, who plays his smart, ribald agent, has never been sexier or more spontaneous. With Wallace Shawn, Lindsay Duncan, Margaret Tyzack, Janet Dale, and Julie Walters. Cinematography by Oliver Stapleton. (5/4/87) (Quad Cinema, and Lincoln Plaza.)

The Prince and the Showgirl (1957)—This Ruritanian romance, directed by Laurence Olivier, is slanted to show off the talents of Marilyn Monroe as an innocent abroad. Olivier, perhaps with excess gallantry, makes his prince something of a cold cod, but even in this uningratiating role he has a high gloss—an irony that shines. Monroe's breathy little-girl voice and polymorphous-perverse non-acting have a special mock-innocent charm that none of her imitators seem able to capture. With Sybil Thorndike, Richard Wattis, and Daphne Anderson. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; July 7.)

Reflections in a Golden Eye (1967)—John Huston directed this sensuous and intense version
of Carson McCullers' Georgia-set short nove
of 1941; the visual style, which suggest
paintings made from photographs, has
measured lyricism. The movie doesn't find
way to give us the emotional texture of th
interrelationships and dependencies in th
book, but the principal actors (Marlon Brando, Brian Keith, Elizabeth Taylor, Julie Harris) were able to do some startling things wit
their roles. The stifled homosexuality of Brando's duty-bound Major Penderton is gro
tesque and painful. This is one of Brando'
most daring performances. Taylor is charm
ing as the Major's silly, ardent, Southerr
"lady" wife, who makes love to Keith in
berry patch. Keith, underplaying, has one
his rare opportunities to show depth; a
moments he seems the most *believable*
actors—these are great moments. The stor
has been furbished with *additional* fetishe
as if McCullers' material weren't Souther
and Gothic enough. With Robert Forste
and Zorro David. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Jul
9.)

River's Edge—Teen-age anomie and the indiffe
ence of selfish, corrupt adults. The subje
might suggest a movie made for TV if
weren't for the explicitly sexual pulp el
ments and the woozy poetry. The script, b
Neal Jimenez, which takes off from an i
cident in Milpitas, California, in 1981, a
pears to have been conceived as an exploit
tion melodrama, but the director, Ti
Hunter, has a fuzzy, naturalistic approac
and the movie is a slack mixture of "impo
tant" and mediocre—a blur that viewers ca
project onto. Big-bellied John (Daniel Ro
buck), a high-school pothead, strangles h
girlfriend, Jamie, and leaves her lying nu
on the riverbank. Soon all the members of h
pack of six or seven stoned kids have view
their dead friend, but nobody speaks of n
tifying the authorities, because Layne (Cri
pin Glover), the high-strung leader of t
group, pressures them to believe that
would be a violation of their code to let an
adults know about what happened. T
movie doesn't deal with the facts of the Mi
pitas case (where the murderer was black).
tells us next to nothing about why John kill
Jamie and shows us very little of how t
other kids react to her death. Then th
vacancy at the heart of the film is used
proof of the kids' heartlessness. Glover gives
weird, grimacing, hand-waving performanc
other garish elements include Dennis Hopp
as a one-legged ex-biker dope dealer w
waltzes with an inflatable sex doll and Josh
Miller as a malicious twelve-year-old w
drowns his baby sister's dolly. Also wit
Keanu Reeves, Ione Skye, and Jim Metzler
the teacher. Cinematography by Frederic
Elmes. (6/15/87) (Bleecker St. Cinema, an
Metro Cinema. . . . ¶ 68th St. Playhous
through July 9.)

Rosa Luxemburg—*Margarethe von Trotta's* b
ography of the fiery, independent-mind
Marxist writer and activist Rosa Luxembu
is conscientious but inert. Von Trotta tries
bring Luxemburg to life as a character and
reconstruct the time and place of her stru
gles (Germany before and just after the Fir
World War) without romanticizing an
trivializing history. The film is occasional
moving, more frequently puzzling: it bea
the same uneasy relationship to both politi
and entertainment as a May Day parad
and seems about as long. Barbara Sukowa
portrayal of Luxemburg, which won her
Best Actress award at last year's Cannes fe
tival, is dogged and rather monotonous. Wit
Daniel Olbrychski, Otto Sander, and Ade
heid Arndt. Von Trotta wrote the screenpla
the excellent cinematography is by Fra
Rath. In German and Polish.—T.R. (Linco
Plaza.)

Rose Marie (1936)—Singing "The Indian Lo
Call," Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Edd
are in a class of their own; the wholesom
hearty fakery of it is matchless. It's set in t
Pacific Northwest; she's an opera star an
he's a Mountie who has arrested her broth
(skinny young James Stewart). With Alla
Jones and Reginald Owen. W. S. Van Dy
directed. (Public Theatre; July 7-9, at 8.)

Roxanne—Steve Martin is improbably light
his feet in this airy, modern love comed
based on Rostand's "Cyrano de Bergerac
He seems to crossbreed the skills of W.

Fields and Buster Keaton, with some Fred Astaire mingled in. And as the stargazer Roxanne Daryl Hannah gives off a womanly radiance—a combination of carnality and moonglow. Directed by Fred Schepisi, from Martin's script, this film is unabashedly romantic. It's set in the ski-resort town of Nelson, Washington (nestled against the mountains, it seems a dream-built locale, but it's actually Nelson, British Columbia). You want to go to the town; you want to go back to the movie. It has a mellow, dotty charm. With Shelley Duvall, Rick Rossovich, Shandra Beri, and a squad of volunteer firefighters who are like Keystone Cops. Cinematography by Ian Baker; music by Bruce Smeaton. (6/15/87) (34th St. East, Coronet, Waverly, and Ziegfeld.)

botage (1936; also known as "The Woman Alone")—Hitchcock's adaptation of Conrad's "The Secret Agent" may be just about the best of his English thrillers, and if the public didn't respond it wasn't his fault. Sylvia Sidney and Oscar Homolka are a married pair, the Verlocs, who manage a small movie house; Desmond Tester plays Mrs. Verloc's younger brother, who, unknowingly, carries a bomb on behalf of her husband. There's a breathtaking sequence when Mrs. Verloc, who has just learned of her brother's death, watches the cartoon "Who Killed Cock Robin?" With John Loder, Sara Allgood, Martita Hunt, Peter Bull, and Torin Thatcher. (Thalia SoHo; July 6.)

e Seven Samurai (1954)—Seven hired knights defend a village against forty mounted bandits—their pay a few handfuls of rice. This three-and-a-half-hour epic on violence and action—Akira Kurosawa's masterpiece—has been widely imitated, but no one has come near it. With Toshiro Mifune and Takashi Shimura. In Japanese. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; July 5.)

ow Boat (1951)—The most lavish and least convincing of the three movie versions of Edna Ferber's novel, with the singing valentine Kathryn Grayson mangling the Jerome Kern songs. Marge and Gower Champion come through with some lively dancing, but almost everyone else sinks. Howard Keel is too good for what he's given to do, Ava Gardner (at her most beautiful as Julie) looks as if she's dying to parody her lines, and Joe E. Brown is allowed only one brief dance. With William Warfield, Robert Sterling, and a shameful performance by the miscast Agnes Moorehead. George Sidney directed. (Public Theatre; July 7-9, at 6.)

Streetcar Named Desire (1951)—Vivien Leigh gives one of those rare performances that can truly be said to evoke pity and terror. As Blanche DuBois, she looks and acts like a destroyed Dresden shepherdess. When Marlon Brando, as the realist Stanley Kowalski, cuts through her pretensions and responds to her flirting with a direct sexual assault, the system of illusions that holds her together breaks down, and he is revealed as a man without compassion—both infant and brute. Elia Kazan's direction is often stagy, the sets and the arrangement of actors are often transparently "worked out," but who cares when you're looking at two of the greatest performances ever put on film and listening to some of the greatest dialogue ever written by an American? Tennessee Williams adapted his play himself, with additional adaptation work by Oscar Saul. With Karl Malden and Kim Hunter. (Regency; July 5-7.)

Tampopo—Written and directed by Juzo Itami, this understated farce has its own brand of dippy enchantment. It's about noodles, pleasure, and the movies. The title, which is Japanese for "dandelion," is the name of a fortyish widow (Nobuko Miyamoto) who is trying to make a go of a run-down noodle shop on the outskirts of Tokyo. A courtly truck driver (Tsutomu Yamazaki), who wears a dark-brown cowboy hat straight across his brow, like the righteous hero of a solemn Western, makes it his mission to help her become a real noodle cook. The film crosscuts between the story of Tampopo and her cowboy samurai and the culinary-erotic adventures of a pair of lovers; a gangster in a white suit and his ready-for-everything cutie. These two demonstrate that eating and sex can be the same thing. The movie is constructed like a comic essay, with random frivolous touches, and much of it is shot in hot, bright color that suggests a neon fusion of urban night life and movie madness. The subtexts connect with viewers' funnybones at different times, and part of the fun of the movie is listening to the sudden eruptions of giggles—it's as if some kids were running around in the theatre tickling people. In Japanese. (6/1/87) (Cinema Studio.)

Targets (1968)—Peter Bogdanovich wrote, directed, and appears in this lame melodrama about a clean-cut all-American boy (Tim O'Kelly) who turns sniper. The picture is rather naïvely made, and one begins to wait for the sniper to hit his targets, because there's nothing else of interest going on. Boris Karloff, in one of his last screen appearances, plays a veteran horror-film actor. (Thalia SoHo; July 7.)

The Untouchables—Set in Chicago circa 1930—Al Capone's capital of crime—this Brian De Palma movie, from a script by David Mamet, is like an attempt to visualize the public's collective dream of Chicago gangsters. Our movie-fed imagination of the past is enlarged and given a new vividness. De Palma is a showman here. Everything is neatly done in broad strokes, and the slight unbelievability of it all makes it more enjoyable. Robert De Niro's Capone is a plump peacock with receding hair and a fat cigar in his mouth. The four men who fight to restore the honor of a corrupted society—the four who can't be bribed, the Untouchables—are the fresh-faced young Special Agent Eliot Ness, played by Kevin Costner; a smart, ornery veteran cop, played (magnificently) by Sean Connery; a rookie-cop sharpshooter (Andy Garcia); and a small, middle-aged accountant (Charles Martin Smith). It's not a great movie; it's too banal, too morally comfortable—the script is too obvious. But it's a great audience movie—a wonderful potboiler. It's a rouser. The architectural remnants of the era (including solid traces of Louis Sullivan and Frank Lloyd Wright) have been refurbished to provide a swaggering showcase for the legend. Cinematography by Stephen H. Burum; music by Ennio Morricone. (Every now and then you may wonder what Morricone's throbbing disco-synthesizer beat is doing in this period.) (6/29/87) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Loews New York Twin, 86th Street Twin, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, Embassy 1, and Embassy.)

Waterloo Bridge (1940)—A great many people are inexplicably hooked on this weeper about the unlucky wartime love affair of a duke's nephew (Robert Taylor, trying to act aristocratic) and a dancer (Vivien Leigh). She becomes the saddest-eyed fallen woman ever. The director, Mervyn LeRoy, uses candlelight and rain more effectively than he does the actors, although Vivien Leigh does manage to give a beautiful performance. With Lucile Watson, Maria Ouspenskaya, C. Aubrey Smith, Steffi Duna, and Virginia Field. Adapted from a Robert E. Sherwood play, by S. N. Behrman, Hans Rameau, and George Froeschel. (Regency; July 5-7.)

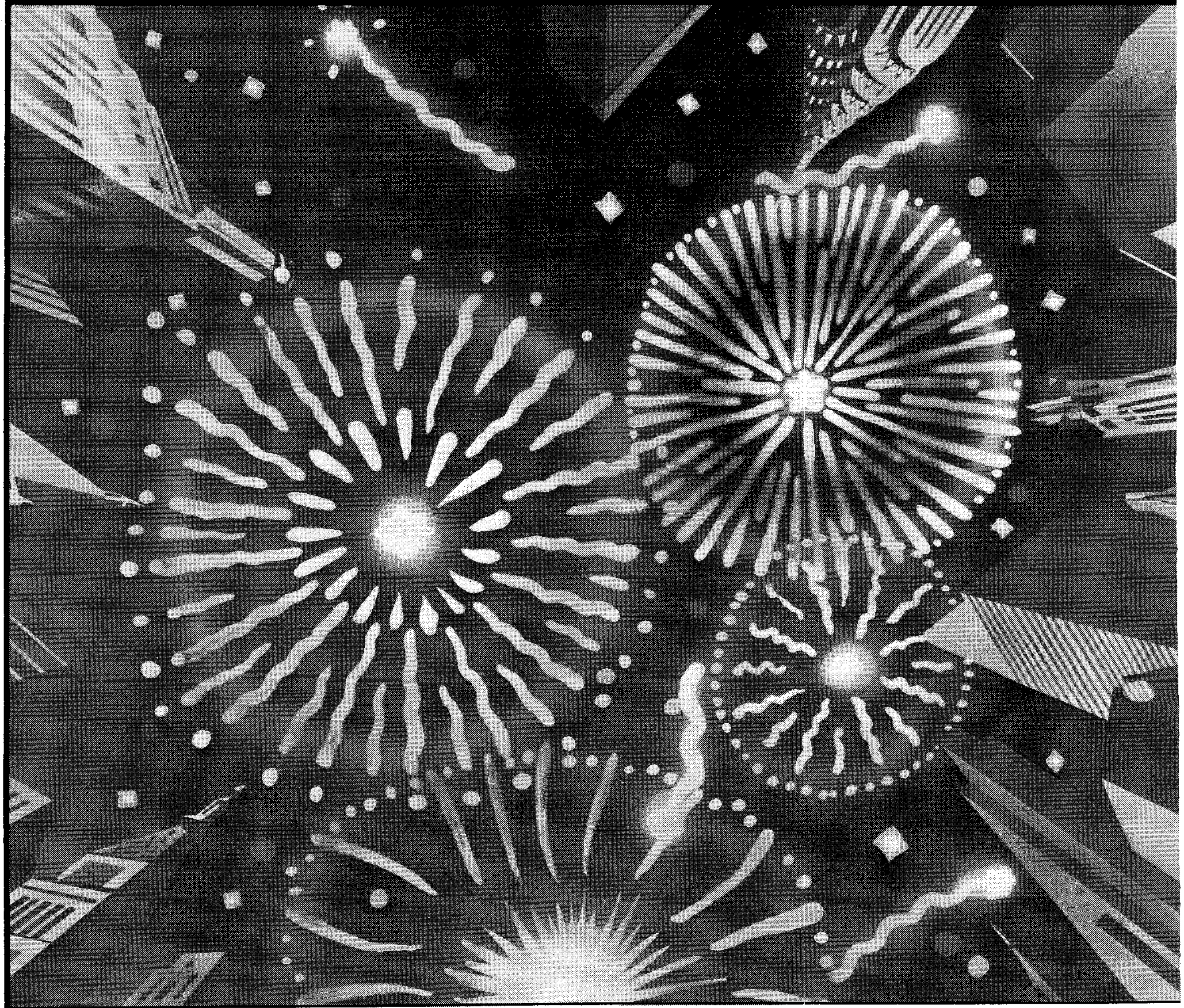
The Wild One (1954)—Based on the 1947 events in Hollister, California, when a convention of four thousand motorcyclists took over the town, this film offers a nightmare image. Marlon Brando, in his magnetic, soft-eyed youth, is their moody leader. The picture seemed to be frightened of its subject—the young nihilists who said no to American blandness and conformity—and reduced it as quickly as possible to the trivial meaninglessness of misunderstood boy meets understanding girl (Mary Murphy), but this clumsy, naïve film was banned and argued about in so many countries that it developed a near-legendary status. With Lee Marvin, Robert Keith, Jay C. Flippen, and Ray Teal. Directed by Laslo Benedek. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; July 10-11.)

The Witches of Eastwick—It wavers between satirizing a hyper-sexed male's misogyny and revelling in it. Directed by George Miller (of the "Mad Max" movies), from a rickety script credited to Michael Cristofer, the movie resembles its source, John Updike's 1984 novel, only in its high gloss, the general outlines of the leading characters, some purloined lines of dialogue, and Jack Nicholson's entertainingly uncouth turns of phrase. As "your average horny little devil" he is so repulsive he's funny, and he has invented some furiously demented slapstick; he's an inspired buffoon. The three beauties whose combined longing for a man is potent enough to lure this devil from New York City to the (fictional) New England town of Eastwick are Cher as a sculptor, Susan Sarandon as a cellist and music teacher, and Michelle Pfeiffer as a reporter on the *Word*. (A brunette, a redhead, and a blonde, they have lost their husbands by death, divorce, and desertion.) About half the scenes don't make much sense, and the final ones might as well have a sign posted: "We're desperate for a finish." But even at its trashiest the movie keeps bumping along. And those women are a supple trio—not a brittle bone among them. Nicholson has waited all his acting life for a harem like this. With Veronica Cartwright as an unlucky puritan. Cinematography by Vilmos Zsigmond. (6/29/87) (Movieland 8th Street Triplex, Gramercy, Beekman, Cinema 3, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and Criterion Center.)

MACY'S

4TH of JULY FIREWORKS

ON THE EAST RIVER



SEE IT LIVE OR WATCH ON WPIX-TV, CHANNEL 11. AND, HEAR THE MUSICAL ACCOMPANIMENT ON POWER 95 WPLJ-FM.

It's time to celebrate the Bicentennial of the United States Constitution and Macy's is providing the entertainment. Macy's, with the help of the City of New York, lights up the sky with "America Proclaims!". This half hour long fireworks spectacular will feature electrical displays, giant water fountains, a choreographed light show and a "finale" you will never forget. **We're igniting the excitement on the East River, Saturday, July 4, 9:20 - 9:50PM.** See it from any area with a view of the East River from Manhattan's 23rd Street to 42nd Street. The FDR Drive will be closed for spectator viewing from 14th to 49th Streets from 8 to 10:30PM. **The best way to get to the show is through public transportation.** For your best route call the Transit Hotline: (718)330-1234. **Bring your radio and listen to POWER 95 WPLJ-FM for the exclusive musical program. If you can't make it in person you can watch the festivities on WPIX-TV CHANNEL 11. With special thanks to everyone who has helped make this year's fireworks display possible:** The City of New York, The United States Coast Guard, International Terminal Operating Company, Inc., Hospital Audiences, Inc., The United Nations, The Harbor Festival and The American Red Cross in Greater New York.

THE
NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

otes and Comment

FRED ASTAIRE, who died last week, transformed forever the ideal of a gentleman. He replaced Continental model of poise and as-urance and rectitude—the model of entlemanly restraint as it had been nagined at least since Castiglione's Courtier"—with an American rest-ssness and expectancy and exhilara-on of movement, and then found in ose things a poise and assurance and ctitude of their own. We live so much the spell of his vision of the debo-ir that it can still come as something a shock to realize that it was an vention—Fred Astaire thought it . Listen, say, to the recording of the ondon production of "Funny Face," om the twenties, and compare the nging and the style of the romantic ad, Bernard Clifton (who got most the good Gershwin tunes), with staire's. It's hard to believe that Ber-rd, warbling away, could ever have nbodied for anyone a notion of mance; Fred, cast as comic support it singing with complete rhythmic ithority, is all there is to love.

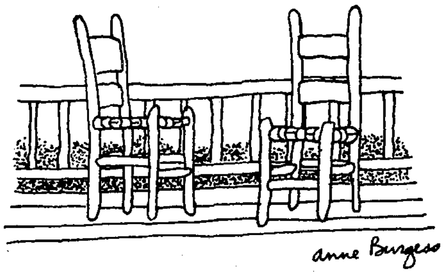
Part of his good luck, perhaps, was have worked for so long in support, rticularly since the performer he pported longest, his sister Adele, as someone he could love and never vy. He was able to turn that art of pport into a romantic gift: he made lf-effacement into a kind of seduc-on. He was the greatest of virtuosos, it there was always something beau-fully withdrawn and self-absorbed out him, too. Perhaps that can help plain one of the odd things about the action to his passing: the most likely people began admitting to aving really been Fred Astaire. Has ere ever been a more touchingly in-enuous moment in television than ed Koppel's confession to Ginger Rogers that he, Ted, had always been up there on the screen with her—that when Fred danced, Ted danced, too? Ted Koppel in "Top Hat"! Why not? Astaire's art was perfectly generous to everybody.

• •

In Virgin Forest

IN virgin forest, the ground is uneven, dimpled with pits and adjacent mounds. Perfect trees rise, yes, with boles clear to fifty and sixty feet; but imperfect trees are there, too—bent twigs, centuries after the bending—not to mention the dead standing timber, not to mention four thousand board feet rotting as one trunk among the mayapples and the violets: a toppled hull fruited with orange-and-cream fungi, which devour the wood, metabolize it, cause it literally to disappear. In virgin forest, the classic symbol of virginity is a fallen uprooted trunk decaying in a bed of herbs.

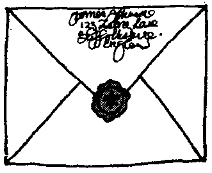
In our latitude, the primeval forest would include grapes, their free-floating vines descending like bridge cables. Wild grapes are incapable of climbing trees. They are lifted by trees as the trees grow, and their bunches hang from the top of the canopy. In our latitude, there is a great scarcity of virgin forest. Cut the grapevines, make a few stumps, let your cattle in to graze, and it's all over till the end of time. Nonetheless, we were in such a place only a few days ago, and did not have to travel far to see it. Never cut, never turned, it was a piece of American deciduous forest in continuous evolution dating to the tundras of mesolithic time. Some of the trees were ninety feet tall, with redtails nesting in them, and when the hawks took off and rose above the canopy they could see the World Trade Center.



We had made our way to Franklin Township, New Jersey, which includes New Brunswick and is one of the less virgin milieus in America. This is where the megalopolis came in so fast it trapped animals between motels. It missed, though, half a mile of primeval woods. The property, a little east of East Millstone, was settled in 1701 by Mynheer Cornelius VanLiew and remained in one family for two hundred and fifty-four years. They cleared and farmed most of their land but consciously decided to leave sixty-five acres untouched. The Revolution came and went, the Civil and the World Wars, but not until the nineteen-fifties did the family seek the counsel of a sawyer. The big trees were ruled by white oaks, dating to the eighteenth and seventeenth centuries, and their value was expressible in carats. Being no less frank than Dutch, the family let its intentions be known. As often will happen in conservation crises, this brought forth a paradox of interested parties: rod-and-gun groups, the Nature Conservancy, the Adirondack Mountain Club, the United Daughters of the Confederacy. A tract of virgin forest is so rare that money was raised in thirty-eight states and seven foreign countries. But not enough. The trees were worth a good deal more. In the end, the forest was saved by, of all people, the United Brotherhood of Carpenters and Joiners of America, whose president remarked in 1955, as he handed over the property to Rutgers University, "What happens in the woodlands is close to the carpenter's heart."

Named for a Brotherhood president, the tract is called Hutcheson Memorial Forest. A brief trail makes a loop near one end. The deed limits Rutgers to that, and Rutgers is not arguing. The university's role is to protect the periphery and to study the woods. When something attacks, Rutgers makes notes. A disease that kills American beeches is on its way from Maine. "The forest deed says basically you don't do anything about it," a biologist named Edmund Stiles explained to us. "You watch what happens." In 1981, gypsy moths tore off the canopy, and sunlight sprayed the floor. The understory thickened as shrubs and saplings responded with a flush of growth. "The canopy is now closing over again," Stiles said. "This summer, there will be a lot of death." In 1950, a hurricane left huge gaps in the canopy. "Once every three hundred years you can expect a hurricane that will knock down damned near everything," Stiles went on. "There's a real patchwork nature in an old forest, in the way it is always undergoing replacement." He stopped to admire a small white ash standing alone beneath open sky. "That's going to take the canopy," he said. "It's going to go all the way. It has been released. It will fill the gap."

Forty-two years old and of middle height—wearing boots, bluejeans, a brown wool shirt—Stiles had a handsome set of muttonchops and a tumble of thick brown hair that flowed over his forehead toward inquiring blue eyes. He had been working in Hutcheson Forest for thirteen years, he told us, and had recently become director. His doctoral dissertation, at the University of Washington, was on bird communities in alder forests. More recently, he had studied the foraging strategies of insects and the symbiotic relationships of berries and migratory birds. In other words, he was a zoologist and a botanist, too. From secretive gray foxes to the last dead stick—that was what the untouched forest was about. The big oaks (red, white, and black), the shagbark hickories, sugar maples, beeches, ashes, and dogwoods—among thousands of plant and animal species—were only the trees.

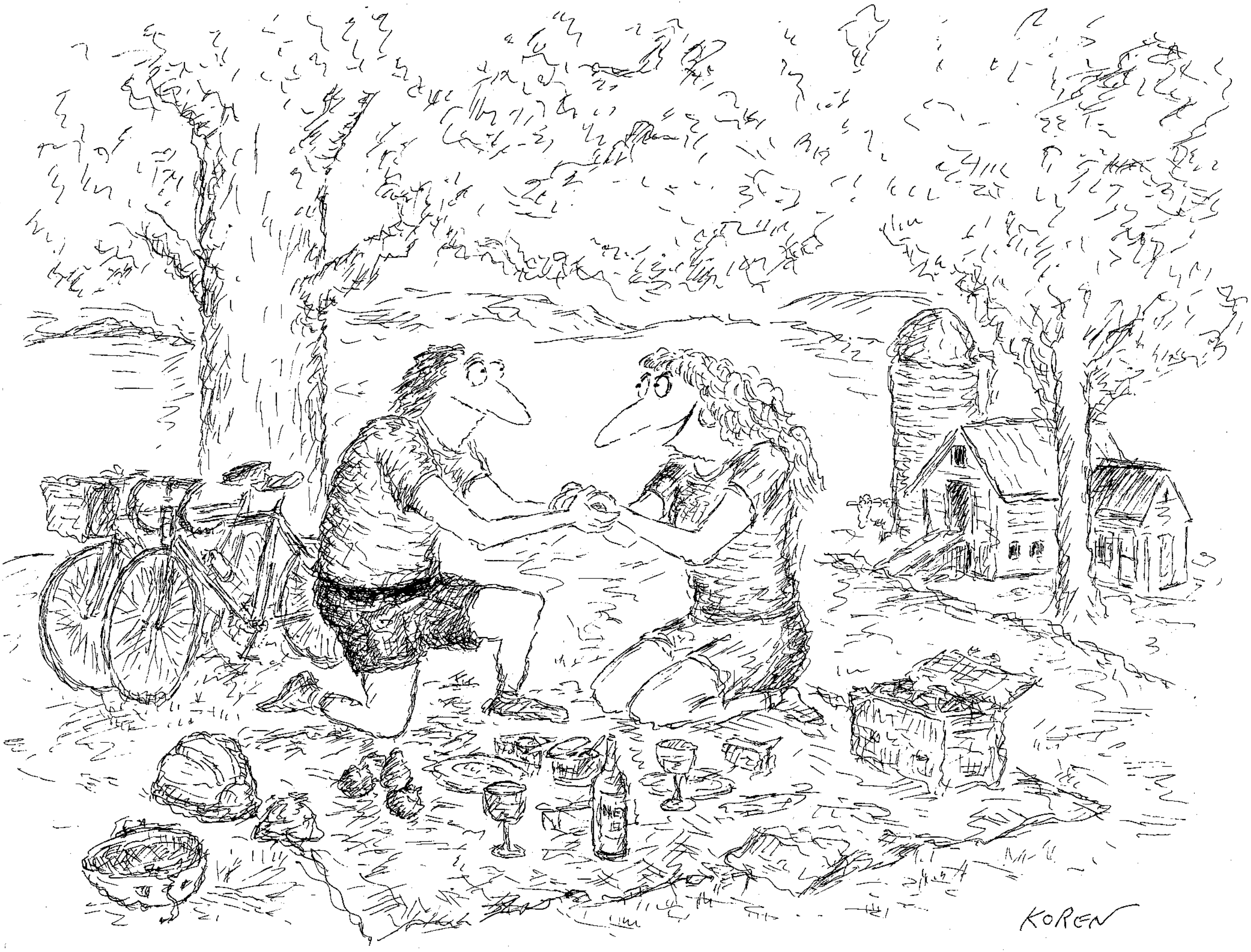


As we talked, and moved about, tasting the odd spicebush leaf or a tendril of smilax, Stiles divided his attention and seemed not to miss a sound. "Spicebush and dogwood fruits are very high in lipids," he said. "They are taken on by birds getting ready for long migratory flights. Those are wood thrushes calling. A forest has to be at least a hundred years old to get a wood thrush. Actually, it takes about four centuries to grow a forest of this kind. The gap phenomenon is typical of old forest. There's a white-eyed vireo. Blue-winged warbler. There are cycles of openness and closedness in the canopies. Trees take advantage. Fill in the gaps. These are white-oak seedlings from a mast year. There's a nice red-bellied woodpecker." He was like Toscanini, just offstage, listening idly to his orchestra as it tuned itself up. He said he had developed a theory that out-of-season splotches of leaf color are messages to frugivorous birds—the scattered early orange among sassafras leaves, the springtime red of the leaves of the wild strawberry, the red of the Virginia creeper when everything else is green. When fruit is ready, the special colors turn on. He heard a great crested flycatcher. He bent down to a jack-in-the-pulpit, saying that it bears bird-disseminated fruit and is pollinated by a small black fly.

German foresters who came to visit Hutcheson Forest had been surprised by the untidiness of the place, startled by the jumble of life and death. "These Germans are unfamiliar with stuff just lying around, with the truly virginal aspect of the forest," Stiles said. Apparently, the Germans, like almost everyone else, had a misconception of forest primeval—a picture of Wotan striding through the noonday twilight, of Ludwig D. Boone shouting for *Lebensraum* among giant columns of uniform trees. "You don't find redwoods," Stiles remarked summarily. "You don't find Evangeline's forest. You find a more realistic forest."

You find a huge white ash that has grown up at an angle of forty-five degrees, and in a managed forest would have long ago been tagged for destruction. You find remarkably deep humus. You find a great rusty stump, maybe six feet high, and jagged where the trunk now beside it snapped off. More often, you find whole root structures tipped into the air and looking like radial engines. As you will nowhere else, you find the topography of pits and mounds. In its random lumpiness it could be a model of glacial terrain When a tree goes over and its root come ripping from the ground, the bring with them a considerable mass o soil. When the tree has disappeared the dirt remains as a mound, whic turns kelly green with moss. Beside i is the pit that the roots came fror When no other trace remains of th tree, you can see by the pit and th mound the direction in which the tre fell, and guess its approximate size. I cattle graze in pit-and-mound topography, they trample and destroy i The pits and mounds of centuries ar evidence of virgin forest.

There is supporting evidence in human records and in tree rings. Peopl from Columbia's Lamont-Dohert Geological Observatory have core some trees in Hutcheson Forest an dated them, for example, to 169 1678. Neighboring land was settlec and cleared for farming, in 1701. Lamont-Doherty has an ongoing projec called the Eastern Network Dendrc chronology Series, which has sougl and catalogued virgin stands at leas two hundred and fifty years old. Th list is short and scattered, and th tracts are small, with the notable exceptions of Joyce Kilmer Memori Forest, in North Carolina (thirty eight hundred virgin acres), the cov hardwoods of Great Smoky Mountair National Park, and a large stand c hemlocks and beeches in Alleghen National Forest, in western Pennsylvania. There are three hundred virgi acres on the Wabash River in Illinoi and, in eastern Ohio, a woods of whit oaks some of which were seedling when the Pilgrims reached New England. The Ohio white oaks, like th white oaks of Hutcheson Forest, ar from three to four feet in diamete Old white oaks are found in fe places, because they had a tendency t become bowsprits, barrel staves, an queen-post trusses. Virgin hemlock are comparatively common. Maine i not rich in virgin timber—some re spruce on Mt. Katahdin, some re spruce above Tunk Lake. There is river gorge in Connecticut where tree have never been cut. Some red spruc and hemlock in the Adirondacks dat to the late fifteen-hundreds, and th hemlocks of the Allegheny forest ar nearly two centuries older than tha In the Shawangunk Mountains, abou seventy beeline miles northwest c our office on Forty-third Street, i the oldest known stand of pitch pin



"The word you're searching for is 'wife.'"

• •

360 years), also some white pine 370), chestnut oak (330), and eastern emlock (500). They are up on a uartzite ridge line, though, and are ery slow-growing small trees. Remant old-growth stands tend to be in ountains, in rocky, craggy places, ot in flatlands. Hutcheson Forest, in e Newark Basin—in what was once prime piedmont area—is thus exceponally rare. In the region of New ork City, there is nothing like it, no ther clearly documented patch. In act, it is the largest mixed-oak virgin orest left in the eastern United States.

Running through the forest is pooky Brook, spawning ground of e white sucker. Rutgers would like control the headwaters, fearing omething known as herbicide drift. ontinuing population drift is no less threat, as development fills in lingerg farms. The woods are closed to isitors, except for scheduled Sunday ours. Rutgers already owns some undred and fifty acres contiguous to the forest, and hopes, with the help of the Nature Conservancy, to get two hundred more. Manipulative research is carried out on the peripheral land, while observational research goes on in the forest, which has been described by Richard Forman, a professor at Harvard, as "probably the single most studied primeval woods on the continent." People have gone in there and emerged with more than a hundred advanced degrees, including thirty-six Ph.D.s. So many articles, papers, theses, and other research publications have come out of Hutcheson Forest that countless trees have been clearcut elsewhere just in order to print them.

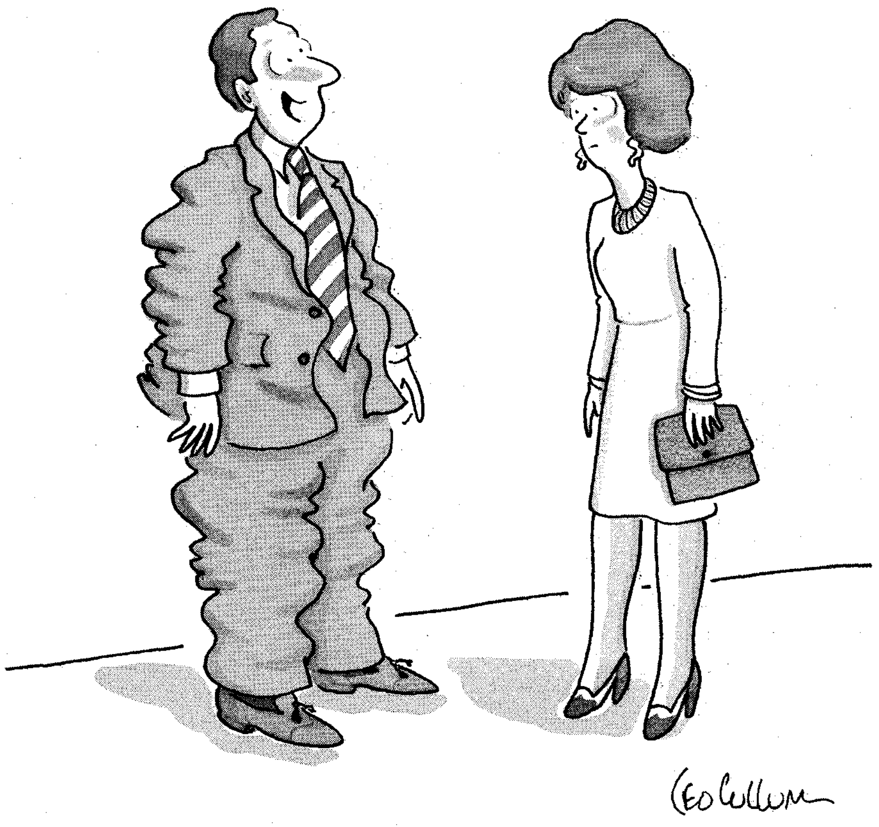
Fish Window

SOME of the people who admire Fernando Lara's window displays at the Citarella Fish Company, at Broadway and Seventy-fifth, think the prehistoric-monster tableau he made one day last week was among his finest efforts. A plastic Godzilla clutching a real boiled lobster reared up on a slab of swordfish that had a face of black-olive eyes and a mushroom nose and was resting on a field of finnan haddie and jumbo shrimp. About half a dozen people stopped by to photograph the window that day. Others—purists, probably—prefer Mr. Lara's nonrepresentational displays, which might feature a rosette of gray sole over a cascade of scallops; or concentric circles of brook trout, red snapper, sea squab, and stone-crab claws; or an elaborate mosaic of lobsters and clams and haddock. Mr. Lara's windows—a spectacle of color and texture and fish forms—have become one of the most popular art exhibits on upper Broadway, and there is usually a school of appreciators trolling outside Citarella in the morning as soon as he finishes preparing the day's display. Mr. Lara, who makes up a new window every day but Sunday, doesn't publicly favor one of his styles over another, but he admits to liking to deploy a plastic prehistoric creature along with the fish whenever possible, especially if he can get dry ice for a smoke-pouring-out-of-nostrils effect.

"Sometimes, before I come to work, I sit and think of my design," Mr. Lara said the other day. "I want the window to be nice every time. I just wish I had more time to do it." As he was talking, he put two pails—one full of salmon steaks and one of halibut—on a shelf at the back of the window, smoothed the shaved ice in front, and calculated where to begin. He planned to edge the window with fish steaks, layer sea squabs and scallops beside them, put a pile of shrimp in the center, and poise melon boats on either side of it. He was also preparing a few mackerel for the next day, when he intended to prop three of them up like miniature porpoises leaping out of a sea of other seafood and balance a rubber ball between their noses. "Sometimes I'll ride my train in from Astoria and I'll have the design in my head, but they won't have the fish I planned on," he said. "Then I have to change my ideas really fast. I get ideas from watching television, and sometimes I see a picture in a magazine that I like, and I come to work and make it out of fish. Sometimes I can't believe I can make all this just out of fish."

Mr. Lara, who is thirty-two years old and came here from Mexico in 1979, had never done any artwork or arranged fish in any manner until eight months ago. He was working as an icebox man at Citarella then, and started getting ideas about the window display, so he asked Ricky Oviedo, the manager, if he could give it a try. His only relevant prior experience was a childhood habit of playing with his food. "We had a different sort of window before Fernando started doing it," Ricky Oviedo told us. "We just sort of threw everything in."

A tiny elderly woman made her way up to the counter, asked for a nice piece of white snapper, not too big, and then peered over the back of the window at Mr. Lara's half-finished arrangement. "I come here every day to look at the fish window," she said, "and I tell you, he's an artist." Her companion, a tall woman with a soft Caribbean accent, said, "We never miss a single day coming to see the fish. I loved it when he used the Godzilla." The tiny woman waved her hands. "I don't know about that one," she said. "But I love the pretty way he arranges the fish."



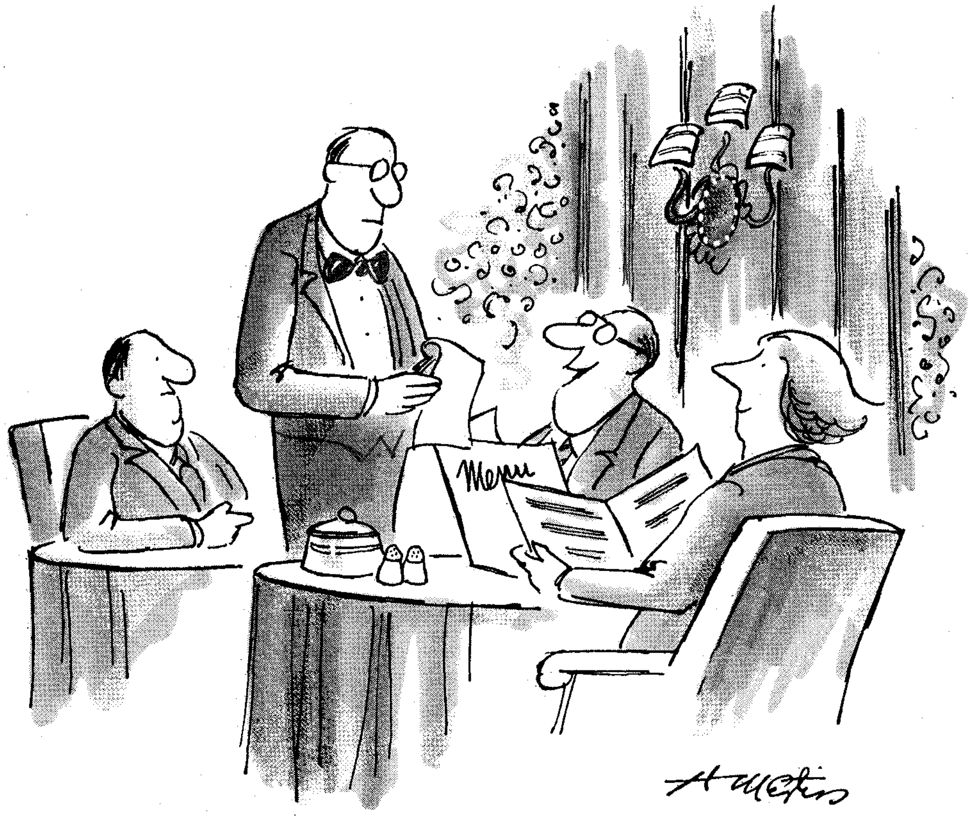
"It's linen. It's supposed to wrinkle."

Mr. Lara grinned and turned bac to his pails. He didn't care for th way the salmon steaks were buckling so he picked up a piece of wood he us to shove the fish around and whacke the steaks with it. They stopped buckling. As it happens, salmon is h favorite material to work with, becau of its good color, density, and form and because it doesn't smell bad aft an hour or two in the window. "I lik to go around and look at other sto windows," he said. "I like seeing ho they arrange clothes and shoes an things. But I've never seen one wit fish that I've liked." He added that h was disappointed that the day's deli ery hadn't included any good head He likes working with heads, and onc stuck a salmon head on a sturgeo body. He also painted a lobster and loaf of bread black once and constructed a giant spider out of them.

The display needed vegetation, s Mr. Lara made a trip to Fairway fo eleven heads of green leaf lettuc three red peppers, an acorn squas two cucumbers, and a head of brocco He washed them all and whittled the into funny shapes and arranged the around the fish. "I'd like to paint," h said, "but I don't have the time. I' never really done it. I'm always thinking of new designs for the fish. Th only thing I don't like is when th customers come in and want one of th pieces in the window. It's like if yo painted something you wouldn't wa *anyone* to touch it." He picked up gooey sea squab and looked it over. " don't eat fish," he added. "I don't lik it. My favorite meal is fried meat."

A few months ago, Mr. Lara foun that all he could think about, day an night, was his fish windows. It g on his nerves, so he told Mr. Ovied that he thought he should stop doin the window. "I said to him, 'Fernando, you do a good window. Stic with it,'" Mr. Oviedo told us. M Lara capitulated, and returned to h morning routine. From eight to te he does the window, and the rest the day he spends behind the count weighing and wrapping fish for th customers.

This morning, he finished his design by spreading ten pounds of scallops alongside the salmon, crowne the whole thing with a starfish th had come in by chance with the fis delivery that morning, and stood bac to survey his handiwork. One of h regular fans, a tall, freckled ma stood on the sidewalk admiring the a ingement. He nodded his approval to Ir. Lara, and hollered, "Fernando, onderful texture today!" To a pasrby he said, "Boy, what that guy can o with fish. I'm telling you, he ought get an agent."



"We're from out of town. What can you recommend that is very New Yorky?"

• •

ightings

REPORTED sightings during the recent UFO Convention sponored by the New York Center for FO Research and held at P.S. 41, an -this-world elementary school, on est Eleventh Street, in Greenwich illage, Zip Code 10011:

- Humanoid-looking bald guy with ishy white beard, wearing sunglasses, ack shoes, dark-green wool socks, vender-and-green plaid Bermudas, d-white-and-blue plaid short-sleeved iirt. Probably a Democrat. No blinkg lights. Made no strange noises but d not seem incapable.
- Gray-haired black woman in pure caftan, carrying large green shopng bag and ambulating at unnaturalslow pace with aid of two Reece's ɔots, ankle-to-calf Ace bandages, and ıne. Appeared ready to communicate lepathically with anything out there.
- Rented-for-the-occasion extraterstrial with bulbous blue latex craium, bulging orange eyeballs, long reen fingers, wearing green nylon mpsuit. Extraterrestrial shook hands ith tall blond male admirer who had Wild Thing" tattooed on left biceps ıd vampire tattooed on right biceps, ıen waved to photographers while ɔsing alongside May Pang, former irlfriend of John Lennon who in the ɔmpany of late Beatle, in 1974, spotd unidentified flying object above ɔoftop of apartment building on East ifty-second Street.
- White male, early forties, with ray beard and matching gray doublereasted suit, gray shirt, pink-and-ray striped obviously-a-Father's-ay-gift necktie, straw Borsalino, lack cowboy boots, reptilian aura. rrived in yellow taxi with lettering n door identifying it as property of ornado Hacking Corp.; the instant e emerged, taxi flashed its on-duty ght and accelerated rapidly in direcon of Pennsylvania.
- Cute male child with shaggy rown hair, about three years old and ıree feet tall, wearing white sneakrs, blue dungarees, green-and-blue hecked shirt. Escorted by ostensibly ell-intentioned paternal-looking and ıaternal-looking, respectively, man and woman. Occasionally emitted a high-pitched whining sound.
- Late-thirties reddish-bearded endomorph, partly encased in blue cutoffs and extra-extra-large gray "Grab a Heiney" T-shirt (hugging contours of what looked like about six spare tires), accompanied by evidently religious woman of indeterminate age, wearing bright-orange habit-type garment with white sash over white skirt. Origins of belief system unknown.
- Bodybuilder in black tank top, cueball-bald except for lanky blond knot growing from back of skull, wearing eight earrings in left ear. Acres of upper-arm and shoulder muscles, ideal for mounting highly sensitive antennae. Capable of unexpectedly bellowing "Yo, Jerr-ee!" Willing to be abducted by aliens if allowed to take along steroid medication.
- School lunchroom filled with UFO paraphernalia, including incontrovertible photographic evidence of genuine existence of visitors from other planets (i.e., undoctored photographs of flying objects that really do resemble upside-down saucers) and tables of books for sale, such as "Missing Time: A Documented Study of UFO Abductions," by Budd Hopkins; "Communion," by Whitley Strieber; "Flying Saucers—Serious Business," by Frank Edwards; "Kahuna Power: Authentic Chants, Prayers, and Legends of the Mystical Hawaiians," by Timothy Green Beckley (a.k.a. Mr. UFO, editor and publisher of *UFO Review*, most recent issue of which includes exclusive interview with Dr. Leo Sprinkle, UFO investigator and contactee).
- Michael Luckman, director of New York Center for UFO Research, standing outside P.S. 41 auditorium, where day-long series of lectures, panel discussions, and slide presentations provided further incontrovertible evidence of, etc. Luckman claims to be forty-three years old. Tall, beefy, mustached, perspires on muggy summer afternoons, wishes to make contact with as many celebrities as possible who have sighted UFOs. (According to Luckman, Mel Tormé saw a UFO over the East River in 1952; Jimmy Carter once filed a UFO report in Georgia; Dennis Weaver has no doubts; Muhammad Ali has seen twenty-two UFOs, including one in Central Park.) Luckman says he has personally seen no UFOs but would like to.

FAST FORWARD TO THE PAST

"YOU'VE got to help me, Doctor," I pleaded. "You're my last hope."

It had started out harmlessly enough. I was moving ahead in my career, my weight had remained stable for years, and my muscle/fat ratio was better than that of most of the men in my office. But after work I drove a pink Caddie with fins, ate in diners, put my hair up in a ponytail, and danced to Carl Perkins and Eddie Cochran. At first, getting into the fifties was just for relaxation. Then I lost control.

I bought a Merry Widow. Every morning, I'd cinch in my waist, tighter and tighter. I'd been saving for a rowing machine, but when I went out to buy it I somehow ended up in a plastic surgeon's office, making an appointment for breast implants. I realized it was getting really serious when I began standing over every air vent in the city, even when I was wearing jeans, singing "Tammy's in love."

Why was I doing this? Perhaps it was because I'd proved myself in the male world. Now I felt free to become the woman I'd always wanted to be: a combination of Marilyn Monroe, Audrey Hepburn, Kim Novak, Debbie Reynolds, and Mamie Eisenhower.

One morning I found myself in my boss's office. "Thank you very much for hiring me," I said, "but the work force is no place for a woman."

I spent the following days looking for a husband and driving around the suburbs in a station wagon, doing errands.

One day, as I was clipping a recipe from *Ladies' Home Journal*, I saw an article on a Dr. Weldingham. He was a specialist in the fields of Decade-Cognizance and De-Iconization. I summoned up what remained of my sanity and went to see him.

Dr. Weldingham turned out to be younger and more handsome than I had expected. He took me on a tour of his institute. People hula-hooped through the halls. Men walked around calling out, "Hi, honey. I'm home!" Women greeted them in frilly aprons.

"I'm going to have to subject you to some psychological testing," Dr. Weldingham said. "You are cooking a dish. You taste it and decide it needs something. What would that something most likely be?"

"Marshmallows," I replied.

"What is the one thing you would most wish for any child of yours to possess?"

"A high I.Q."

His nurse, Margaret, walked in at that moment. From the way she looked at him, I thought she must be very much in love. I didn't blame her.

"I'm afraid there's only one way we can deal with your case," Dr. Weldingham said. Was he looking at me tenderly?

He took me into another room, where computers lined the walls. Hundreds of wires ran from them to a cubicle. "This," he said, "is a retro temporalizer. No doubt you'd call it time machine. I'm going to send yo back to 1957 for one week, whic should give you more than enoug chance to work through your obsession."

He grew solemn. "I've never used human being in it. In fact, I've onl tested it once. I sent vegetables bac to 1955. They returned, all righ Canned. However, there isn't enoug time for you to wait. You're rapidl becoming more fifties than the fiftie and to make sure nothing goes wron I'm going with you."

I was thrilled.

AS we travelled through time, w listened to the whole Top Te Pop Countdown for the last thirt years. Dr. Weldingham felt this migh make the trip less stressful to th neuro-nostalgia centers. Those Jame Taylor stretches, though, were lik driving through the Dakotas.

"I used to play this on the guitar," said as we listened to Joni Mitche sing "Both Sides Now." I harmonize with her:

> I've looked at love
> from both sides now,
> from give and take,
> and still somehow
> still somehow
> still somehow

"Oh no!" Dr. Weldingham sai "The kitschometer's malfunctioning! He wrestled with it, but it was stuc "I'm going to have to make a force landing. Strap yourself in!"

I remember strobe lights, and the we crashed.

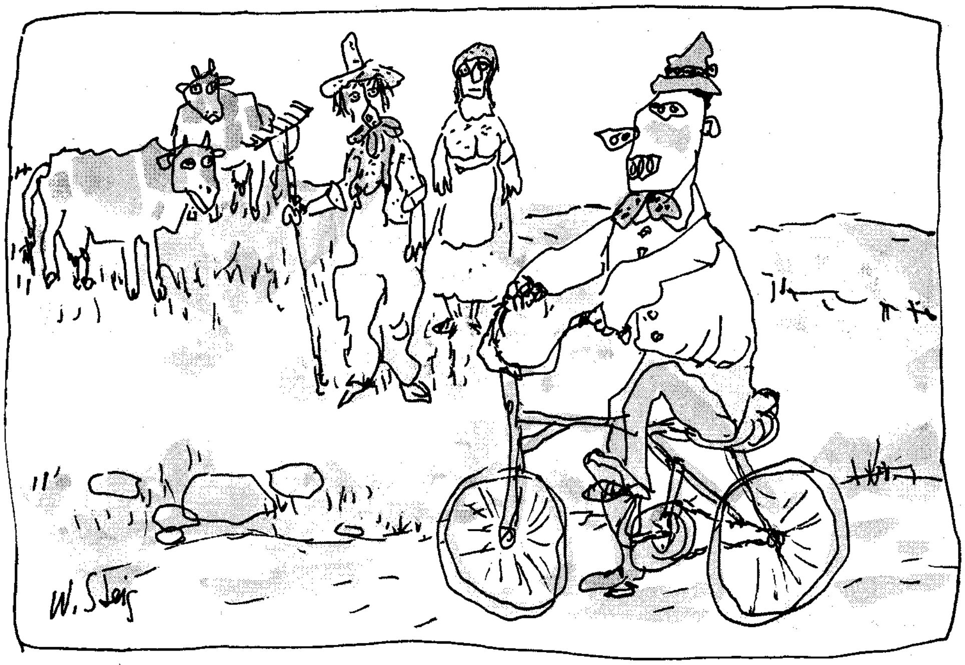
"Doc!" I had to lift his couch o him. "Where do you suppose we are?

"1967," said a woman's voice Margaret, his nurse, stepped out of th equipment closet. She was holding gun.

I had to reason with her woman t woman, and fast. "I know you're i love with him, and I don't blam you," I said. "Doc here's quite catch. But using a gun is a man's wa of getting what he wants. We girl shouldn't lower ourselves to that."

"Love? I don't know the meanin of the word," she said. She was al eighties. "I *used* Doc to get back here so I could make an early start in th commodities market."

She kept the gun on us, and backe over to the control panel. "And so yo can't go anywhere before I return, I'n taking this with me." She pulled 3-D postcard out of the kitschometer



Sonny Goes Out Into the World

Ve heard her laugh fadng as she ran away.

“We've got to find a relacement part,” Doc said. “Until we do, we're stuck ere.”

I was so bummed. I was oing to have to relive the ixties. This time I'd be ver thirty, and a fifties hrowback at that.

Doc was already outside he retro-temporalizer. “I ee a farmhouse across the ay,” he shouted. “Peraps we can find something there.”

As we entered the place, e passed a sign: “COMMUNE—VACANCY.”

“Hippies,” Doc said, as e walked through the pen door of the farmouse. “Play it cool.”

“Hey, what's happening?” I said to the people prawled on the sofas and hairs.

A young woman walked ver to us. “Did you call head?” she asked.

“No,” Doc answered. “We hapened to be in this part of the galaxy nd thought we'd explore your space.”

“Fine,” she said. “Please sign in ere and I'll get something to start our stay off right.”

“They're going to try to turn us n,” Doc whispered. “Go along with —it's our only chance.”

The woman returned with two rinks. They looked like Martinis.

“Spiked with LSD,” Doc said. Pretend to drink it and I'll search the lace.”

As he wandered off, I sat and listened to a guitarist. A man sitting ear me asked what I did. “I'm not nto that bag,” I said. “I don't do. I m.” This had served me well in high chool. But the man immediately urned away and started a conversation with someone else. This was one upght hippie. I gazed around. It wasn't nything like the sixties I'd experinced.

Five minutes later, Doc was back. Look what I found,” he said. He eld up a dashboard hula girl. “I'm ot sure, but I think I can rig it to work.”

I took him aside. “I don't know bout this place. Things just aren't dding up right. Where are the people oing macramé? And pottery? And hat guitarist is very suspicious. When he got to the part in ‘Blowin’ in the Wind’ where the white dove sleeps in the sand, he didn't have a catch in his throat. And these hippies—they have long hair, but it's clean. They wear love beads, but with suits. I think they got their idea of how to dress from watching TV. They look like the hippies Jack Webb lectured on ‘Dragnet.’ ”

“We don't have time to figure it out,” Doc said.

I turned to the group and casually announced, “We're going to get a move-on now, people.”

The young woman stopped us. “You're not thinking of going without paying, are you?” She handed us a bill. The two drinks were twenty dollars.

I was outraged. “What kind of commune *is* this—people have to pay to cook their own meals and sleep on bare mattresses?”

“Welcome to dropping out in the nineties,” she said.

Doc and I looked at each other, and then at the bill. It was dated April 8, 1997.

“I'm stumped,” he said. “I have no idea how we got here.” He showed the woman the hula girl. “I'd like to buy this,” he said.

“Cute, isn't it?” she said. “They made a lot of those in the eighties.”

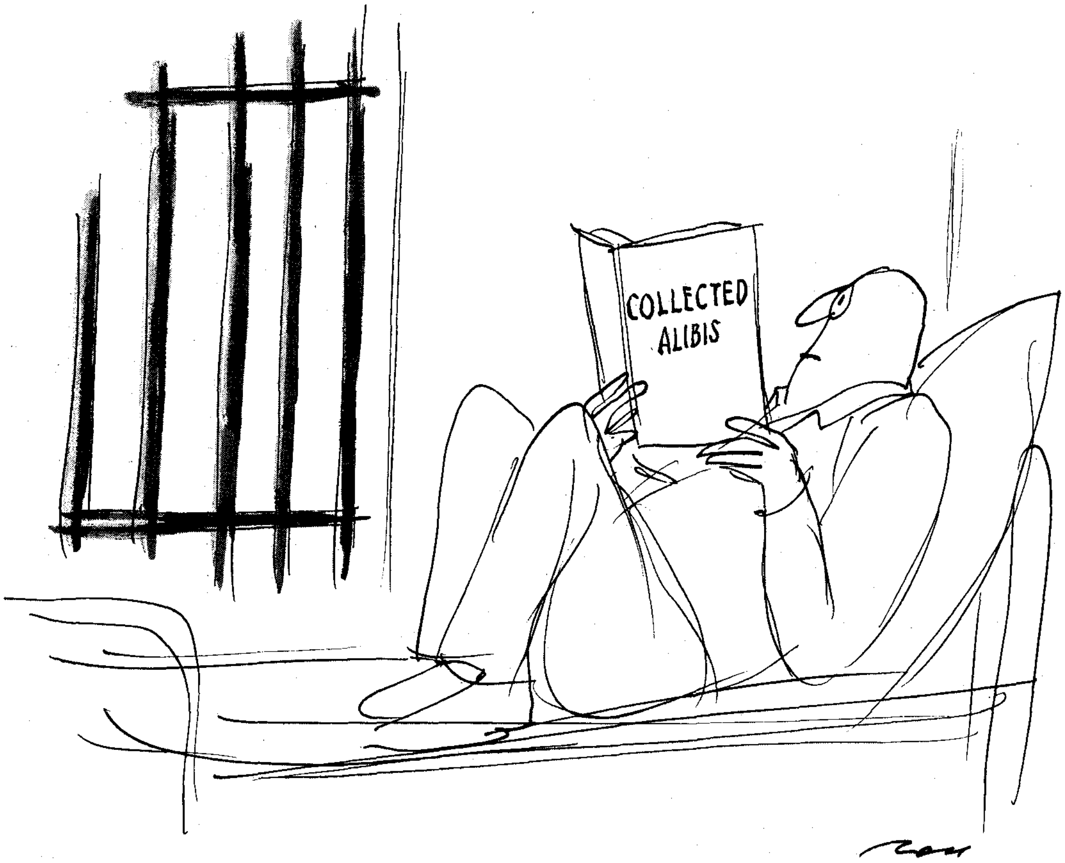
“That's it!” Doc slapped his forehead. “That's why the kitschometer malfunctioned. The 3-D postcard I used wasn't made in the fifties, so it wasn't sincerely meant. It was only a knowing appropriation. Therefore, when Margaret programmed it for the sixties we were sent instead to a *neo*-sixties period.”

My head was spinning. It reminded me of seeing the movie “Zardoz” and trying to talk about it afterward. “So what we need is a *genuine* piece of kitsch?”

We looked around. There was a Day-Glo velvet painting of a bad trip, but the woman said it was a major art investment. We saw lots of Earth Shoes—made of Italian leather. And I found two hippie classics, “Siddhartha” and “The Third Eye.” They weren't dog-eared, though, and they hadn't been liberated from a head shop. They were quality-paperback reprints!

I threw myself into Doc's arms, and he held me tight. “This may take some time,” he said.

—POLLY FROST



• •

•

SMALL FIRM SEEKS LEGAL SECRETARY for partner and for office administration. No tattoos.—*Adv. in Arizona Bar Briefs.*

What kind of interview did you have in mind?

FAMILY SINS

A TELEGRAM arrived out of the blue. "COME FOR THE WEEKEND," Hubert's message read, and I remember the excitement I felt, because I valued his friendship more than anyone else's. I had no money for the train journey and had to raise the matter with my father. "It's hard to come by these days," my father said, giving me only what he could easily spare. I increased it playing rummy with McCaddy, the courthouse clerk, who had a passion for the game.

It was August, 1946. Long, warm days cast an unobtrusive spell, one following another in what seemed like orderly obedience. The train I took crept through a landscape that was just beginning to lose its verdancy but was not yet parched. The railway for the last few miles of the journey ran by the sea, which twinkled brilliantly, sunlight dancing on it.

"There's someone called Pamela," Hubert said, greeting me in no other way. "Probably I mightn't have mentioned her."

We walked from Templemairt railway station, away from the sea, into a tangle of small suburban roads. Everywhere there were boarding houses, cheaper than those beside the promenade, Hubert said. Bookies' families stayed there, he said: Sans Souci, Freshlea House, Cois na Farraige. We climbed a hill and passed through iron gates into a garden that was also on a hill, steep rockeries on either side of a path with occasional steps in it. I could see the house above us, through hollyhocks and shrubs, a glass veranda stretching the length of its façade.

"Who's Pamela?"

"She spends the summer here. My cousin."

We entered the house and a voice at once called out, "Hubert, I should like to meet your friend."

"Hell," Hubert muttered. He led me into a small room, its dark-brown blinds half drawn against the sun. An old woman sat at a piano, turning on the stool as we entered. She was dressed severely, in long, old-fashioned black clothes; her gray hair was swept up and neatly rolled. You could tell she had once been beautiful; and in the wrinkled tiredness on her face her eyes were still young.

"You are very welcome," she said. "Hubert does not often invite a friend."

"It's nice of you to have me, Mrs. Plunkett."

The piano stool swivelled again. The first notes of a Strauss waltz were played. I picked my suitcase up and followed Hubert from the room. In the hall he rolled his eyes upward, but did not speak. Silently we mounted the stairs, and when we reached the first-floor landing a woman's voice called up from some lower part of the house, "Hubert, don't tell me you forgot the honeycomb?"

"Oh, *God!*" Hubert muttered crossly. "Leave your case. We'll have to go back for the damn thing."

I placed my suitcase on the bed of the room we'd entered: a small cell of a place, masculine in character. Just before we left it Hubert said, "My grandfather had a stroke. You won't be bothered with him. He doesn't come downstairs."

On a table in the hall there was a dark-framed photograph of the man he spoke of, taken earlier in his lifetime: a stern, hatchetlike face with a tidy gray mustache, hair brushed into smooth wings on either side of a conventional parting, pince-nez, a watch chain looping across a black waistcoat. At school Hubert had spoken a lot about his grandfather.

"That was Lily who was on about the honeycomb," Hubert said as we descended the path between the rockeries. "A kind of general maid I think you call her. They work the poor old thing to the bone."

We passed out of the garden and walked back the way we'd come. Hubert talked about boys we'd been at school with, in particular Ossie Richpatrick and Gale and Furney. He'd had news of all three of them: Ossie Richpatrick had become a medical student, Gale had joined the British Army, Furney was in a handkerchief business. "The Dublin Handkerchief Company," Hubert said. "H wrote me a letter on their writing paper."

"Does he make the handkerchiefs I can't see Furney making handkerchiefs."

"He sells them, actually."

Ossie Richpatrick and Gale an Furney had left school the previou summer, Hubert and I more recentl —only a matter of weeks ago. I October I was, like Ossie Richpatrick to become a student, though not o medicine. Hubert was uncertain abou his future.

"This is the place," he said. W passed through high wooden door into what appeared to be a builder yard. Bricks were stacked, lengths o plumber's piping were tied togethe with cord. In a shed there was a circular saw. "This woman sells honey, Hubert said.

He knocked on a half-open door an a moment later a woman arrived wit a honeycomb already in her hand. " saw you turning in," she said. "Ho are you, Hubert?"

"I'm all right. Are you well yourself, Mrs. Hanrahan?"

"I am of course, Hubert."

She examined me with curiosity, bu Hubert made no attempt to introduc me. He gave the woman some mone and received the honeycomb in return "I picked that comb out for them. It good, rich honey."

"You can tell by the look of it."

"Is your grandmother well? M Plunkett no worse, is he?"

"Well, he's still gaga, Mrs. Hanrahan. No worse than that."

The woman had placed her shoulder against the doorjamb so that sh could lean on it. You could see sh wanted to go on talking, and I sense that had I not been there Hube would have remained a little longe As we made our way through the yar he said, "She lives in ignorance o Hanrahan's evil ways. He died a whil back."

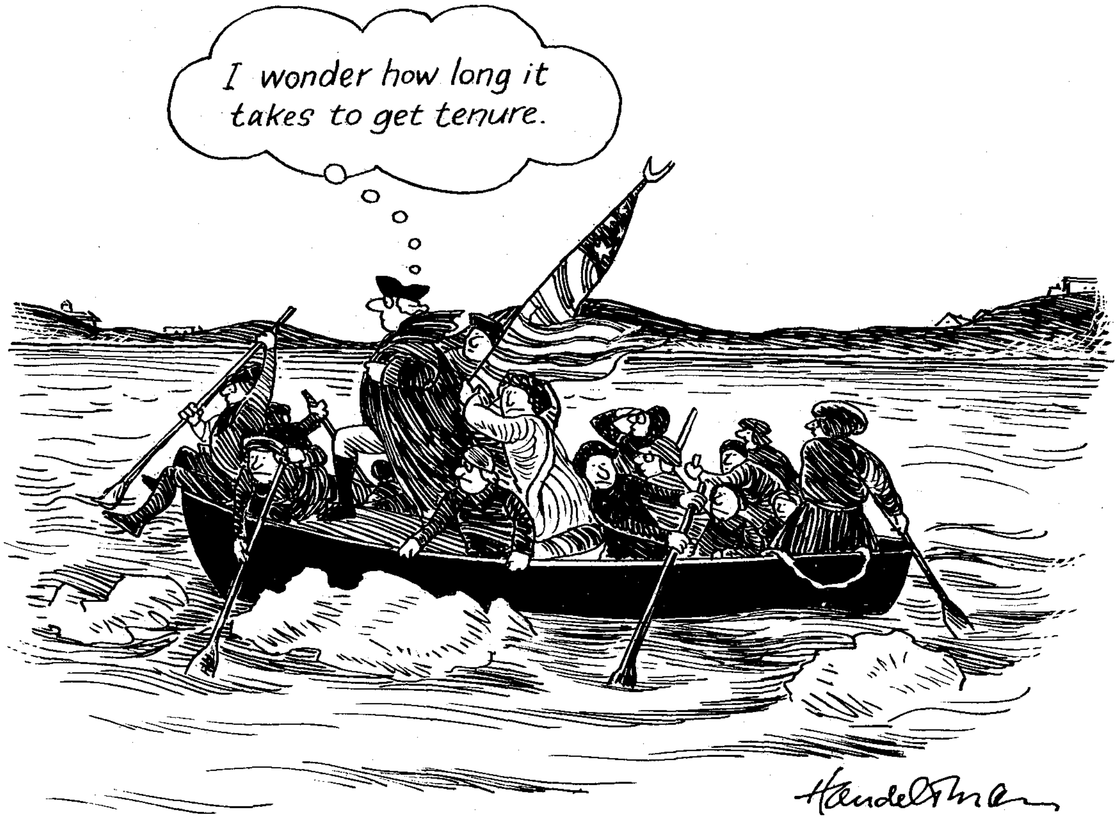
Hubert didn't elaborate on M Hanrahan's evil ways, but suggeste instead that we go down to the se He led the way to a sandy lane tha twisted and turned behind small bac gardens and came out eventuall among sand dunes. He held the honeycomb by one side of its wooden fram Wind would have blown sand into i ut the day was still, ate-afternoon sunshine ightening an empty sky. Ve walked by the edge f the sea; there was ardly anyone about.

“What's your cousin ike?”

“You'll see soon nough.”

Hubert had a lean ace, to which a faintly elancholy expression eemed naturally to beong. But when he ughed or smiled, its ony landscape changed ramatically, delight iluminating every crevce, eyes sparkling like xcited sapphires. Hair e color of wheat was moothly brushed, never ntidy. “Fancies himelf a dandy, does he?” disagreeable teacher f Greek and Latin had nce remarked.

“I'm thinking of gong to Africa,” Hubert evealed when we'd rned and begun to ake our way back to e house.


I wonder how long it takes to get tenure.

Washington Crossing the Delaware, Having Been Invited to Join the Faculty at Princeton

Hubert's mother and father had een killed in a car accident in ngland. “The last thing that hapened before the war,” Hubert used say, regaling us at school with the ory of the tragedy. On Saturday, eptember 2, 1939, late at night, they ad driven away from a roadhouse ear Virginia Water and unfortunate had had a head-on collision with a orry belonging to a travelling zoo. here'd been a cage full of apes on the ack of the lorry, Hubert subsequently eported, which the impact had caused become unfastened. He himself had een ten at the time, at a preparatory hool in the suburbs of Oxford, and e told how the headmaster had broken e news to him, introducing it with eferences to courage and manliness. hese had failed to prepare him for e death of his parents, because he'd nagined that what was coming next as the news that he would have to be nt home, on the ground that, yet gain, the fees hadn't been paid. Aleady there had been the wireless anouncement about the declaration of ar, the whole school assembled to ear it. “You will know no blacker day, Hubert,” the headmaster had asserted before releasing the more personal tidings. “Take strength at least from that.”

We delivered the honeycomb to the kitchen. “Lily,” Hubert said, by way of introducing the wiry little woman who was kneading bread on a baking board at the table. “Mrs. Hanrahan says it's good, rich honey.”

She nodded in acknowledgment, and nodded a greeting at me. She asked me what kind of journey I'd had, and when I said it had been unremarkable she vouchsafed the information that she didn't like trains. “I always said it to Hubert,” she recalled, “when he was going back to school. I suffer on a train.”

“Have you a fag, Lily?” Hubert asked, and she indicated with a gesture of her head a packet of Player's on the dresser. “I'll pay you back,” he promised. “I'm taking two.”

“That's seven you owe the kitchen, mind, and I don't want money. You go and buy a packet after supper.”

“I was going to say, Lily, could you lend me a pound?” As he spoke he opened a green purse beside the Player's packet. “Till Tuesday that would be.”

“It's always till Tuesday with you. You'd think the kitchen was made of Her Ladyships.”

“If Lily was a few years younger,” Hubert said, addressing me, “I'd marry her tomorrow.”

He removed a pound note from the purse and smoothed it out on the surface of the dresser, examined the romantic countenance of Lady Lavery, raised it to his lips, and then carefully secreted the note in an inside pocket. “We're going dancing tonight,” he said. “Did you ever dance in the Four Provinces Ballroom, Lily?”

“Oh, don't be annoying me.”

We smoked in Hubert's room, a tidily kept place with Leonardo da Vinci's “Annunciation” on the wall between the windows. Hubert wound up a gramophone and then lay on his bed. I sat on the only chair. Frank Sinatra sang.

“They're trying to grow groundnuts in Africa,” Hubert said. “I think I'd be interested in that.”

“What are groundnuts?”

“The groundnut is a nut they have

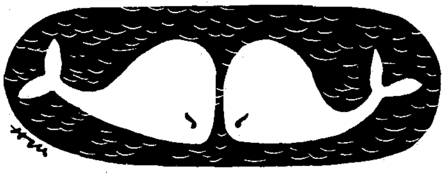
an idea about. I think they'll pay my fare."

He was vague about which African country he referred to, replying when I asked him that it didn't matter. There was another scheme he'd heard about, to do with supplying telephone boxes, and a third one that involved teaching selected Africans the rudiments of hydraulic engineering. "You have to go on a course yourself, naturally enough," Hubert explained. "Personally, I favor the nuts."

He turned the record over. Sinatra sang "Begin the Beguine." Hubert said, "We can go in on the half-seven train. We'll have to try for a lift back. Don't dawdle in the dining room."

At school Hubert had been thought of as "wild," a reputation he had to some extent inherited from his father's renown at the same school twenty-five years before. For his own part, it was not that he was constantly in breach of the rules but, rather, that he tended to go his own way. Short of funds, which regularly he was, he had been known to sell his clothes. The suit of "sober coloring" which we were permitted to wear on weekend exeats, and for chapel on Sunday evenings, with either a school House or Colors tie, he sold in a Dublin secondhand-clothes shop and, never known to go out on exeats himself, managed for Sunday chapel with the black serge jacket and trousers that were our normal everyday wear. He sold his bicycle to Ossie Richpatrick for eleven shillings, and a suitcase for eightpence.

"I don't understand why that should be," Hubert had a way of saying in class, voicing what the rest of us felt but didn't always have the courage to say. He didn't mind not understanding; he didn't mind arguing with the chaplain about the existence of the Deity; he didn't mind leaving an entire meal untouched and afterward being harangued by the duty prefect for what was considered to be a form of insolence. But, most of all, what marked Hubert with the characteristics of a personality that was unusual was the stories he related about his relationship with his grandfather, which was not a happy one. Mr. Plunkett's strictures and appearance were endlessly laid before us, a figure emerging of a tetchy elder statesman, wing-collared and humorless, steeped in the Christian morality of the previous century. Mr. Plunkett said grace at mealtimes, much as it was said at school, only continuing for longer; he talked importantly of the managerial position he had reached, after a lifetime of devotion and toil, in Guinness's brewery. "Never himself touches a drop of the stuff, you understand. Having been an abstainer since the age of seven or something. A clerky figure even as a child." Sinc Hubert's reports allowed Mr Plunkett so slight a place in the household, and Lily none at all, his hom life sounded spiky and rather cold. A the beginning of each term he wa always the first to arrive back a school, and had once returned a wee early, claiming to have misread th commencing date on the previou term's report.



"O.K., let's go," Hubert said whe a gong sounded, and we swiftl descended the stairs, Hubert settin the pace. I caught a brief glimpse of

THE LEAST OF THINGS

From here, hillside, I've stopped to admire
The least of things, the evening primrose—
A pink, water-colored wildflower

Delicately brought to bloom
Only inches above ground,
Its petals so diaphanous the weeds

Green through, so fragile
Being looked at seems
To bring on its withering.

The hills, too, constantly
Revising landscape, are restless,
Or so they might appear

To someone passing through,
Though from a great height, cloud-level
And above, soaring—cirrus, we call these,

Little filaments or tufts
Of atmosphere—from great height, the earth,
In its placid demeanor, rocks.

This is what so frightened Whitman,
That out of all indifferent decay
Indifferent beauty springs—

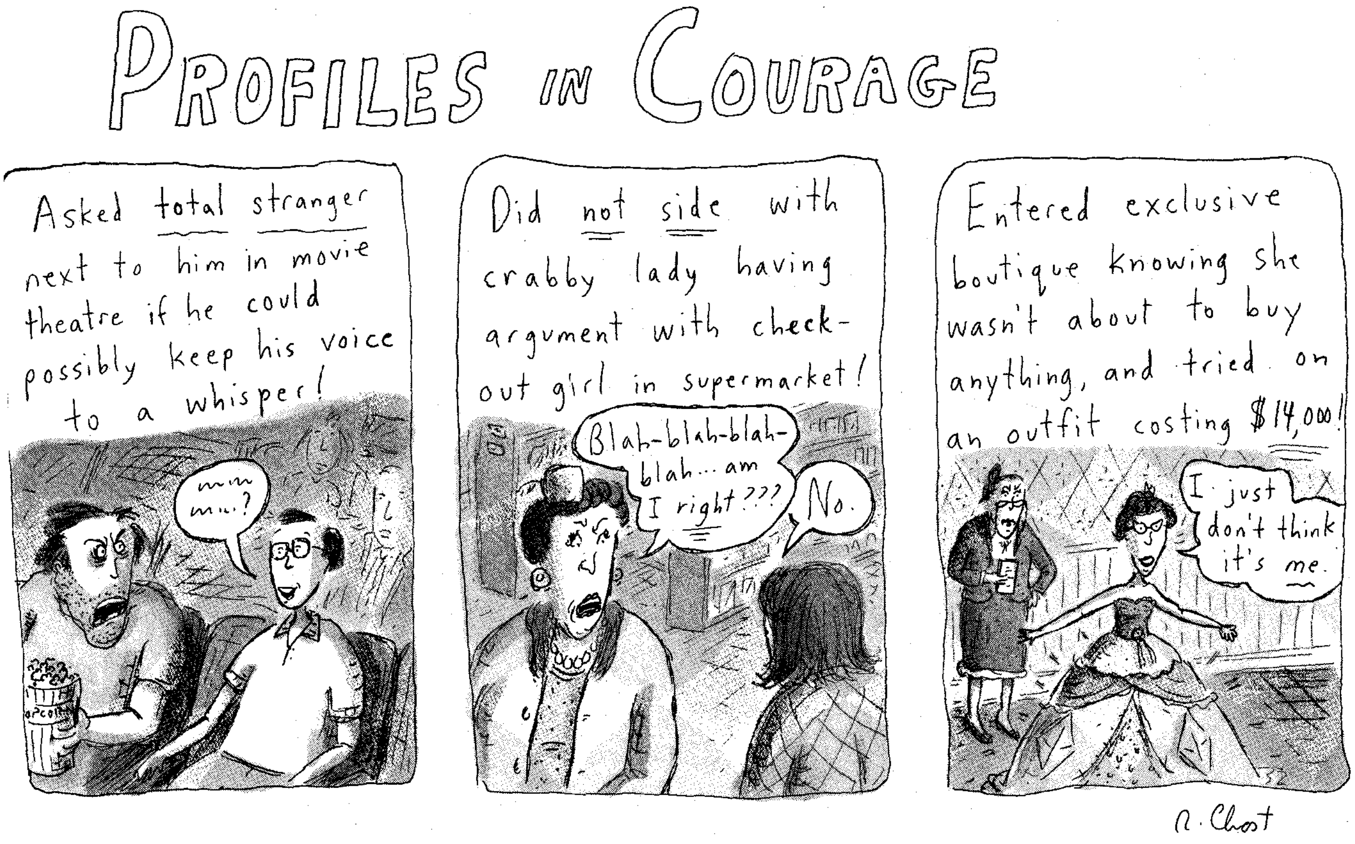
This primrose, for instance,
I've come back to,
Alluring with the surge within,

Also called a buttercup, by children,
Because it powders up their noses
With the buttery dust of germination.

Persisting, one of many, it surfaces
Through the cream-colored froth
Of meadow foam

Spilling out over the hillside,
Which, this closely, is beautified entirely
By the minions of corruption.

—Arthur Smith


PROFILES IN COURAGE
Asked total stranger next to him in movie theatre if he could possibly keep his voice to a whisper!
mm mm...?
POPCORN
Did not side with crabby lady having argument with check-out girl in supermarket!
Blah-blah-blah-blah... am I right???
No.
Entered exclusive boutique knowing she wasn't about to buy anything, and tried on an outfit costing $14,000!
I just don't think it's me.
R. Chast

• •

oor opening and of a girl. In the hall ubert struck the gong again as he assed.

"No need for that," his grandiother gently reprimanded in the dinig room. "We are all present and orrect."

The girl smiled at me, so shyly that was made to feel shy myself. In the bsence of her husband, Mrs. Plunkett id grace while we stood with our ands resting on the backs of our hairs. "We are quite a houseful ow," she chattily remarked as she sat own. "Pamela, please pass that salad long to our visitor."

"Yes, of course." Pamela blushed as ie spoke, her eyes flittering for a moient in my direction. Hubert, silent eside me, was relishing her discomfiire. I knew that; I could feel it. He id I and his cousin were aware that ie and I had not met; the old woman nagined we had.

"I hope you are a salad eater." Mrs. lunkett smiled at me. "Hubert does ot much go in for salad. I'm not sure hy."

"Because Hubert doesn't like the ste," Hubert replied. "Lettuce does ot seem to him to taste at all. The in of tomatoes catches in his throat. hives hang about on his breath. Radishes are nasty little things. And so on."

His cousin laughed. She was a pretty girl, with dark bobbed hair and blue eyes. I didn't, that evening, notice much else about her except that she was wearing a pale-pink dress with white buttons all the way down the front. She became even prettier when she smiled, a dimple appearing in one of her cheeks, her nose wrinkling in a way that became her.

"Well, that's most interesting," Mrs. Plunkett said, a little stiffly, when Hubert ceased to talk about his dislikes.

There was corned beef with the salad. Hubert buttered two slices of brown bread to make a sandwich of his, and all the time he was preparing this his grandmother watched him. She did so uncomfortably, in an odd, dutiful kind of way, and I received the impression that she would have preferred not to. It was what her husband would have done, I suddenly realized: as if guided by his silent presence in an upstairs room she was honorably obeying him, keeping faith with his wishes. Mustard was spread on the corned beef, pepper was sprinkled. Mrs. Plunkett made no comment. The slow movements of Hubert's knife, a faint whispering under his breath of one of the songs Frank Sinatra had sung contributed to the considerable unease both Hubert's cousin and I felt. Pamela reddened when she accidentally knocked the little silver spoon out of the saltcellar.

"You're not in a public house, Hubert," Mrs. Plunkett said when he lifted the sandwich to his mouth. "Pamela, please pour the tea."

Hubert ignored the reference to a public house. "Don't dawdle," he reminded me. "If we miss the seven-thirty we'll have to cadge a lift, and that takes ages."

Pamela poured tea. Mrs. Plunkett cut her lettuce into fine shreds. She added salad cream, meticulously mixing everything up. She said eventually, "Are you going in to Dublin?"

"We're going dancing," Hubert said. "The Four Provinces Ballroom in Harcourt Street. Music tonight by Ken Mackintosh."

"I don't think I've heard of Mr. Mackintosh."

"Celebrity spot, the Ink Spots."

"Ink Spots?"

"They sing songs."

On a large round breadboard beside Mrs. Plunkett there were several kinds of bread, which she cut very slowly with a battered bread saw. On the table there was plum jam and raspberry jam, and the honeycomb we had bought from Mrs. Hanrahan. There was a fruitcake and a coffee cake, biscuits and shortbread, and when we'd finished our corned beef Lily came in and added to this array a plate of éclairs. She lifted away the plates and dishes we'd finished with. Mrs. Plunkett thanked her.

"Mrs. Hanrahan said she picked that honeycomb out for you," Hubert said.

"Well, that was most kind of her."

"She's lonely since Hanrahan died. She'd talk the legs off you."

"It's hard for the poor woman. A builder's widow," Mrs. Plunkett explained to me what I already knew. "He fell off a roof six weeks ago."

"As a matter of fact," Hubert said, "she's better off without him."

"What on earth d'you mean, Hubert?"

"Hanrahan went after shopgirls. Famous for it."

"Don't speak so coarsely, Hubert."

"Is Pam shocked? Are you shocked, Pam?"

"No, no, not at all," Pamela swiftly replied before her grandmother could answer for her. She had reddened again in her confusion, but being flustered made her more vivacious and was not unattractive.

"Mr. Hanrahan was a perfectly decent man," Mrs. Plunkett insisted. "You're repeating tittle-tattle, Hubert."

"There's a girl serves in Binchy's, another in Edward's, the cakeshop. Hanrahan took both of them to the dunes. D'you remember Hanrahan, Pam?"

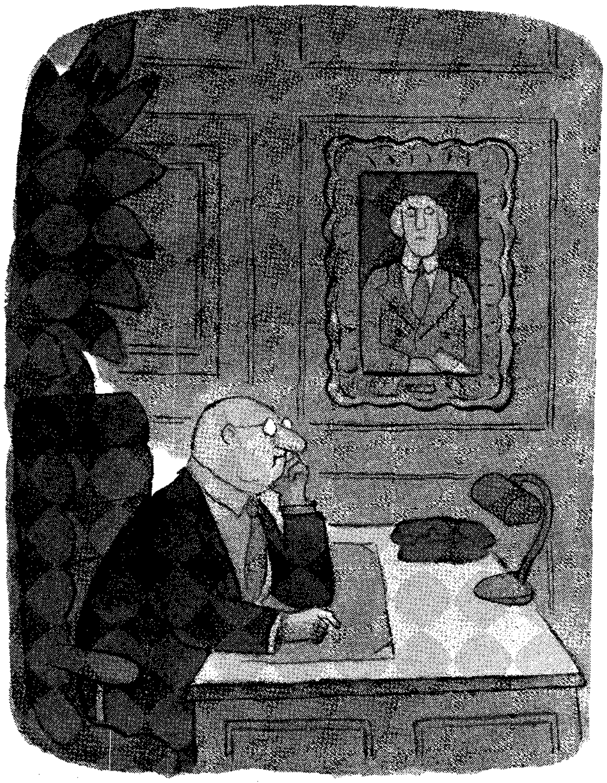
She shook her head.

"He painted the drainpipes one time."

"You'll need to hurry if you wish to catch the train," Mrs. Plunkett said. As she spoke she drew back the cuff of her sleeve to consult a wristwatch that had not been visible before. She nodded in agreement with the statement she'd just made. Addressing her granddaughter, she said, "It doesn't matter if you don't finish."

Doubtfully, Pamela half smiled at Mrs. Plunkett. She began to say something, then changed her mind. Vaguely, she shook her head.

"Is Pamela going in to Dublin, too?" Hubert said. "Going to the flicks, Pamela?"



"Isn't she accompanying you? Don't you want to go dancing with the boys, Pamela?"

"No, no." She shook her head, more vehemently than before. She was going to wash her hair, she said.

"But surely you'd like to go dancing, Pamela?"

Hubert stood up, half a piece of shortbread in one hand. He jerked his head at me, indicating that I should hurry. Pamela said again that she wanted to wash her hair.

"Jesus Christ!" Hubert murmured in the hall. He stifled laughter. "I'm bloody certain," he said as we hurried through the garden, "she remembers Hanrahan. The man made a pass at her."

In the train he told me when I asked that she was the child of his father's sister. "She comes over every summer from some back-of-beyond rectory in Roscommon." He was vague when I asked further questions, or else impatiently brushed them aside. "Pam's dreary" was all he said.

"She doesn't seem dreary to me."

"The old man worships her. Like he did her mother, by all accounts."

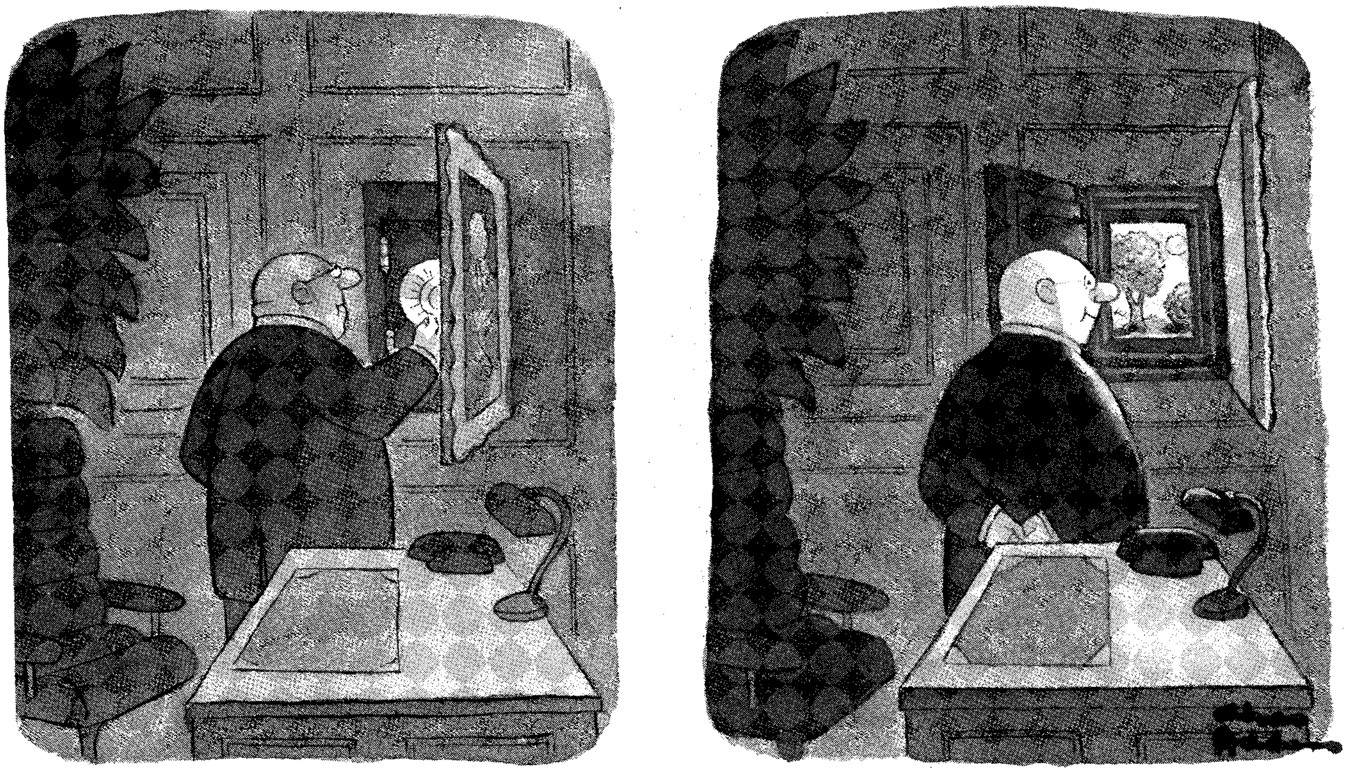
In the Four Provinces Ballroom we met girls who were quite different from Hubert's cousin. Hubert said they came from the slums, though this could not have been true, since they were fashionably dressed and had money for soft drinks and cigarettes. Their legs were painted—the liquid stockings of that time—and their features were emphasized with lipstick and mascara. But each one I danced with was either mingy or lumpy, and I kept thinking of Pamela's slim figure and her pretty face. Her lips, in particular, I remembered.

We danced to "As Time Goes By" and "Autumn in New York" and "Falling in Love with Love." The Ink Spots sang. One of the partners I danced with said, "Your friend's very handsome, isn't he?"

Hubert picked up two girls wh
were agreeable to being seen hor
when the evening came to an end. Ke
Mackintosh and his band began
pack away their instruments. W
walked a little way along Harcou
Street and caught a No. 11 bus. Th
girls were nurses. The one allocated
me, being bouncy and talkativ
wanted to know what it was like livin
in a provincial town, as I did, ar
what my plans were for getting out
it. When I told her she said, "Mayl
I'll run into you when you're a stu
dent," but her voice wasn't exact
loaded with pleasurable anticipatio
She was wearing a thick green woo
len coat even though it was Augus
Her face was flat and pale, her li
garish beneath a fresh coating of li
stick. She had to get up at five o'clo
every morning, she said, in order
get to the ward on time. The Sist
was a tartar.

When we arrived at the girls' fl
Hubert suggested that we might
offered a cup of tea, but the gi
would permit us no further than t
doorstep of the house.

"I thought we were away,"
murmured disconsolately. His fath
would have got in, he said. They
have cooked a meal for his fathe
anything he wanted. We walked
where we hoped to get a lift to Ter



emairt. Two hours later a lorry iver picked us up.

THE next day being a Saturday, Hubert and I went to Phoenix ark races. We missed breakfast, and ving to pressure of time we missed nch also—and, in fact, the first race. The old man'll have been livid," ubert said. "You understand he takes what's going on?" Mrs. Plunkett nd Pamela would have sat waiting r us in the dining room, he said, en Pamela would have been sent up see if we were still asleep, and after at Mrs. Plunkett would have gone herself. "They'll have asked Lily nd she'll have told them we've ooked it to the races." He neither ughed nor smiled, even though he emed amused. Another two pounds nd been borrowed from Lily before e left. "He'll be livid because he'll ink we should have taken Pam with ."

"Why don't you like Pamela?"

Hubert didn't reply. He said instead, 'd love to have heard Hanrahan put- ng a proposition to her."

At school all of it would have unded different. We'd have laughed I more than anyone—at the report the lively builder attempting to sece Hubert's cousin. And somehow it ould have been funnier because this had occurred in his grandfather's house, his grandfather being the sort he was. We would have imagined the embarrassment of Hubert's cousin, and Hanrahan saying what harm was a little kiss. We would have imagined the old man oblivious of it all, and would have laughed because Hubert's cousin couldn't bring herself to say anything about it afterward. Hubert told his stories well.

"He may not," I said, "have had a go at her."

"He couldn't leave them alone, that man. I'm going for this Summer Rain thing."

We stood in the crowd, examining the list of runners. Announcements were made over loudspeakers; all around us people were talking furiously. Men were in shirtsleeves, women and girls in summer dresses. It was another sunny day.

"Paddy's Pride no good?" I said.

"Could be." But we both put our bets on Summer Rain, and to my surprise the horse won at nine to one.

"Let's have a drink," Hubert said. Without asking me what I wanted he ordered stout at the bar.

We won again with Sarah's Cottage, lost with Monaghan Lad and King of Them All. We drank further bottles of stout. "Take Gay Girl for a place," a man who had dropped into conversation with us in the bar advised. We did so, and were again successful. Between us we were now almost seventeen pounds richer than when we started. We watched the last race in high spirits, grasping glasses of stout and urging on a horse called Marino. We hadn't backed it; we hadn't backed anything, because Hubert said he could tell our luck had come to an end. Marino didn't win.

"We'll have something to eat and then go to the pictures," Hubert said.

The grass beneath our feet was littered with discarded race tickets and programs. The bookmakers were dismantling their stands. Pale evening sunlight slanted over the drifting crowds; voices were more subdued than they had been. I kept thinking of Pamela in the house in Templemairt, of Mrs. Plunkett saying grace again in the dining room, the old man sensing that we weren't present for yet another meal.

"What about 'The Moon and Sixpence'?" Hubert suggested, having bought an *Evening Herald* as we left the racecourse. "George Sanders?"

We ordered two mixed grills at the cinema restaurant, and tea and cakes. We both bought packets of cigarettes. When "The Moon and Sixpence" came to an end we went to an ice-cream parlor and then we caught a

Saturday-night bus that brought us almost as far as Templemairt. We walked the last bit, Hubert talking about Africa. Before we reached the town he said, "He disowned my father, you know. When my father got involved with my mother, that was the end of that. My mother was a barmaid, you understand." I nodded, having been informed of that before.

Hubert said, "I didn't know that old man existed until I was told after the funeral. He didn't even come to it."

I didn't say it must have been awful having both your parents killed at once. We'd often thought so at school and had said it when Hubert wasn't there. We'd often considered it must have affected him, perhaps made him the way he was—careless, it seemed, of what people thought of him.

"You should have heard him when he could talk, laying into me because he thinks I'm like my father. A chip off the old block is what he thinks. My father lived on his wits. A con man, you understand."

Hubert had often told us this also. His father had briefly been a racing correspondent, had managed a night club, had apparently worked in a bank. But none of these forays into the realm of employment had lasted long; each had been swiftly terminated, either on the ground of erratic service or for liberties taken with funds. Hubert, at school, had made no bones about his father's reprehensible tendencies, nor about his mother's background. On the contrary, he had taken a certain pride in the fact that his father, in later life, had lived up to the reputation he had established when a schoolboy himself. The apes that had escaped from the circus cage at the time of the tragedy had chattered with delight, scampering over the wreckage. His father would have appreciated that, he said.

A weak crescent moon lightened the darkness as we walked toward Templemairt. The stars were out in force. No car passed us, but even if we'd been aware of headlights behind us I doubt if we'd have bothered to try for a lift. We smoked one cigarette after another, still exhilarated by our triumphant afternoon, and in the circumstances it seemed natural that Hubert should talk about his parents, who had spent a lot of time on racecourses.

"They were drunk, of course, when they crashed that car."

It was not difficult to believe they were, but nonetheless I did not feel
that hearty agreement was in order.
nodded briefly. I said, "Were you bor
in England?"

"I believe in the back row of
cinema."

I had never heard that before, bu
there was something about Hubert'
honesty in other matters that pre
vented me from suspecting invention
The photograph of his grandfather i
the hall was precisely as Mr. Plunket
had so often been described, down t
his eyebrows being almost a singl
horizontal line, and the celluloid colla
of his shirt.

"When the lights went up sh
couldn't move. They had to send for
doctor, but before the ambulance ar
rived she popped me."

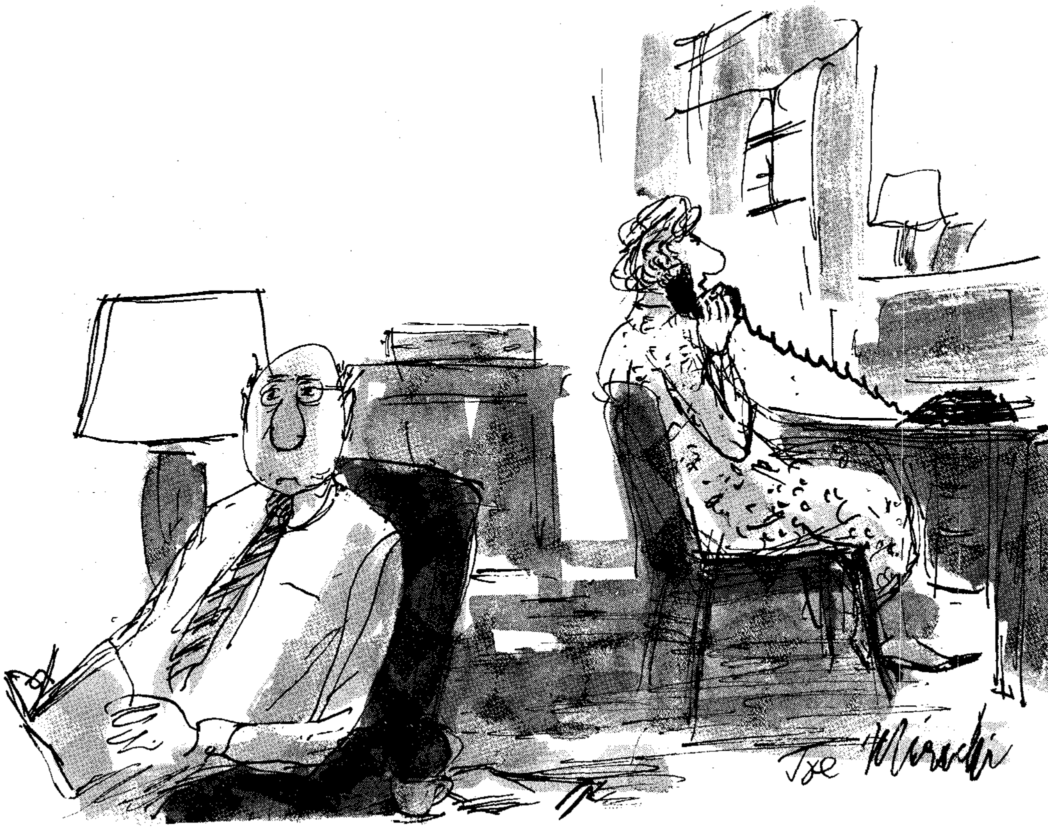
We entered the house quietly an
went to our rooms without furthe
conversation. I had hoped that Pamel
might still be up, since it wasn't as la
as last night. I had even prepared
scene that I felt could easily take plac
Pamela in the hall as we closed th
front door behind us; Pamela offerin
us tea in the kitchen, and Hubert de
clining while I politely accepted.

"PAM, do you want to play tennis
She was as astonished as I wa
to hear this. A startled look came in
her face. She stammered slightly whe
she replied. "Three
us?" she said.

"We'll show you ho
three can play."

Sunday lunch ha
already taken place—
somewhat silent occa
ion, because Hube
and I were more tha
ever out of favor. M
Plunkett said quietl
but in the firm tones
one conveying a messa
as a matter of trust, th
her husband had be
disappointed becau
we hadn't accompani
Pamela and herself
church. I did my best
apologize; Hubert i
nored the revelatio
"We won a fortune
the races," he sai
which helped matters
little as it would ha
had the old man be
present.

"Tennis would
lovely," Pamela sai
She added that she



"Hello-o-o, Dullsville here."

change. Hubert said he'd lend me a pair of tennis shoes.

A remarkable transformation appeared to have overtaken him, and for a moment I thought that the frosty lunchtime and his grandfather's reported distress had actually stirred his conscience. It then occurred to me that since there was nothing else to do on a Sunday afternoon, tennis with Pamela was better than being bored. I knew what he meant when he said we'd show her how three could play: on the tennis court, Hubert belonged in a class far more exalted than my own, and often at school Ossie Richpatrick and I had ogether played against him and still not managed to win. It delighted me hat Pamela and I were to be partners.

Hubert's tennis shoes didn't fit me perfectly, but I succeeded in getting hem onto my feet. There was no suggestion that he and I should change our clothes, as Pamela had said she ntended to. Hubert offered me a hoice of several racquets, and when 'd selected one we made our way to he tennis court at the back of the ouse. We raised the net, measured its eight, and knocked up while we waited.

"I'm afraid we can't," Pamela said when she arrived. She was wearing a white dress, and tennis shoes and socks f the same pristine freshness. There was a white band in her hair and she ad on sunglasses. She wasn't carrying er tennis racquet.

"Can't what?" Hubert said, stroking a ball over the net. "Can't what, Pam?"

"We're not allowed to play tennis."

"Who says we're not allowed to? What d'you mean, allowed?"

"Grandmother says we mustn't play tennis."

"Why on earth not?"

"Because it's Sunday, because you aven't been to church."

"Oh, don't be so bloody silly."

"He asked her what we were doing. he had to tell him."

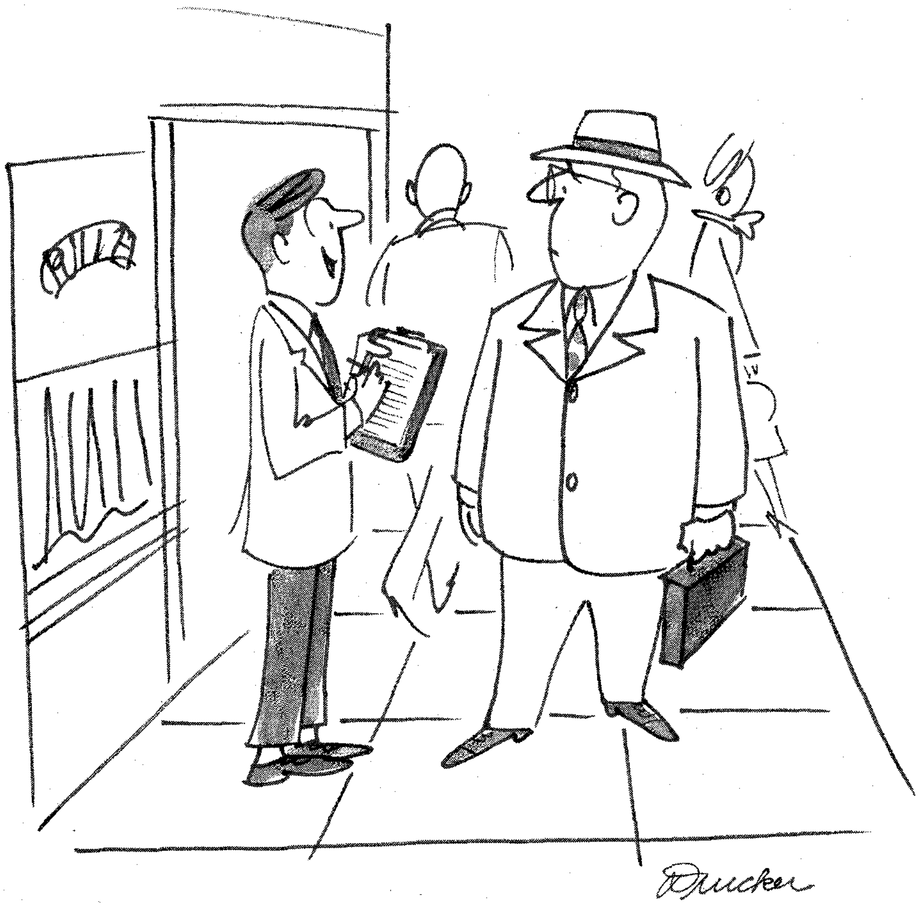
"The idiotic old brute."

"I don't want to play, Hubert," she said.

Hubert stalked away. I wound the et down. I was glad he hadn't insted that he and I play on our own.

"Don't be upset by it." I spoke apologetically. I didn't know what else to say.

"There won't be a quarrel," she reassured me, and in fact there wasn't.



"Excuse me, sir. Are you interested in going to Heaven?"

* * *

The raised voices of Hubert and his grandmother, which I thought we'd hear coming from the house, didn't materialize. Pamela went to change her dress. I took off Hubert's tennis shoes. In the drawing room at teatime Mrs. Plunkett said, "Hubert's turned his face to the wall, has he?"

"Shall I call him?" Pamela offered.

"Hubert knows the hour of Sunday tea, my dear."

Lily brought more hot water. She, too, seemed affected by what had occurred, her mouth tightly clamped. But I received the impression that the atmosphere in the drawing room was one she was familiar with.

"A pity to turn one's face to the wall on such a lovely day," Mrs. Plunkett remarked.

Silence took over then and was not broken until Mrs. Plunkett rose and left the room. Strauss began on the piano, tinkling faintly through the wall. Lily came in to collect the tea things.

"Perhaps we should go for a walk," Pamela said.

We descended the stepped path between the rockeries and strolled past Hanrahan's yard. We turned in to the sandy lane that led to the dunes and made our way onto the strand. We didn't refer to what had occurred.

"Are you still at school?" I asked.

"I left in July."

"What are you going to do now?"

"I'm hoping to study botany."

She was shier than I'd thought. Her voice was reticent when she said she hoped to study botany, as if the vaunting of this ambition constituted presumption.

"What are you going to do?"

I told her. I envied Hubert going to Africa, I said, becoming garrulous in case she was bored by silence. I mentioned the cultivation of groundnuts.

"Africa?" she said. When she stopped, she took me unawares and I had to walk back a pace or two. Too late, I realized I had inadvertently disclosed a confidence.

"It's just an idea he has."

I tried to change the subject, but she didn't seem to hear, or wasn't interested. I watched while she drew a pattern on the sand with the toe of her

THE DIFFICULTY OF MOONLIGHT IN THE 6TH ARRONDISSEMENT

I've wanted to write about the recluse
in Paris who thought giving up the world
was easy. If one could die
from not leaving one's apartment—
it was a sickness—
& if one could not, why go out at all?
In stages it must have been easy,
difficult, not easy, not difficult.
What was it?
She did not leave a word.
In 1957 she was a *Vogue* mannequin
modelling hats & ball gowns,
ball gowns & veils.
Givenchy put her in a green netting:
a wasp, waist up or down,
holding herself open & gathered.
A spike of lupine she was
for another,
whom she married. Her face the formal perfection
of the fifties. Eyes closed
under the sculpted lids, or peeled back,
2 swallows, 2 swallow heads.
In the château, of which we saw only the hall,
on the marble hall table
there was a basket of
magnificent summer lilies.
She moved back to her arrondissement
when an apartment upstairs from her father's
barbershop became vacant.
Her father died in the seventies.
At what point she went out less & less
nobody would care to say. After all,
what did she think she was,
or what did she see the world as?
When the flesh formally withdraws
doesn't the world, too, in stages, with a bad odor?
She was strong enough to starve in her apartment.
Alternately weak & strong
& too weak & strong altogether. When
discovered a year later—
i.e., approximately 6 months from her demise
—not by a neighbor,
she was by herself.

Who has not carried out
the formal nightmare of returning
to one's abode after 6 months/a year
pleading forgetfulness?
As though one had left.
The student now sitting in the kitchen
facing the same wall
using the old stove & fridge
sees nothing to complain of.
Easy enough to see stains everywhere, he said.
In stages it was easy,
difficult, then easy. It does not stop.

—Wong Ma

• •

shoe. More slowly than before, she walked on again.

"I don't know why we don't have a bathe," I said.

She didn't reply. Children were running into and out of the sea. Two men were paddling, with their trousers rolled up to their knees. A girl was sunbathing on a li-lo, both hands in the water, resisting the tide that would have carried her away from the shore.

"My bathing dress is in the house," Pamela said at last. "I could get it if you like."

"Would *you* like?"

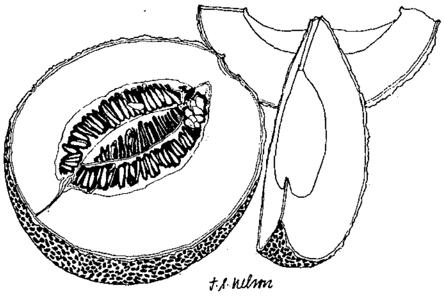
She shrugged. Perhaps not, she said, and I wondered if she was thinking that bathing, as much as tennis, might be frowned upon as a breach of the Sabbath.

"I don't think, actually," she said, "that Hubert will ever go to Africa."

LILY stood beside my deck chair, a bunch of mint she'd picked in one hand. I hadn't known what else to do, since Hubert had not come out of his room, so I'd wandered about the garden and had eventually found the deck chair on a triangle of grass in a corner. "I'm going to read for a while," Pamela had said when we returned from our walk.

"It's understandable they never had to be so severe with Pamela," Lily said. "On account of her mother being sensible in her life. Different from Hubert's father."

I guessed she was talking to me like this because she'd noticed I was bewildered. The pettiness I had witnessed in my friend was a shock more than a surprise. Affected by it, I'd even wondered as I'd walked with Pamela back from the strand if I'd been invited to the house in order to become an instrument in her isolation. I'd dismissed the thought as a ridiculous flight of fancy; now I was not so sure.



"It's understandable, Hubert bein bad to her. When you think about i it's understandable."

Lily passed on, taking with her th slight scent of mint that had begun t waft toward me because she'd crushe a leaf or two. "He tried to beat m with a walking stick," Hubert ha reported at school, and I imagined th apprehension Lily hinted at—the fa ther of the son who'd gone to the ba determined that history should not b repeated, the mother anxious an agreeing.

"I was looking for you," Hube said, sitting down on the grass besi me. "Why don't we go down to th hotel?"

I looked at him, his lean face i profile. I remembered Pamela drawin the pattern on the sand, her silence th only intimation of her love. When ha an intonation or a glance first betray it to him, I wondered.

Hubert pushed himself to his fe and we sauntered off to the lounge b of the hotel beside the railway statio Without asking me what I would lik Hubert ordered gin-and-orange. Th tennis we hadn't played wasn't me

“Each to each, I always say! Share and share alike! I take pride in my cuisine, but at the same time I am willing to divvy up household chores with a wife. Say, a wife named Irma. That is, if Irma shares as breadwinner! I'll do the cooking! We'll split the cleaning and the shopping right down the middle! Irma, you feed the dog! And help yourself to some more turnips.”

• •

tioned, nor did I say that Pamela and I had walked on the strand.

“No need to go tomorrow,” Hubert said. “Stay on a bit.”

“I said I'd be back.”

“Send them a wire.”

“I don't want to overstay, Hubert. It's good of your grandmother to have me.”

“That girl stays for three months.”

I'd never drunk gin before. The orange made it pleasantly sweet, with only a slight aftertaste. I liked it better han stout.

“My father's drink,” Hubert said. “My mother preferred Gimlets. A Gimlet,” he added, “is gin with lime n it. They drank an awful lot, you understand.”

He confided to me that he intended o slip away to England himself. He was softening Lily up, he said, with he intention of borrowing a hundred ounds from her. He knew she had it ecause she never spent a penny; a undred pounds would last him for ges, while he found out more about he prospects in Africa.

“I'll pay her back. I'd never not.”

“Yes, of course.”

“Anything would be better than the Dublin Handkerchief Company. Imagine being in the Dublin Handkerchief Company when you were fifty years of age! A lifetime of people blowing their oses!”

We sat there, talking about school, emembering the time Fitzherbert had ressed himself up in the kind of women's clothes he considered suitable or a streetwalker and demanded an nterview with Farquie, the senior anguages master; and the time the Kingsmill brothers had introduced a axative into the High Table soup; and hen Prunty and Matchett had appropriated a visiting rugby team's clothes hile they were in the showers. We ecalled the days of our first term: how ubert and I had occupied beds next o each other in the junior dormitory, ow Miss Manning, the common-room secretary, had been kind to us, hinking we were homesick.

“One *pour la rue*,” Hubert said.

He held the man who served us in onversation, describing the same mixure of gin and orangeade as he'd had once in some other bar. There had een iced sugar clinging to the rim of he glass; delicious, he said. The man st stared at him.

“I'll fix it up with Lily tonight,” Hubert said on the way back to the house. “If she can't manage the hundred I'd settle for fifty.”

We were still talking loudly as we mounted the stepped path between the rockeries, and as we passed through the hall. In the dining room Mrs. Plunkett and Pamela had clearly been seated at the table for some time. When we entered, the old woman rose without commenting on our lateness and repeated the grace she had already said. A weary expression froze Hubert's features while he waited for her voice to cease.

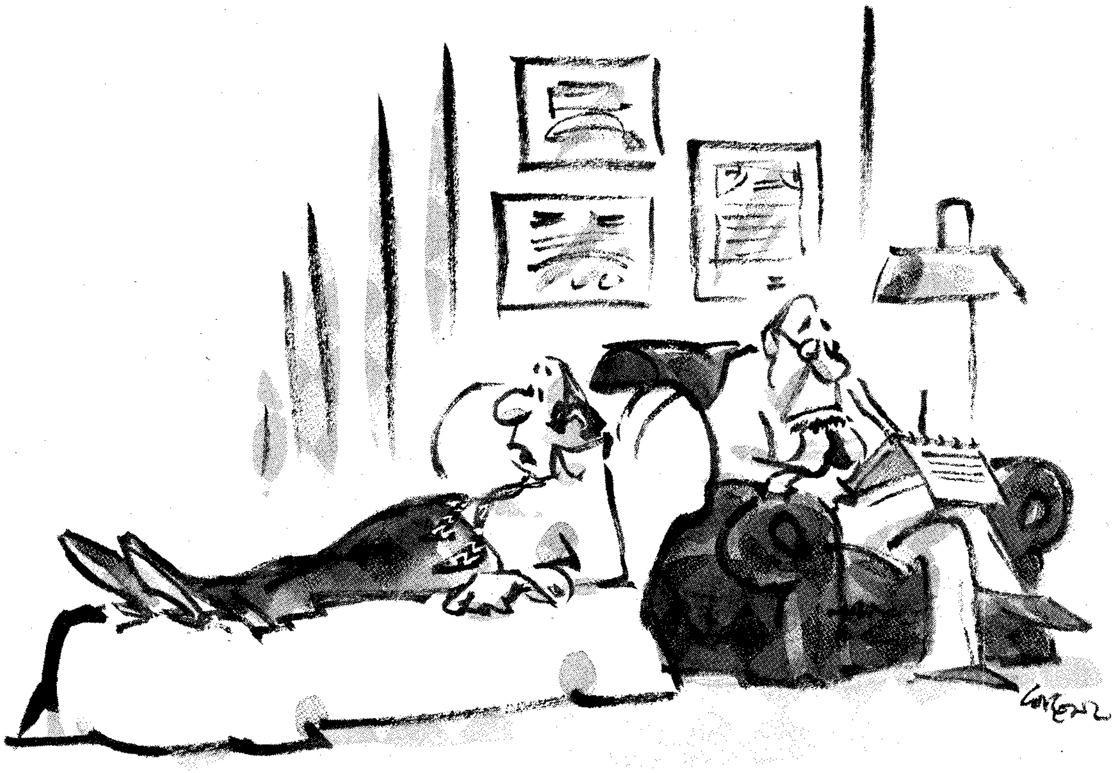
“We were down in the hotel,” he said when it did, “drinking gin-and-orange. Have you ever wandered into the hotel, Pam?”

She shook her head, her attention appearing to be occupied with the chicken leg on her plate. Hubert said the hotel had a pleasant little lounge bar, which wasn't the description I'd have chosen myself. A rendezvous for the discriminating, he said, even if one encountered difficulty there when it came to a correctly concocted gin-and-orange. He was pretending to be drunker than he was.

“A rather dirty place, Dowd's Hotel,” Mrs. Plunkett interposed, echoing what I knew would have been her husband's view.

“Hanrahan used to drink there,” Hubert continued. “Many's the time I saw him with a woman in the corner. I've forgotten if you said you remembered the late Hanrahan, Pam?”

She said she didn't. Mrs. Plunkett



"I've lost the will to obsess."

held out her cup and saucer for more tea. Pamela poured it.

"Hanrahan painted the drainpipes," Hubert said. "D'you remember that time, Pam?"

She shook her head. I wanted to tell him to stop. I wanted to remind him that he had already asked his cousin if she remembered Hanrahan painting the drainpipes, to point out that it wasn't she who had caused the difficulty that afternoon, that it wasn't she who had made us stand there while grace was said again.

"I'm surprised you don't," Hubert said. "I'm really very surprised, Pam."

Mrs. Plunkett didn't understand the conversation. She smiled kindly at me, and briefly indicated dishes I might like to help myself to. She lifted a forkful of cold chicken to her mouth.

"It's only that he mentioned you once in Dowd's," Hubert said. He laughed, his eyes sparkling, as if with delight. "He asked how you were getting on one time. A very friendly man."

Pamela turned away from the table, but she couldn't hide what she wished to hide and she couldn't control her emotions. Her cheeks were blazing now. She sobbed, and then she pushed her chair back and hurried from the room.

"What have you said to her?" Mrs. Plunkett asked in astonishment.

I COULD not sleep that night. I kept thinking about Pamela, unhappy in her bedroom, and Hubert in his. I imagined Hubert's father and Pamela's mother, children in the house also—the bad son, the good daughter. I imagined the distress suffered in the house when Hubert's father was accused of some small theft at school, which Hubert said he had been. I imagined the misdemeanor forgotten, a new leaf turned, and sometime later the miscreant dunned by a debt collector for a sum he could not pay. Letters came to the house from England, pleading for assistance, retailing details of hardship owing to misfortune. When I closed my eyes, half dreaming, though I was not yet asleep, Mrs. Plunkett wept, as Pamela had. She dreaded the letters; she sobbed; for a day or two she was able to forget and then another letter came. "I will write a check," the man I had not seen said blankly, taking a checkbook from his pocket and, at the breakfast table, writing it immediately.

I opened my eyes; I murmured Pamela's name. "Pamela," I whispered, because repeating it made her face vivid in my mind. I might have told her that Hubert, at school, had been sought out and admired more than any other boy because he was not ordinary, that he'd been attractive and different in all sorts of ways. I might have begged her not to hate the memory of him when she ceased to love him.

In the morning, after breakfast, I packed my suitcase while Huber sat smoking a cigarette in silence. I said goodbye to Lily in the kitchen, and to Mrs. Plunkett. Pamela was in th hall when we passed through it.

"Goodbye," she said

At breakfast she had seemed to have recovered her composure. She smiled at me now, saying sh was sorry I was going.

"Goodbye, Pamela."

Hubert stood by the open hall door not looking at her, gazing out into th sunlit garden. On the way to the railway station we talked again about incidents at school. He mentioned th two nurses we'd accompanied to thei doorstep and the luck we'd had at th races. "A pity we wouldn't have tim for a gin-and-orange," he said as w passed the hotel.

On the slow train, close at first t the sea and then moving into the landscape that was just beginning to seem parched because of the heat wave, knew that I would never see him again. There would always be a awkwardness now, and the memory o Hubert at home. —WILLIAM TREVO

•

CLEAR DAYS ON THE REAL ESTAT SCENE

[*Steve Brown in the Dallas News*]

Despite depressed real estate mark values, few Dallas properties are bein sold to bargain hunters, Hall said:

"The buyers want too high a price, an the sellers want too low a price. They a not getting together," he said.

ANNALS OF BUSINESS

C.E.O., TV

DURING the past few years, a number of corporate chief executive officers have emerged from their corporate command centers and into the bright lights of television studios to make commercials. The list includes Lee A. Iacocca, the Chrysler Corporation chairman and chief executive officer, talking up Chrysler and his company's cars; Victor Kiam, the president and chief executive officer of Remington Products, promoting Remington cordless shavers; Fred Schwartz, the president and chairman of the Fur Vault, plugging his company's furs; Sy Syms, the chairman and chief executive officer of the Syms off-price clothing chain, talking about his stores; Stephen Wynn, the chairman and chief executive officer of the Golden Nugget hotel-casinos, excitedly telling viewers about all the fun and good fortune awaiting them at the Golden Nugget in Las Vegas or Atlantic City (until that casino was bought early this year by Bally); Ernest Wuliger, the chairman and chief executive officer of Stearns & Foster, assuring viewers of the comforting, snooze-inducing qualities of Stearns & Foster mattresses; Richard Lewis, the president of Newmark & Lewis, advertising bargains in televisions, microwave ovens, refrigerators, and other major household appliances sold by his chain of stores; Carl Sontheimer, the president of Cuisinarts, endorsing his company's food processors; and James Lebenthal, the president and chairman of the Wall Street investment firm Lebenthal & Co., announcing, "Municipal bonds are my babies."

The success of the commercials featuring chief executive officers has var-ed considerably. In a number of instances, putting corporate leaders on elevision has just not worked out well. For several years, at a cost of millions of dollars, Frank Borman, the former astronaut who became president of Eastern Airlines, appeared in TV commercials to urge viewers to fly Eastern. And David Mahoney, at one time the board chairman of Avis, appeared in a series of commercials a few years back to promote Avis Rent A Car services. Unfortunately, many people in the TV advertising business found neither Borman nor Mahoney to be a particularly successful television spokesman. But in a number of cases the C.E.O. commercials have done a great deal to advance sales and to turn the C.E.O.s themselves into widely recognized figures. Sometimes the celebrity achieved is only local, but sometimes—as in the case of Frank Perdue, the chairman of Perdue Farms—the C.E.O. involved becomes a nationally recognized figure and a kind of TV star in his own right.

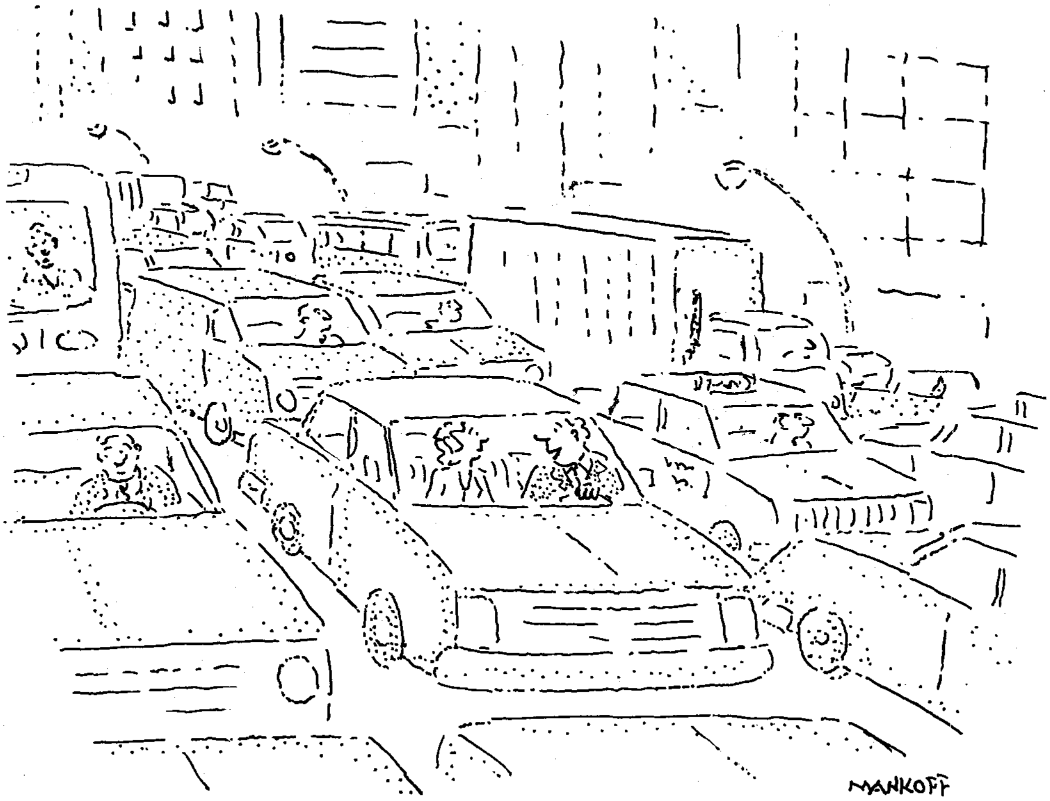
Initially, Perdue was reluctant to appear in television commercials for his company's product, but the advertising agency he hired back in 1971 was able to overcome this reluctance. As a result, Perdue is probably the first corporate head to become a national celebrity by appearing in commercials. Perdue Farms chickens, in their various manifestations—Perdue Oven Stuffer Roasters, Perdue Prime Parts, Perdue Done It (a line of chicken products fully prepared and requiring only heating), Perdue Fresh Cornish Game Hens—are distributed along the East Coast from Virginia to Maine and as far west as Buffalo and Pittsburgh. Perdue Farms commercials are frequently seen in these areas, and Perdue has consequently become enough of a celebrity that his name is now a familiar one in the national press.

Certainly Perdue in his commercial appearances has made a memorable impression on large numbers of viewers. His features—a mostly bald pate, a corrugated brow, shrewdly intent eyes, a beaked nose, and a thin neck, together with a notably squawky voice—impart an avian suggestion to his appearance. At the same time, his unsmiling, gruff manner in the commercials tends to emphasize the "tough man" aspect of the Perdue slogan, "It takes a tough man to make a tender chicken." In fact, Perdue goes to considerable lengths to remind viewers of his own toughness, portraying himself as a sort of all-seeing, all-demanding master of the fresh-chicken world.

"A chicken is what it eats," Perdue declares in one of his commercials. "And my chickens eat better than people do." By way of bolstering this claim, Perdue goes on to tell viewers that he stores his own grain, mixes his own feed, and gives his chickens "nothing but pure well water to drink"—and that, he says, is why "my chickens always have that healthy golden-yellow color." In another spot, to the accompaniment of outdoor color shots of brimming produce baskets, Perdue says, "They get golden-yellow corn, imported handpicked Mexican marigold petals, fresh imported Norwegian herring." And in yet another spot, in a voiceover of a shot of a full bag of meal, he adds, "My chickens even get cookies for dessert." But if chickens are subjected to "cheaper feed," poor ventilation, and other treatment not up to Perdue standards the "nice yellow color" may be absent. "So don't wonder why my chickens are so yellow," Perdue tells viewers in a number of his commercials. "Wonder why some chickens are so white."

The Perdue Farms commercials have shown Perdue in a variety of situations. In one commercial he is seen walking through one of his company's plants and keeping an eye on the production lines. In another commercial he describes picking up samples of feed from other chicken raisers for quality-comparison tests. He demonstrates how he may slyly divert the attention of a non-Perdue chicken farmer by looking upward and crying "Look, a chicken hawk!" and then surreptitiously scoop up a sample of the other man's chicken meal for later analysis in his own feed laboratory; he justifies this less than straightforward behavior by telling viewers, in complacent, rustic-wise-guy tones, "Next to

R. MacMillan



"Hey, is this great traffic, or what?"

• •

quality, honesty is the best policy." Another commercial shows Perdue wearing swimming trunks and floating on a plastic raft in a swimming pool as several dozen good-looking young women swim and frolic nearby—this to illustrate the point that any woman in the TV audience who cooks a big Oven Stuffer Roaster at home won't have to watch over it, because "when the bird-watcher thermometer pops, it's perfect." And if you spend less time in the kitchen, Perdue tells his audience, "think of all the fun you can have." This advice is accompanied by a shot of the young swimmers happily splashing around Perdue, and then comes a concluding closeup of a platter containing a ready-to-eat Perdue Oven Stuffer Roaster.

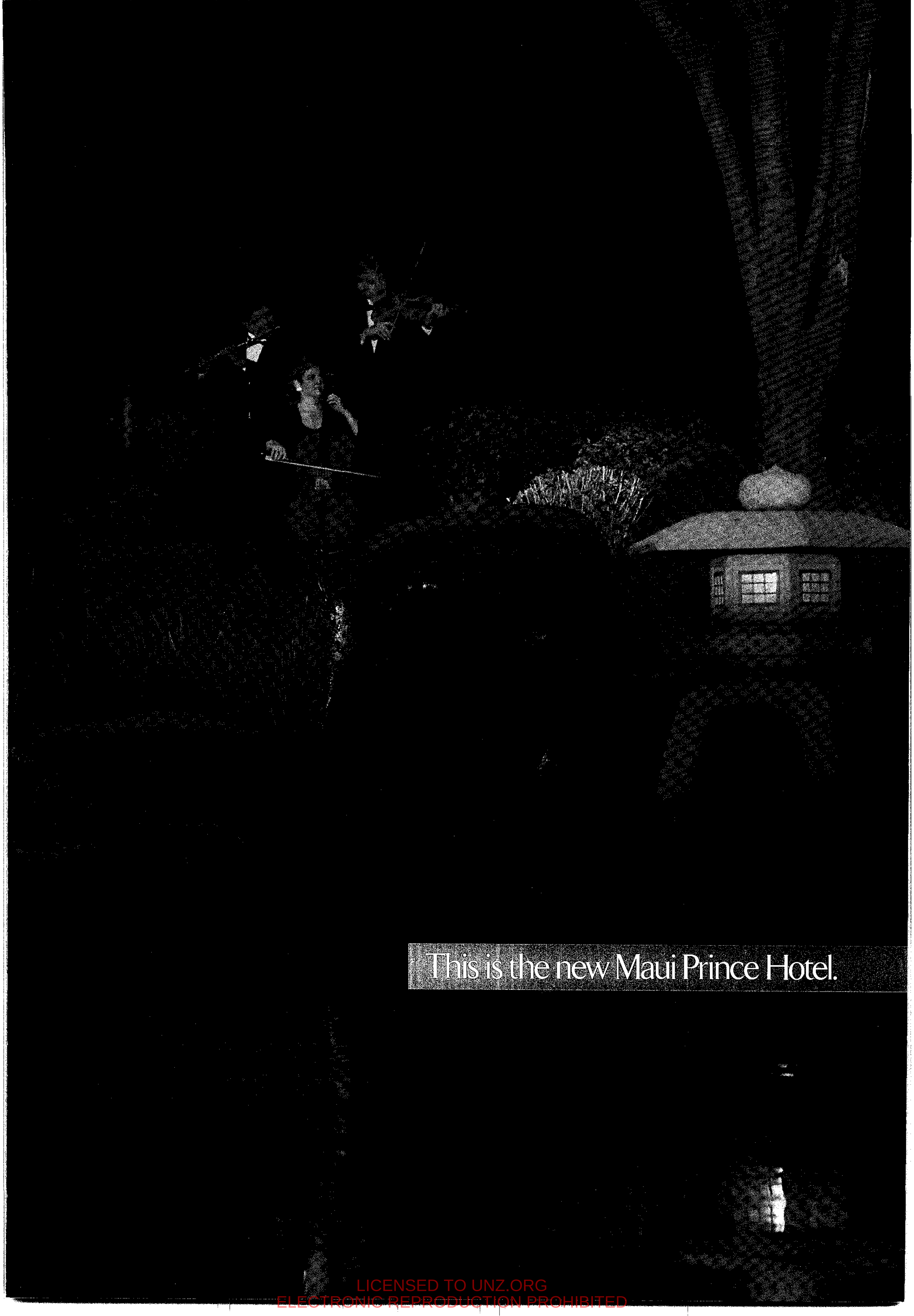
Yet another commercial opens with a shot of Perdue arriving home and putting four trussed Perdue Fresh Cornish Game Hens in the oven for dinner. Then he is shown taking a shower, shaving, twirling a bottle of champagne in an ice-filled bucket, adjusting his bow tie, and setting the cooked Perdue Cornish Game Hens out on a serving platter. The doorbell rings, and Perdue's guests—three beautiful young women—arrive. "Try Perdue Fresh Cornish Game Hens and spend more time with your guests," a voice-over tells the audience; onscreen, Perdue directs a conspiratorial wink at the camera.

When the first Perdue commercials were broadcast, in 1971, Perdue Farms was producing a million chickens a week, and was the twelfth-largest producer of chickens in the country. The company now produces six and a half million chickens a week, and has become the fourth-largest producer. The third-largest is Holly Farms Poultry Industries, which is based in North Carolina. In the New York area, Perdue is the highest-selling brand and has a slightly larger share of the market than Holly Farms.

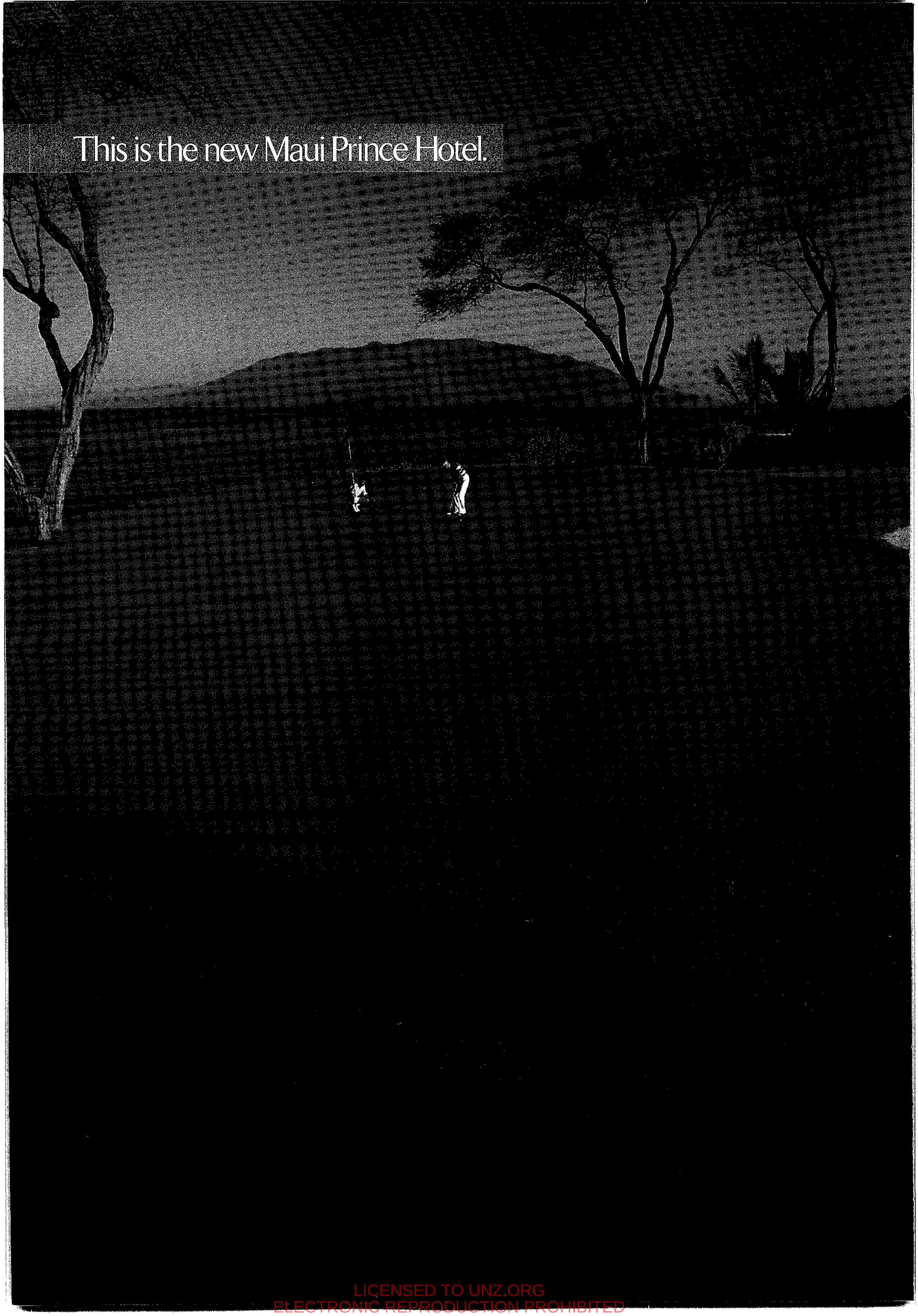
In essence, Perdue Farms controls the destiny of its chickens from the egg to the supermarket. The corporate headquarters are in Salisbury, Maryland, and there are seven production plants elsewhere—three on the tri-state Delmarva Peninsula and four in North Carolina. Each plant is supported by a system of Perdue Farms egg hatcheries, feed mills, and a number of chicken-growing farms. (Perdue Farms also owns a turkey-production plant in Washington, Indiana.) Two days after the chicks are hatched, their beaks are trimmed, to prevent the chicks from pecking one another to death (Perdue production people call this operation debeaking, but a Perdue public-relations man calls it nubbing), and they are moved to a chicken-growing farm—each farm being an independently owned operation that has contracted to grow the chicks for the Perdue organization. Under this arrangement, the Perdue organization supplies the chicken-growing farms with Perdue's own feed, and with veterinary services. After the chicks have grown into chickens they are taken to the nearest factory, and there they are "processed." (One isn't ap to hear Perdue people talking about chickens being "slaughtered.") After processing, the chickens, each bearing a Perdue brand label, are sent out in fleets of Perdue Farms trucks to distributors dealing with retail butcher shops and supermarket chains.

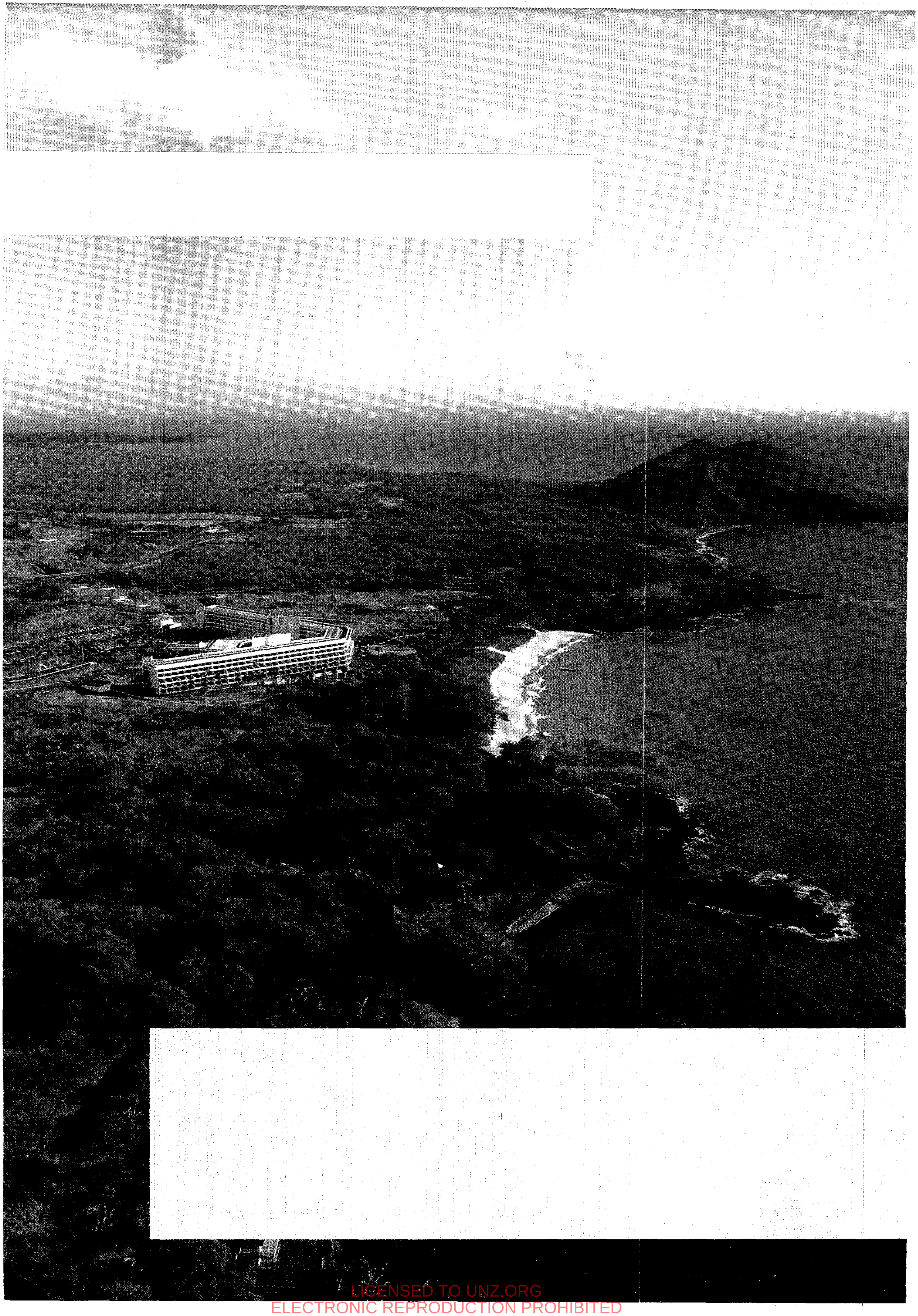
Frank Perdue, who i sixty-seven, got into the chicken business early, through his father, Arthur, who went into the egg business on his own in Salisbury in 1920 and, five years later, started to hatch broiler chickens for marketing on a small scale. In 1939, Frank Perdue, after spending two years at Salisbury State College, joined the family business, and in 1953, by which time the Perdue company had over forty employees, he took over as president. By 1967, it had become the bigges producer of live chickens in the country, and was supplying eight hundred thousand chickens a week to commercial customers. Perdue wasn' yet in the chicken-processing business however; his live chickens were going to auction for eventual purchase by big meat-packing concerns like Swift and Armour.

In 1967, Perdue decided to enter the retail-chicken market in New York and to switch his product to factory-prepared fresh chickens. In preparation for this change, he bought a Swift chicken-processing plant in Salisbury. Perdue told me not long ago that he settled on New York as the major place to market his chickens because he had found out in his business travel that "New York demanded a highe percentage of grade-A chickens than other places." He went on to say



This is the new Maui Prince Hotel.


This is the new Maui Prince Hotel.



SLEEPING DOGS
NAPPING CATS
W Miller

'You don't go to Kansas City to get he best beef. You go to New York. You don't go to Maine to get the best obsters. You go to New York. And in New York you've also got a bottomless anonymous pit if the products you supply are not the best. Plus, New York is a very efficient advertising place, because you've got here perhaps eighteen million people within a fifty- or sixty-mile radius, in what we call the D.M.A.—the designated marketing area. By comparison, the Boston D.M.A. is about five million, and Philadelphia is about six and a half million." But even though New York might appear to be such an efficient dvertising marketplace, "it's expensive to get awareness here, because in New York you've got immense media," Perdue added. "And you've got ome two million Spanish-speaking people and some two million blacks out f that eighteen million, so you've got very spread-out, diverse market."

Also, because of New York's heavily Jewish population, with its traditional dietary emphasis on fresh hicken, Perdue felt that the fact that he would be dealing exclusively in fresh chicken would work in his favor. He started trying to line up distributors who he hoped would get his hickens into independent local retail utcher shops (the big processors, headed by Holly Farms, dominated the upermarket poultry cases), but he realized that to make headway even in the retail butcher shops he had better o some advertising, although up to that time fresh chicken had been advertised and sold simply as fresh hicken, without any indication of who raised it.

In 1968, a few weeks after his brand went on sale in New York, Perdue egan advertising Perdue Farms hickens on local radio stations. The first year, he spent fifty thousand dollars on radio commercials; the second ear, he spent eighty thousand; in 970, the third year, when his commercials began to appear on a few local television stations as well, he pent a hundred and sixty thousand; nd in 1971 he spent two hundred housand. At that point, Perdue, intent on further expanding his market, decided to look around for a new advertising agency, and he pursued the earch in a characteristically systematic fashion.

"First, I joined the Association of National Advertisers," Perdue told me. "I had got embarrassed reading all their literature without being a member, so I joined up. Their books on how to select an advertising agency were very old, but they were still pertinent to me. I went out and interviewed between thirty-five and forty advertising agencies. One of the books I read said that the total billings of the agency should be no more than ten to twenty times yours as a client. In my case, that meant total billings of between two and four million dollars. I couldn't find any agency that small with the depth and the backup that I thought I needed." He therefore sought out a number of agencies with considerably larger billings, and interviewed their executives. "In addition, I interviewed every sales manager of every radio station, TV station, and newspaper in the New York area," he said. "I did nothing else for ten weeks."

Perdue narrowed his list to nine advertising agencies. "I went to another agency, which had billings of twenty-five or thirty million," he told me. "I had lunch with these guys, two partners, at the Plaza Hotel. I said, 'You're not one of my finalists, but you've been nice to me, so I'm going to buy you lunch. The reason you're not one of my finalists is you've got too much turnover in personnel and too much turnover in clients, so I don't want to start with you and lose my creative team. But I have my list of nine finalists. I'd like you to rank them in preference, one through nine.' One of the partners said, 'I'm damned if I'm going to rank your list.' The other partner said, 'Give me that list.' "

The agency partner chose no No. 1, but in the No. 2 slot he wrote the names of two agencies—his own and that of Scali, McCabe, Sloves, a relatively new agency, with billings of twelve million dollars. After a closer examination of the nine agencies in the running for the account, Perdue narrowed the list to Scali, McCabe, Sloves and two other finalists with billings of sixteen million and nineteen million. Then Perdue concentrated his attention on Scali, McCabe. "In the books on how to select an ad agency, they were saying that the copywriter is the queen of battle," Perdue told me. "So I decided that in the agency I chose the copywriter should have an equity position in the company—because I discovered that the copywriter often doesn't have an equity position, and if as an advertiser you start with him he may leave the agency and you either have to go with him or stay with the same agency and take another copywriter."

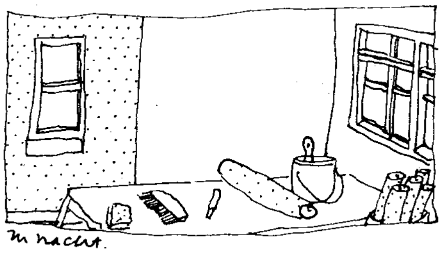
The fact that Perdue's share of the fresh-chicken market in New York was still negligible and his advertising budget was small by the standards prevailing at the major agencies seems not to have deterred him from treating the Scali, McCabe, Sloves people in fairly peremptory fashion. Describing his initial encounter with Marvin Sloves, who was then the president of the agency and is now its chairman, Perdue told me, "I said, 'I don't want to talk to *you*. I've done my homework. And my homework says the only time I'm going to see *you* is when you're trying to get me as a client or when you're trying to keep me. So where is the creative talent?' " He wanted to meet the top copywriters. The man regarded as the best copywriter was Ed McCabe, then a partner and creative director in the agency, and Perdue, after meeting him and studying his work, was impressed enough to hire the agency. Alan Pesky, the agency's vice-chairman and chief operating officer, and at that time its head marketing man, told me that Perdue set as conditions that McCabe be assigned as copywriter to the Perdue Farms account, and that Pesky and Sam Scali, who was then vice-president and is now vice-chairman and creative director, work directly on the account alongside McCabe—a remarkable set of requirements, considering that the Perdue account was the smallest that the agency had agreed to handle. Sixteen years later, the Perdue account at Scali, McCabe, Sloves has grown from two hundred and fifty thousand dollars in billings to more than eighteen million.

One of the first things that McCabe, Scali, and Pesky did was to travel down to Salisbury to see something of Perdue's operation, in order to gain an understanding of their new client and to figure out their advertising approach to his product. "You must understand that with chickens you're dealing with a commodity, and that at the time we took on the Perdue account there had been—apart from what Perdue started up with his former agency—no brand advertising of chickens whatever on television that we were aware of," Pesky said to me a while ago. "Chickens had always been considered simply a commodity in the merchandising process. They had a parity status. They had breasts, they had wings, they had legs, and there was no way that anybody could distinguish one fresh chicken from another. Our job was to figure out a reason consumers should buy a Perdue chicken rather than other chickens."

The first difference that the visiting admen felt they could make use of was the markedly yellow color of Perdue chickens' skin. "Our chickens were yellower than other chickens hereabouts because of their diet," Perdue told me. "But that was not original. We got the idea from Maine. Processors in Maine had been producing a yellower chicken than we did. And they got a premium of three cents a pound for it. And we thought, Well, if we can emulate them in producing a yellower chicken we can get a three-cent premium. So we started doing that."

What was responsible for producing the yellow skin of Perdue's chickens was an unusually high level of xanthophyll in their diet. Yellow corn, which is the principal ingredient in most commercial chicken feed, naturally contains xanthophyll, and in ordinary chicken feed, according to Perdue, the total xanthophyll content is ten to twelve milligrams per pound. At this level, the xanthophyll may impart a yellow tinge to the skin of chickens but not make it notably yellow. Following the lead of the Maine poultry suppliers, Perdue set out to find ways of raising the xanthophyll levels in his chicken feed. By adding marigold petals and marigold-petal extracts, leaf alfalfa, and corn-gluten meal, he doubled the normal level of xanthophyll in the feed. The extra shot of xanthophyll raised the cost of the feed, and didn't itself add anything to the quality of the chickens raised on it, but it did give the birds a healthy, well-fed look.

Another impression that the men from Scali, McCabe, Sloves gained from their visit to Salisbury, Pesky told me, was that Perdue supervised the operations of his company very closely. "Frank was very, very involved in *everything* to do with his company," Pesky said. "And we cam to realize that what makes Perdu chickens better is the fact that Frank while he doesn't worry about each individual chicken, worries about eac individual thing that happens to eac individual chicken. So we realized tha what really set Perdue chickens apar from other chickens was Frank Perdue."



In talking with Perdue, the Scali McCabe, Sloves people got him t agree initially that they would put a of his current advertising budget int television advertising, and now the decided to make the yellow skin of th Perdue chickens the main selling poin in the TV ads. They realized, how ever, that in doing so they might b opening the door to similar claims b Perdue's competitors, who hadn't bee doing any television advertising. "W knew that whatever we did that wa successful would call attention to itse in the trade, and the competitio would come in," McCabe told m (Last December, he left the agenc he co-founded, and has formed an other company, McCabe Communica tions.) "So we needed to create an iden tity they couldn't take from us. If w made the claim 'Our chickens are yel low,' another guy might come alon and say, '*Our* chickens are yellow,' s we needed something the other gu couldn't steal. And after we got bac to New York from Salisbury and wer working on drafts of campaigns w realized that they lacked the elemen of an advertising claim that couldn be stolen. So after a while Sam Sca and I were just sitting on what we ha done and trying to turn out somethin better. And Frank Perdue was comin up here and barging into my office an saying, 'What's going on?' I was jus sitting there slack-jawed and bemuse by this Perdue character. The whol thing was new to me. Nobody ha ever advertised a brand-name chicke before, and just looking at Perdue an listening to him was a new experienc too: he looked a little like a chicke himself, and he sounded a little lik one, and he squawked a lot. And abou four or five weeks into the assignme it just clicked: 'Here's the answer.' "

The answer was that Perdue him self should be the spokesman for Per due Farms chickens. It remained fo the agency people to convince Perdu of that. They drew up a series o storyboards for commercials featurin Perdue and presented them to him an to other top executives of his compan "The initial reaction to this sugges ion from the executives and from Frank Perdue wasn't very encouragng," Pesky recalled. "Here was a man who was not used to going before the ublic, and a man who did not want to ail in anything he did. And here we were, telling him that we wanted him o star in television commercials. He ad never done any acting, and he was worried that he wouldn't be able to erform before the camera. We told im, 'Frank, if you don't do well on he commercial we'll throw the tape way, and we'll come back with a ampaign that doesn't use you.' "

McCabe told me, "The response of lot of people we talked to about using erdue in the commercials was 'He's n amateur—I'm sure he can't do it.' And there were a number of things hat we articulated up front to Frank. We told him that the resulting general otoriety would be a pain in the neck or him. He would have to recognize he risk that he would become a public igure. And for an amateur to be ushed into something he was not omfortable with . . . He would have o comply with *our* wishes—'The way ou read that line isn't right'—and to e at our mercy, so to speak. So he was eluctant. Also, he felt that he didn't eserve to take all the credit for what he company had done—to get all the ocus. The other top people in the ompany were hardworking execuives, and *they* weren't happy about the rospect of Perdue's taking such a visile role. There was quite a bit of issension. At the beginning, a lot of eople were against the idea for ego easons: 'What about us?'—that kind f thing. And there was the fact that efore we got the account someone at ne of the other agencies on Frank's ounds had suggested that he appear as art of *its* proposed advertising, and Frank had felt that that proposal was a lay to his ego—he felt that proposing o put him in the advertising was a way of trying to get the account. And I think that if we hadn't already had he account we wouldn't have been ble to recommend his being in the dvertising—he would have said, 'I won't hire these people pandering to ny vanity.' We did not recommend hat he do it for ego reasons. We did it or legitimate business reasons."

Perdue told me, "My reaction was eally not positive—because I'm basially somewhat shy and somewhat reiring. As a child, I lived in the counry and grew up with older parents, and I was not involved in social situaions in the town, and I never had any desire to be in school plays. I wasn't aggressive that way—I was aggressive playing baseball and things like that. So when Scali, McCabe, Sloves sprang it on me that they wanted me to do the advertising I just didn't know if I could do it." But because McCabe told Perdue that the agency executives thought his going on television was "the best way to solve the merchandising problem" he agreed to go along, and the first of a series of commercials featuring Perdue was soon on the air. The commercials were instantly successful. Within a year, Perdue Farms quadrupled its TV-advertising budget, and sales of Perdue chickens in the New York metropolitan area were growing rapidly.

The advertising men were enthusiastic about Perdue's believability in the commercials. "With Perdue chickens, what you're talking about is a *live* product," Pesky told me. "You're not talking about a manufactured product, something off an assembly line. It is something bred and grown and nurtured. Each chicken is a product in and of itself. Each chicken, like a fingerprint, is different. Because of this, there is a believability—in TV advertising—that this man is feeding those chickens and worrying about those chickens; also, the consumer starts to have warm feelings when he learns that a tough man over there is watching out that that product is taken care of properly. The chicken is fed marigold petals, it's fed fresh corn, there's music playing in the chicken houses, the chickens are given cookie meal, and all of a sudden you start to say, 'Gee whizz, it's not like a thing that comes plunked out of a manufacturing line, that's made by a formula. This is a real live chicken that somebody is a farmer of, growing, watching, and nurturing.' And Frank is a very believable person. In other words, the TV viewers feel that Frank is on their side."

When I talked to McCabe about Perdue, he said, "This was advertising in which Perdue had a personality that lent credibility to the product. If Frank Perdue didn't look and sound like a chicken, he wouldn't be in the commercials. There's nothing straight-out spokesman about him. He always appears a little bit off the wall, a little bit irregular."

Perdue's "irregular" style as a cor-

WALK
BRIAN SAVAGE

"Before we set out, there's this little matter of a waiver."

• •

Shhhhh
hhhhh.

The $55
Tuscany weekend
is back.

Amazingly, we're still one of New York's best-kept secrets. A small, luxury hotel located on a charming, tree-lined Murray Hill street. Our weekend package includes continental breakfast, free parking, complimentary N.Y. Times or N.Y. Sunday Times and, of course, our celebrated personal service. All at a rate you'll want to celebrate. Quietly.

DORAL TUSCANY HOTEL
120 East 39th Street, East of Park Avenue
New York 10016 • 212-686-1600
Toll-free: 800-847-4078. Telex: 640243

Rate: per person, double occupancy daily. Friday, Saturday or Sunday arrival. Tax additional. Offer limited & based on availability. Price subject to change.

Heed the call of Summer to The Cloister.

Discover Summer at this lushly beautiful seashore resort. First love of many discerning families. Very social, very fun, very special!

Until Sept. 2, family festival: no charge for children under 19 sharing room with parents—their meals, golf, tennis fees included.

And always 5-Star. The Cloister®
Sea Island, GA 31561. Toll free
800-SEA-ISLAND.

Sea Island®

Since 1776
The Griswold Inn
ESSEX, CONNECTICUT 06426
203·767·1812

featured in *Country Inns and Back Roads*

White Tennis Balls

The classic white ball, almost impossible to find anywhere. Not yellow, not orange, but pure, crisp white, the way tennis balls *ought* to be. **Wilson Championship Balls.**
4 cans (12 balls) - $15 + $1.75 shppg.

Putnam Antiques
9 Pond Rd., Middlefield, Mass. 01243

porate spokesman was exemplified in several commercials emphasizing the color of his chickens' skin. In one, Perdue, wearing coveralls, a paper hat, and rubber boots, was shown getting ready to enter a Perdue chicken house. "Nobody gets near my chickens unless they wear this fancy getup," he said. "This is not to protect people from my chickens; it's to protect my chickens from people." Dipping a boot into a bucket meant to indicate an antiseptic bath outside the chicken house, he went on, "My competitors think I'm nuts to go through all this. But why do you suppose my chickens always have that healthy golden-yellow color instead of a pale one? I'll tell you why. Clean livin'." In another commercial, Perdue was wearing a lab coat and standing in a gray-tiled area. Behind him were portable racks stacked with dressed chickens, and in front of him was a long table on which was arrayed row upon row of dressed chickens. He picked up a chicken that was paler than the others and said, in his squawky voice, "What we've got here is a rare bird—a white Perdue chicken. I don't know where it went wrong. Maybe it went off its feed. Maybe it caught a cold. All I know is that somewhere along the line it got fouled up and lost its golden-yellow color." Then, with a hard edge to his voice, "It also lost its right to wear the Perdue name tag. Occasionally, one of my chickens disappoints me. But I make sure of one thing." Here Perdue tossed the offending chicken over his shoulder. With a thump, the pale chicken landed in a bin labelled "NOT FOR PERDUE." "It will never disappoint *you*." A concluding closeup of Perdue bore the caption "It takes a tough man to make a tender chicken."

WITH the help of such commercials and a steadily increasing advertising budget—between 1971 and 1983 Perdue Farms' ad expenditures increased thirtyfold—the annual revenues of Perdue's company rose from fifty-eight million dollars to more than half a billion in 1983. By then, rival suppliers of fresh chickens were also using television commercials, and were challenging Perdue's dominance of the market in the New York area. Actually, the chicken war had been under way since the mid-nineteen-seventies, when the singer Pearl Bailey began appearing in television commercials for Paramount chickens, a brand produced by Cargill, Inc., of Minneapolis. "You know, Paramount used to raise only a few of these choice birds. For people like Mama, who wanted something better," she said in one TV commercial, after explaining that her mother had been a fancier of fresh chicken. Then, holding a Paramount chicken, she declared, "I'm telling you, this bird right here would have passed my mama's inspection."

By the end of the seventies, Paramount was running a TV commercial that reminded me of one for the clothing store Barney's New York which featured the future chieftain of Barney's: the latter showed the boy Barney daydreaming about his playmates, who were all going to need good clothes when they eventually fulfilled their destiny as celebrities, and the Paramount commercial began with a nineteen-twenties street scene in which, according to an offscreen announcer, "a young man dreams of a better chicken." The young man was then depicted showing a senior co-worker at a Paramount poultry packinghouse a prepared fresh chicken with a label he had just devised for it, and saying, "George! George! Every time people see the name Paramount, they'll know the chicken's fresh and named Paramount. It'll tell them the chicken's plump and juicy." George replied, "And costly," and asked, "Ernie, for a chicken will people pay more?" At that, the announcer's voice intoned, "For fifty years, people have been paying more for the chickens named Paramount." The commercial ended with George, shown behind a wire screen at a warehouse, calling out, "Ernie! Ernie! Your chickens live better than we do!"—a comment evidently meant not only as praise for the quality of Paramount chickens but also as a challenge to Perdue's claim "My chickens eat better than people do."

In February of 1982, a commercial put out by Showell Farms, of Showell, Maryland, which had introduced a brand of chicken called Cookin' Good, openly jeered at the notion of Perdue's chickens' having to compete with the popularity of Cookin' Good chickens. It opened with an announcer's voice calling out, over a closeup of a Cookin' Good label, "Frank! Oh, Frank! It's Cookin' Good chicken again!" Then, over a shot of a Perdue chicken and a Cookin' Good chicken baking side by side in a roaster pan, the announcer's voice went on, "Want to see something amazing? Both chickens look great, don't they? Ours and yours. But in a taste test with over hree hundred and fifty women most aid Cookin' Good tastes better than ’erdue."

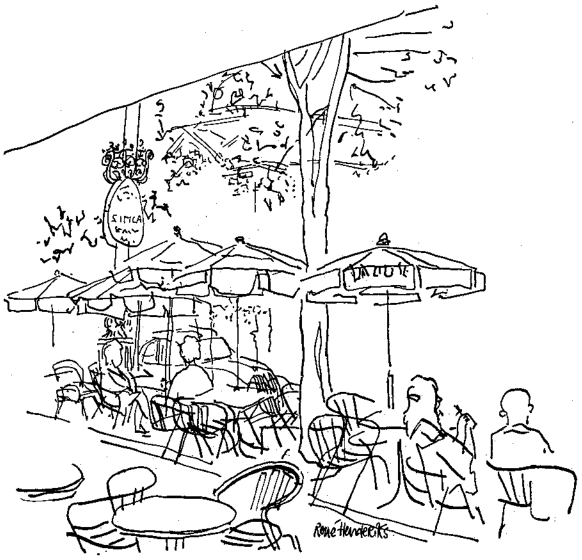
That spring, Paramount hit out at oth Perdue and Cookin' Good in a ommercial that featured animated rawings of chickens and began, with eliberate condescension, "We at Paramount Poultry know you can buy hicken from a man who says he's ough . . . or chickens that say they aste better than the tough man's." Iere another voice repeats a Cookin' Good declaration: "This is no longr a one-chicken town." The anouncer's voice then goes on, "But nly chickens hand-selected of preium quality get to be Paramount. In act, we think our fresh delicious hicken is superior" to all others. Here rooster is heard crowing. "That's vhy it's called Paramount."

The brand-name chicken battle on ΓV intensified in 1982, when Holly 'arms, then the second-largest hicken producer in the country, deided to move into the New York arket. In the words of an account xecutive at Grey Advertising, the gency handling the account, Holly 'arms, which had been concentrating s sales efforts in the South, "was nterested in making a big-time imge" in the chicken business. To make suitably big-time impression, Holly 'arms began running a series of lightearted commercials that featured Diah Shore. Then, in the late summer f that year, in a less lighthearted ein, it struck out at the Perdue Farms laims about the color of its chickens. n a radio commercial, Holly Farms dvised listeners that if they had the ime to shop around for the best fresh hicken they should look for "a hicken with a healthy golden color," ot a chicken that was "too ale" and not one "with an unatural yellow color." In Febuary of 1984, the National Advertising Division of the Council of Better Business Bueaus reported in its monthly ewsletter that "a competitor" f Perdue had complained to he council about the Perdue ommercials suggesting that is chickens were yellower han others because they were ealthier. According to the reort, an executive of Perdue 'arms responded to the comlaint by agreeing "to share echnical information" that vould substantiate Perdue's 'yellow" claim. Subsequently, however, the Perdue company informed the National Advertising Division that, in the words of the report, "advertising featuring these claims for the natural yellow color of the brand had been discontinued," and that therefore, in accordance with N.A.D. procedures, Perdue Farms would not be submitting any substantiation of the claims made for the color of Perdue chickens. The report added that if the company decided to resume the use of those claims in the future it would supply substantiation for them.

William H. Lucas, a vice-president of Grey Advertising, who is in charge of the Holly Farms account, conceded to me a while ago that the competitor responsible for the challenge to Perdue's "yellow" claims was Holly Farms. "Holly felt this was a misleading claim," he told me. "Perdue was implying in its commercials that if a chicken didn't have this yellow color that chicken was inferior. That's just not true. The color is determined basically by what's in the feed." Lucas said that most Holly Farms chickens were probably paler than Perdue chickens, but that they were a "lifelike, more chickenlike" yellow. This paler shade tends to be preferred by customers in the markets where Holly Farms predominates, he said. "Our distribution reaches from New York to the Midwest, to Southern states, and as far west as Texas, and we change our color ever so slightly according to consumer preference in a particular market." Louise Marazzi, a marketing specialist who has worked on the Holly Farms account at Grey, explained, "In Atlanta, they prefer their chicken looking relatively white. When you get to Washington and Baltimore, it becomes more fifty-fifty, and by the time you get to New York you find a strong preference for yellow chickens."

Quite apart from the Holly Farms complaint, Perdue Farms had begun to realize that the bright-yellow color of its chickens had a certain disadvantage, because some people tended to associate a yellow chicken with a fat chicken. And since the popularity of chicken was increasing not only because it was relatively cheap but also because people were eating more low-cholesterol foods, some shoppers might have begun to prefer a paler chicken to one with what a Holly Farms commercial had called "an unnatural yellow color." "We were getting letters saying, 'Your chickens are too fat,' because the writers of those letters were calling yellow fat," Perdue told me. In the early nineteen-eighties, partly in response to those complaints, Perdue started what he called a "fat lab," to study what could be done to reduce the proportion of fat in his chickens, and his people tried a number of ways to achieve this, among them changes in breeding and further alterations in the chicken feed. While Perdue was analyzing what he called "a tremendous amount of data on fat" in his and his competitors' chickens, Bo Pilgrim, a chicken producer in Pittsburg, Texas, began appearing in television commercials in the South and Southwest urging housewives to buy the "guaranteed leaner chicken" being produced by his company, Pilgrim's Pride. Pilgrim's chicken came to be low-fat not through some elaborate breeding program but simply through the use of a high-protein, low-calorie feed and the removal of some abdominal fat after butchering. Pilgrim's Pride, by advertising its chicken as low-fat, was able not only to promote its birds as delightfully lean but also to add a premium of several cents a pound to the price of the defatted birds. It was almost as good a device for Pilgrim's Pride sales as marigold petals had been for the Maine chicken producers and then for Perdue. At about this time, the Holly Farms people began planning to market a low-fat (and higher-priced) chicken of their own.

By the beginning of 1986, Holly Farms, whose sales in the New York metropolitan area had begun to make a dent in those of Perdue Farms, was



ready to introduce a TV-commercial campaign for its low-fat chickens in the Northeast. When Perdue somehow learned this, he decided on a pre-emptive strike. In late February of 1986, Sam Scali was quoted in the trade journal *Adweek* as saying, "Frank called me and said, 'Let's go. I wanna be out there tomorrow' " with a low-fat campaign. Galvanized into a crash program, the agency people had two TV commercials for Perdue low-fat chickens prepared and on the air within a week—exactly one day before Holly Farms began its own TV campaign for low-fat chicken. "Frank Perdue, when he has something, he wants to do it," *Adweek* quoted Pesky as commenting. "Frank is determined always to be the guy on top."

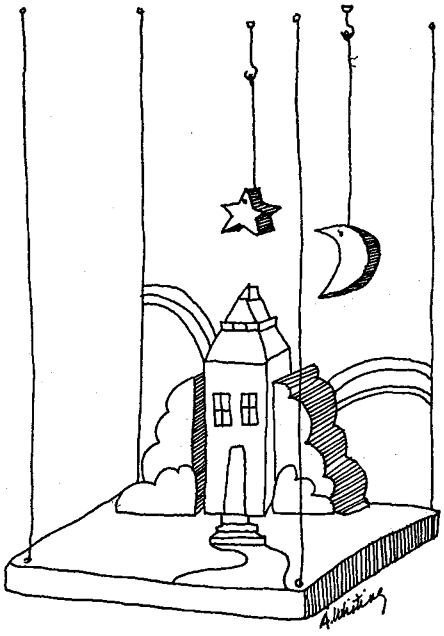
In the first of the two low-fat-chicken commercials, Perdue declared, "I hate pudgy poultry," and, holding up a Perdue bird, said, "So, to make sure my chickens have less fat than any others you can buy," they were being raised "on a special new high-protein, low-calorie diet." In addition, he said, he had removed "excess fat" from his chickens, including "even the flab in each bird's belly," because "I'm all for a chicken in every pot but not a pot on every chicken." In the second commercial, Perdue said, "Fat legs, chubby thighs, and flabby bellies have always turned me off. So I opened the first chicken-fat laboratory, where Perdue fat experts work to improve diet and breeding." Perdue then moved to a counter with chickens on it and, picking one up, declared that "the result is this beauty, a tender delicious bird that now has less fat than any other chicken." After a pause, he looked at the chicken and said, "Now, *that's* attractive." The commercial ended with a closeup of a wrapped Perdue bird with a sticker on it reading "Perdue's New Lower-Fat Chicken" and the sound of a wolf whistle.

One of the Holly Farms commercials that the Perdue campaign had beaten by a day featured Dinah Shore exercising vigorously and saying, "This is hard—how do the *chickens* do it?" An offscreen announcer then explained, "They don't exercise. Holly Farms trims away the excess fat." In another commercial, Miss Shore observed between bites of a piece of Holly Farms chicken, "But they didn't trim away the great taste!"

From Holly Farms headquarters, Bill Rusch, who had long been the company's director of marketing (Rusch died last fall), told a reporter for *Adweek* that for two weeks prior to the new Perdue campaign Holly Farms had been buying Perdue low-fat chickens and comparing them with its own low-fat chickens sold in the same markets, and that "there's no damned difference" between them. In addition to its commercials, Holly Farms took out a full-page ad in newspapers in New York and other cities which featured a picture of a smiling Dinah Shore holding a chicken leg in one hand and, in the other, a folded copy of the *Times*. Above the picture was a big head:

It's in the Papers:
No Chicken Is Lower in Fat Than
Holly Farms Prime Whole Chicken

Below the picture, the text took a swipe at Perdue's claims by declaring that "to get a chicken with less fat, we never tamper with our chickens' diet or their genetic makeup, because that could affect the taste." The copy went on, "We simply trim away the excess fat," and added, "Our new Prime Whole Fryer has less fat but the same delicious taste as our regular chicken," and it concluded, "When you're the #1 chicken in America, why tamper with success." The issue of the *Times* shown folded in Miss Shore's hand was one that contained an article in which Marian Burros, a food critic for the paper, reported that, on the basis of a test conducted for the *Times*, "on average, both Perdue and Holly Farms lived up to their claims," and that while there were differences in the amount of fat reduction in the two brands the actual difference amounted to less than two grams of fat per average 4.6-ounce serving—"the amoun of fat in half a pat, or one-half teaspoon, of butter." The article als quoted Edward Naber, a professor o poultry science at Ohio State University, as noting that chickens with to little fat could yield meat that was dr and relatively flavorless. "The majo component of taste is bound in th fat," Professor Naber said, and h added, "Most chickens are going t taste about the same if they are equall fresh and have been handled in a similar way."



The Holly Farms advertisin caused the feathers to fly at Perdu headquarters. In reply to the print ads Perdue Farms took out, in the *Time* and other newspapers, full-page ad that were headed, in heavy type:

Perdue
Exposes
a Big
Fat Lie

"Some people will say anything t get you to buy their chickens," rea the ad. "Take Holly Farms. Now tha they remove a few pieces of flab fro their birds, they claim that you can' buy a chicken with less fat than theirs But the truth is, you get a chicke with less fat when you buy Perdue." The ad went on to denounce "mer poultry puffery" intended to concea the fact that "my Perdue chickens ar fed a high-protein, low-calorie diet n other chickens eat," which make them "the lowest-fat chicken yo can buy"—a fact "proven repeatedl through independently verified scientific tests on birds of equal weight." The text declared, "The three majo television networks have this evidenc in their possession," and added tha those reading the ad "might wonde why so many stations continue t broadcast Holly Farms commercial that are an obvious fat fabrication." I ended with the injunction "Don't as me. Why not pick up the phone an ask them?"

DURING the television campaign of the chicken wars, Frank Perdue has come to be regarded increasingly as more than a mere corporat spokesman given to instant homilie on TV; he has turned into a publi figure in his own right—a half-curmudgeonly, half-comic presence that recharged in thirty-second commercia bursts, has tended to linger in the public's mind. Indeed, Perdue's televisio appearances have made him as familia to TV watchers as many well-know politicians and Hollywood actors. An t appears that during this build-ıp of popularity Perdue himself, vhile retaining his domestic pri- racy, has been able to accom- nodate himself in certain ways o his increasingly public role.

When Perdue first appeared efore the TV cameras, he be- aved rather awkwardly and lis- ened carefully to the directions f the advertising-agency direc- ors on the set. Then, as it ecame obvious that his commer- ials were a popular success, his nanner on the set became con- iderably more self-confident. \lthough he kept insisting to the cali, McCabe, Sloves people hat his growing status as a TV igure was "just part of the job," t seems to have become a bit nore than that to him. Wher- ver Perdue goes, "people more r less identify with him," ac- ording to McCabe, who often sed to accompany Perdue on his ravels. "They come up to him: Can I have an autograph for my on, my daughter?' 'I tried *this* preparation of Perdue chicken], tried *that*. I liked *this*. I loved *this* ommercial. I didn't like *that* commer- ial.' " McCabe, who had written the ommercials that the people were com- enting on, found these encounters rofessionally bemusing. "Frank Per- ue gets preferential treatment wher- ver he goes, and I see that when we o anywhere together," McCabe told ne, adding, "And everybody says, Who's this little guy he's taking long?' "

Perdue recalled that McCabe had nce cautioned him about the loss of rivacy that television exposure might ccasion. "He warned me," Perdue aid. "But I'm so taken up with the usiness of business that if going on elevision would sell more product and nake our company a faster-growing ompany I guessed I would go for it, nd I did. I advertised in Baltimore nd Washington last, even though hey were the closest to where my eadquarters were, in Maryland— artly because I wanted to maintain ny private life as much as I could in ny own area. My family were French luguenots, and they've been in my rea"—The Delmarva Peninsula— 'since the mid-sixteen-hundreds. I ove the area, I'm proud of my roots, nd I value my privacy there. What eople might think about me in some reas I don't care so much, but I care bout my own area, the Eastern Shore, which has a total population of perhaps a hundred and fifty thousand. So I came into Baltimore and Washington last. The cable was bringing the advertising to Dover and Salisbury in my area, and I finally thought, Why should I haul chickens right through Baltimore and Washington as far north as Buffalo when I could sell them in Baltimore and Washington? I finally yielded to that. Now I have a home in Ocean City, and when I walk the beaches . . . I used to jog on the beach. You go fast enough so that people won't bother you. I didn't want my privacy invaded—something people feel they're entitled to, and in a sense are. But as far as it has affected me I don't think I'm a different person."

McCabe told me that some corporate heads who appear in television commercials to plug their companies' products "begin to believe that the image has become the reality." He explained, "They become different. They begin to believe that the public attention they get is directed toward them as people. But this isn't true. The attention is directed at their notoriety, at the advertising in which these people appear. If they weren't seen on commercials and in the public view, people wouldn't be coming up to them for autographs."

Of Perdue's reaction to the public recognition, McCabe said, "He's pretty good at dealing with it, although he sometimes gets caught up in his own glamour. It could be worse—I'm not saying it's a big problem." Nevertheless, he said, Perdue had begun to display a growing impatience with the process of creating his commercials. "It's the attitude. You're a star. You've made hundreds of commercials. Suddenly, you think you can do it in your sleep—'Ugh, I've done all this.' Frank has developed a take-charge attitude in the making of his commercials. He thinks he knows a lot about advertising, about acting—he's that kind of guy. But it's not true, and sometimes he has to be reminded of it. And he'll admit this off camera, but on camera he's tense, he's afraid of doing it wrong and being criticized. The more commercials we've done on Frank Perdue, the more he thinks he knows himself as he appears in his advertising, and he begins to perceive himself in a certain way. In the course of his daily life, he may say something in an off moment, in a moment of vulnerability, and I'll seize on it as the essence of a piece of advertising, and I'll take it to him and he'll say, 'I wouldn't say that.' Because he can't recognize himself *as* himself—just the image of himself. It's as though he couldn't see the real self anymore. He can't believe the believable self. It

JUST MARRIED
Bernard Schoenbaum

• •

PURE
NOB HILL,
PURE
SAN FRANCISCO

HUNTINGTON
HOTEL
NOB HILL, SAN FRANCISCO 94108
Member of Small Luxury Hotels
(415) 474-5400

HOTEL Algonquin
THEATRE DINING
Delightful Pre-theatre Dinner
Superb After-theatre Supper
from 9:30 p.m.: the Rose Room
Sunday Supper with
singer/pianist Buck Buchholz,
5:30 p.m. – 11 p.m.
59 W. 44th St., New York • 840-6800
Pre-theatre Diners and Dinner Guests (to 9:30)
Enjoy Free Parking all Evening (5:00 p.m. – 2 a.m.)

WOMANSHIP
Learn to Sail Cruises
for and by women
Virgin Islands • Chesapeake Bay • Florida
Long Island • Pacific Northwest
"Womanship . . . the unique philosophy that confidence and team work are as important as the skills learned."
Yacht Racing and Cruising "Who's Who in Sailing," June 1985
137 Conduit St., Annapolis, MD 21401 (301) 269-0784

Exclusive Vacation Home Rentals
Martha's Vineyard
Vacation Rentals
617 693-4111
Box 1769N, Vineyard Haven, MA 02568

takes an outsider to say to him, 'That's you.' I remember that Frank and I were driving down a country road together, and Frank saw a Perdue truck parked by the side of the road, and he was going crazy, talking into his CB radio and trying to find out where the driver was. I made a commercial out of that—about Perdue truck drivers stopping for coffee on the road and Frank lying in wait in the bushes, trying to hustle them on their way. And he didn't like that at all. He said, 'People will think I'm this horrible guy who's doing this.' I said, 'But, Frank, you *did* it—that's the way you *are.*' Anyway, the commercial was made. Another time, we did the commercial where we showed him stealing feed samples from a farmer so he could analyze what his competitors were feeding their chickens. He didn't want to do that commercial. I said, 'You did it' "—stole the samples—" 'to find out how to make a better product.' And on the commercial he's openly admitting that he was doing something unacceptable for the sake of quality. Well, that's Frank. Other spokesmen would never admit to anything like that. They would never admit doing anything a little bit suspect."

Perdue's initial reaction to the commercial in which he comes home, pops four Perdue Cornish Game Hens into the oven, and then ushers three pretty young women into the house was similarly unenthusiastic. He told me that when he first saw the storyboard for that commercial he said to McCabe, " 'I don't want to do this.' He said, 'Why?' I said, 'I don't like the overtones. I mean, three gals come to see a guy for dinner—why don't you have two girls come to the door?' McCabe said, 'Because it won't be as memorable.' Well, McCabe was right. That commercial won the award for the best under-sixty-second commercial of the year. To me, it was just another job—another part of doing business."

PERDUE's conviction about the virtues of "the business of business," combined with his recognition of the commercial effectiveness of his chicken-king TV persona, seems at times to have prevailed over considerations that might have inhibited a less self-confident businessman. Back in the late nineteen-sixties, when he was preparing to enter the New York market, he concentrated his initial efforts on getting his chickens into retail butcher shops rather than into supermarkets because he reckoned that local butchers could be persuaded to charge a premium price for his chickens, while the supermarkets might refuse. When Perdue's TV ads began to catch on, a citywide distributor called Dial Meat Purveyors, of Brooklyn, which also did business under the name Dial Poultry, made overtures to Perdue about distributing his chickens to supermarkets and other retail outlets. For some time, Perdue, claiming that he wasn't producing chickens in sufficient volume to satisfy Dial's needs, did not respond to these overtures. In 1985, in a deposition made to investigators for the President's Commission on Organized Crime, which President Reagan created in 1983, Perdue indicated that his reluctance to deal with Dial in this early period actually had to do with a widely rumored connection between the operations of Dial and those of La Cosa Nostra. Perdue said in his deposition:

> It was fairly common knowledge that Dial was owned or run by or operated by Paul Castellano, Jr., and that he was associated in some way—I don't remember exactly how—with the Mafia, so therefore I avoided selling to him. I just felt, look there is no need getting involved with people like that where I may have a problem. So I avoided him for several years.

Presumably, the "people like that" included Paul Castellano, Sr. He was widely considered to be the boss of the Gambino crime family, whose interests included big-time loan-sharking operations and the corrupt manipulation of several unions. Paul Castellano, Sr., had no formal position with Dial Poultry, but as head of the Gambino crime family he came to wield an indirect influence over the meat business in New York which was, according to the report of the Crime Commission, "formidable."

Although Perdue steered shy of contacts with Dial Poultry for some time—while his advertising agency continued to churn out successful TV commercials for him, and his sales increased rapidly in independent New York butcher shops and groceries—he did begin in the early nineteen-seventies to make strenuous efforts to gain a share of the fresh-chicken business in chain supermarkets in the metropolitan area. During that period, Perdue approached a man named Pasquale Conte, who has been on the board of directors of, and has owned a number of supermarkets in, the Key Food Co-operative. Although the final report of the Crime Commission stated that there was no evidence of Perdue's havng been aware of such a connection, Conte, according to the report, "is also a *capo* in the . . . Gambino family" of La Cosa Nostra. (On February 17th of this year, Conte was arrested by the Federal Bureau of Investigation as one of the men suspected of ordering the shooting, in Greenwich Village several days earlier, of Pietro Alfano, one of the defendants then on trial in the "pizza connection" case, involving the operation of a heroin-distribution ring n this country. The charges were ubsequently dropped.) In any event, Perdue did not succeed in placing his chickens in Conte's supermarkets.

Meanwhile, Dial Poultry continued o express interest in distributing Perdue products. According to the Crime Commission's report, some time after Perdue had unsuccessfully approached Conte for business Paul Castellano, Sr., n the company of another son, Joeph—a co-owner with Paul, Jr., of Dial Poultry—talked with Perdue at a ood-industry conference at the Conord Hotel, in the Catskills, and, Perdue later recalled in his deposition, ndicated to Perdue that "we would ike to buy your product." Perdue gain begged off, on the ground that his company "did not have enough roduct to go around." He later testified, however, that he had known that Paul Castellano, Sr., and his son were umored to be "associated with the Mafia," but added that the supposed onnection was "pure conjecture." In ny case, he had felt confident that he ould continue to do business in New York without having to use Dial Poultry.

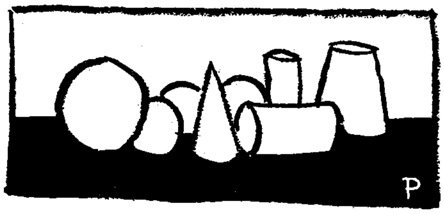
As time passed and the demand for Perdue chickens continued to expand, however, Perdue decided, according to he Crime Commission's report, that he should do business with Dial Poulry after all. He declared in his deposiion that others in the chicken business who were using Dial and whom he onsidered reliable believed that Dial had an "excellent reputation." So, he went on:

> I started saying to myself, Why houldn't I have some of that business that ther people have? Because there were ther people selling Dial. . . . Why houldn't I sell them? I was never forced o sell them.

In 1976, then, Perdue began to deal with Dial Poultry—an arrangement hat helped him to get his brand-name resh chickens into more New York upermarkets. And Perdue claimed beore the Crime Commission that since he had begun dealing with Dial he had had no significant difficulties in his business relationship with Dial.

Dial Poultry was not the only business with close ties to the Gambino crime family which Perdue was eventually to deal with. In the early nineteen-eighties, after avoiding the connection for several years, he began to do business with another company that, like Dial, had been eager to do business with him. This outfit was Quarex Industries, a grocery retailer and wholesale meat-and-poultry distributor in the New York metropolitan area which had been organized in 1963 under the name Ranchers Packing Corporation. Quarex controls several wholly owned subsidiaries that operate a number of high-volume retail stores in the New York area. Quarex is reckoned to be a big force in the New York meat business; in 1984, it had net sales of about seventy-eight million five hundred thousand dollars from its wholesale-meat operations and thirty million eight hundred thousand from its retail-grocery business, and it has been traded in the New York over-the-counter market since 1983. The controlling interest in Quarex stock is held by Frank Castellana, its president, and four other men, all five of them sons of Peter Castellana, Sr., who, according to the report of the President's Crime Commission, is not only the sales manager of Quarex but also a cousin of Paul Castellano, Sr., and a member of the Gambino family of La Cosa Nostra. (Different spellings of surnames are said to be common in Mafia families.) Peter Castellana, Sr., had been convicted of selling adulterated meat in the early nineteen-fifties, and, in 1961, of federal bankruptcy fraud in connection with forcing another meat-supply company out of business.

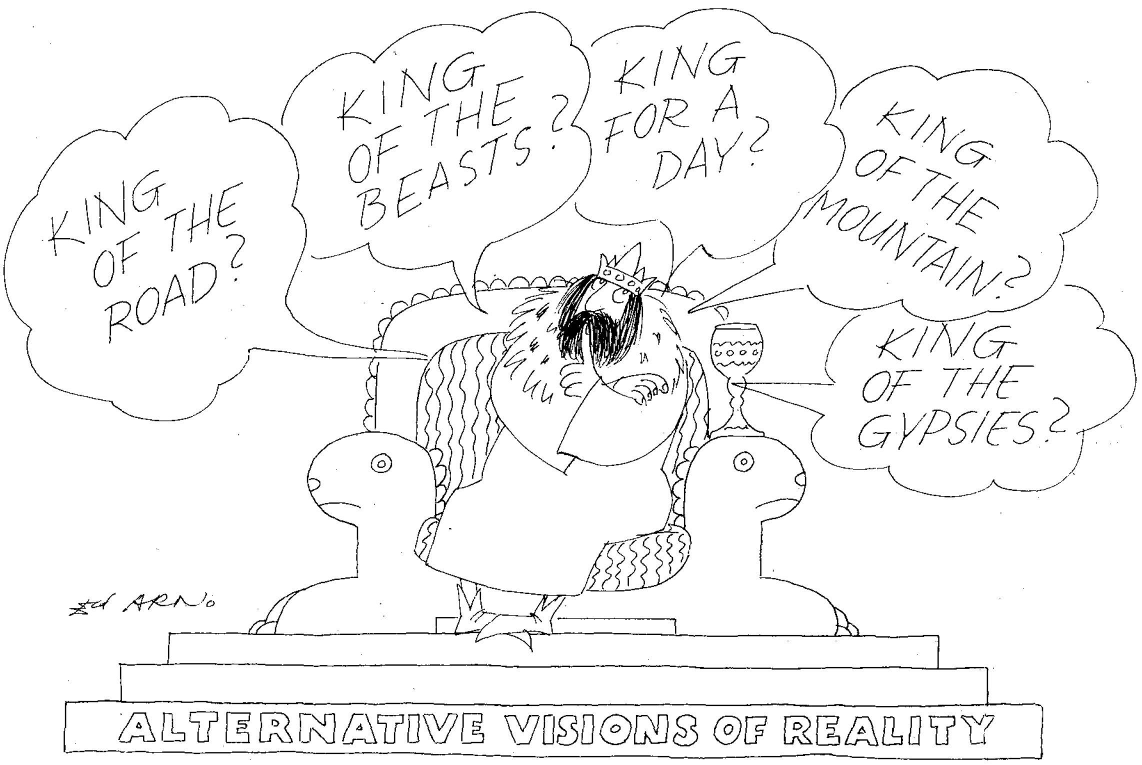
In his deposition before representatives of the Crime Commission in 1985, Perdue said he was certain that, although Joseph Castellana was supposedly running Quarex, Peter Castellana, Sr., in fact controlled the company. According to what Perdue told the Crime Commission investigators, Peter Castellana, Sr., "was considered in the industry not to be as honest, shall we say, as Paul [Castellano, Sr.]. . . . And the only way we would sell him, we had to have the money up front. . . . When we found out he would give us the money up front, we decided we would sell him. After all, that was another, you know, two or three or four loads"—truckloads of Perdue chicken—"a week."



The Crime Commission's report, after describing Perdue's dealings with Peter Castellana, Sr., stated that "there is no evidence in the Commission's possession that Perdue knew, or yet knows, of any relationship between Castellana and the LCN"—La Cosa Nostra. But since Perdue had described Peter Castellana, Sr., to representatives of the Crime Commission as being "about as bad as there is," and since he had gone to such extreme lengths in checking on the people he was planning to do business with in TV advertising, his presumed ignorance about Quarex and Castellana, Sr. (whose court history was a matter of public record), seems to show an astonishingly uncharacteristic lack of inquisitiveness on Perdue's part.

In 1980, Perdue, who was far from enthusiastic about labor unions, felt that he had a problem with attempts by the United Food and Commercial Workers International Union to organize his plant in Accomac, Virginia. After a vote was scheduled for October of that year, on whether the plant's workers should join the union, Perdue, according to union officials, did not rehire workers who had honored picket lines set up by the Teamsters Union as part of an attempt to organize truck drivers at the plant. The vote was cancelled, and the union called for a boycott of Perdue products. The boycott began in December, at just about the time Perdue was planning to open a restaurant in Queens—Perdue Chicken. As part of the boycott, a vice-president of the U.F.C.W. called on executives of big retail food-market chains in New York and asked them to support the boycott by not selling Perdue products. Perdue told the Crime Commission that most of the chains complied with the union request by reducing the number of special sales of Perdue products.

At this time, according to the Crime Commission report, Perdue decided to approach Paul Castellano, Sr., for help in dealing with the U.F.C.W.'s attempt to organize the workers at the Accomac plant. A meeting with Castellano was arranged through his son, Paul Castellano, Jr. In subsequent questioning of Perdue by representa-


KING OF THE ROAD?
KING OF THE BEASTS?
KING FOR A DAY?
KING OF THE MOUNTAIN?
KING OF THE GYPSIES?
Ed Arno
ALTERNATIVE VISIONS OF REALITY

tives of the President's Crime Commission, this exchange took place:

Q: Why did you go to Paul Castellano, Senior?

A: I don't know. I just thought—you know, they have long tentacles, shall we say, and I figured he may be able to help.

Q: When you say they have long tentacles, as an organized crime figure?

A: Yeah. Mafia and the mob.

Q: Before meeting Paul Castellano, Senior, had anybody told you what his position was within the Mafia?

A: Oh, there were rumors that he had succeeded to the position that Carlo Gambino had, and that it was taken by someone else. And I knew there was a relationship somehow with the Gambino family. I didn't know exactly what . . .

Q: What did you think Castellano was going to be able to do for the Perdue Company?

A: Oh, I don't know. I didn't know if he could help us or not. I was concerned about my plant and being able to operate.

According to Perdue, Paul Castellano, Sr., indicated that he doubted if he could be of help, because, as Perdue paraphrased his response, Accomac was "pretty far away" from New York. Perdue told the Crime Commission that Castellano "obviously didn't help" resolve his labor problem at Accomac.

Carol Tucker Foreman, who is now the head of a government-affairs consulting company in Washington, and who, as assistant secretary for food and consumer services at the Department of Agriculture during the Carter Administration, had a number of dealings with Frank Perdue and his company, had this to say to me a while ago: "All up and down the Delmarva Peninsula, and in plants in that general area given over to poultry production, poultry workers get paid just barely the minimum wage. If they're organized, they get a little more than that—the union will get them some extra benefits such as retirement and health insurance. From my days of dealing with government meat-inspection people, I'd say that Perdue runs a first-class operation in terms of efficiency. But, in general, poultry slaughter and processing involves unpleasant, terrible work. Even so, plant workers are very hard to organize. You know, it's no mistake where most of the plants are located—over on the Eastern Shore. Overwhelmingly, the workers in the area are black women. Most of these people are getting three and a half an hour, or doing a little better than they would in other parts of the local economy, but it is miserable, awful work."

Nonetheless, Mrs. Foreman said that she had found, in her governmental experience with Perdue's company, that "Perdue does run a clean operation, in terms of sanitation—as these things go, he's topnotch." She said that while she personally had found Perdue to be "not a pleasant fellow," as a government official in charge of a meat-and-poultry-inspection program sh found that "his was good company to dea with." She added "The union peopl don't have that view obviously. They consider Perdue to be th equivalent of a plantation owner." It shoul be noted that Mrs Foreman's husband Jay Foreman, is vice-president of th United Food an Commercial Worker Union.

Perdue met wit Paul Castellano, Sr again, about anothe aspect of his labo difficulties. His restaurant in Queens wa due to open in February of 1981, and i support of the struggle to organize th Accomac plant th U.F.C.W. made it known that planned to picket the restaurant o opening day. At a meeting at a hot near LaGuardia Airport, which, according to the Crime Commission report, was also attended by the Gambino *capo* Thomas Bilotti, Perdu asked Paul Castellano, Sr., if he coul help in any way with this problen According to Perdue, Castellano agai indicated that he didn't know whethe he could be of help; and he clearl didn't help, for the restaurant wa picketed by fifty union people on opening day, and the picketing went on fo two weeks. The union has never succeeded in organizing Perdue worker

The Crime Commission's repor having noted after its account of Perdue's dealings with Peter Castellana, Sr., that the Commission had n evidence that Perdue knew of any relationship between Castellana and L Cosa Nostra, went on to state tha "Perdue is hardly unique in his willingness to do business with a compan in a legitimate industry, even where person controlling that company has reputation in that industry for significant criminal activity," and that "th sheer volume and extent of Quarex operations make clear that many legitimate businessmen, including Perdu have found it to be reliable in its conduct of business transactions wit them." At the conclusion of a chapte in its report on the meat-and-poultr ndustry, however, the Crime Commission pointed to the difference between the position of legitimate retailrs "who lack the resources to bypass hese mob-controlled companies and eal directly with legitimate producrs" and "have no choice but to do usiness with the mob if they wish remain in the industry" and the ehavior of larger producers "who nowingly seek out these companies olely to insure expansion of their georaphic market and to enhance their rofits" and "have no comparable jusfication for their actions."

On the day the Crime Commission ssued its report, March 6, 1986, Perue was unavailable to reporters, but a statement issued that evening by is public-relations firm, R. C. Auletta Co., Perdue was quoted as emphazing that he had "voluntarily coöpated with the commission in every spect." He also was quoted as saying at in his meetings with Paul Castelno, Sr., he had reached "no agreeents or understandings of any kind," d that "in hindsight, I should never ave had the meetings."

When the Crime Commission reort was released, newspaper reporters und that they were unable to reach ther Paul Castellano, Jr., or Joseph astellano for comment. As for Paul astellano, Sr., he had been fatally nned down the previous December tside a steak house on New York's ast Side. Shot with him was Thomas ilotti—the man who had attended e 1981 meeting at the LaGuardia irport hotel in which Frank Pere unavailingly asked Paul Castella, Sr., for help in settling his union fficulties at the restaurant in Queens. t the time of the murder, Paul astellano, Sr., was being tried in anhattan on federal racketeering arges and was facing four other inctments, on federal and state crimil matters. Peter Castellana, Sr., hen he was reached by a reporter for e Washington *Post* and told that the rime Commission report had named m as a member of the Gambino ime family, was quoted as saying, hat's not true," and as denying that s company had any close ties to the afia. "We've been in business for rty years," he said. "We work six ys a week."

The day after the release of the rime Commission's report, radio tions were continuing to carry a mmercial, prepared by the Scali, cCabe, Sloves people, that began ith Perdue doing a deliberately terrible James Cagney-style mobster routine: "You dirty rats. You shot my brother." Perdue then gave a quick laugh and went on, "Imitations certainly are not my strong point. But if you think *I'm* bad you should get a load of my competition. They do one of the worst imitations of my Frank Perdue Oven Stuffer Roasters that I've ever seen." Two days after the release of the report, Richard Auletta, the head of Perdue's public-relations firm, said that Perdue's company had decided to drop the commercial from the air, because it was "inappropriate at this moment."

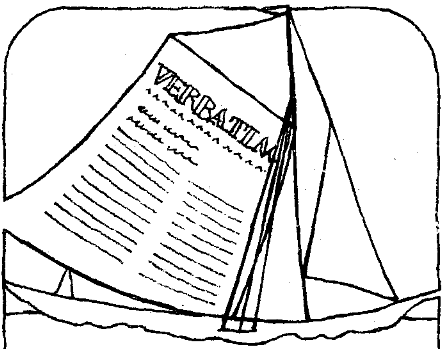
WHATEVER Perdue's labor problems, and whatever the adverse publicity resulting from the report of the President's Commission on Organized Crime, they appear to have had no perceptible effect on the popularity of Perdue chickens and chicken products. (Annual sales of Perdue Farms are now in excess of nine hundred and fifty million dollars.) And by now the television image of Perdue, furrowed of brow and wryly assertive in his squawky voice, seems indestructible—testimony to what Alan Pesky has called "the very big trust factor with Frank" among TV watchers and among buyers of Perdue chicken. When I spoke to Ed McCabe about this factor, he said, "I think Perdue has become a folk hero." Offscreen, Perdue seems to be regarded as more of a star than ever—recognized and importuned for autographs wherever he walks or dines, cheered and photographed whenever he appears at openings of new supermarkets or comparable occasions. "We have a ton of research on awareness and attitudes and perceptions of Frank among the public," McCabe told me. "It's record-shattering. Every measurement—awareness, share of market, sales—is just breathtaking. We've got nearly one-hundred-per-cent brand awareness and close to one-hundred-per-cent advertising awareness, and the perception is that the product is the best in the category, far and away."

Speaking of what a celebrity Perdue has become, Richard Auletta told me, "I've been down the street with him, and truck drivers and cabdrivers will lean out and shout, 'Hey, Frank, I love your chickens!' or 'Boy, that commercial was great!' And people will stop him and say, 'You know, your chickens are so wonderful.' He gets love letters about his products. We could show you a sampling. On those

This is the life.

This is the resort that's one of a kind. With a five-star welcome and three 18-hole championship golf courses, 19 tennis courts, and superb dining. Plus horseback riding, trout fishing, skeet and trap, swimming pools, even its own Spa, all on 16,000 glorious Allegheny acres. Ask your travel agent or call us toll-free: 800-336-5771, in Virginia 800-542-5734.

THE HOMESTEAD®
Hot Springs, Virginia 24445



. . . for sale
VERBATIM 4 LAUREL HTS NM OLD LYME, CT 06371 $14.00 a year
The Language Quarterly
FOR SUBSCRIPTION ONLY: 1-800-372-0400 EXT 3

BLUE STRAWBERRY
Dining by reservations only. 603-431-6420
Restored 1797 ship's chandlery overlooking the harbor
Liquors and Wines Portsmouth, N.H.

"LONDON . . .
I usually stay at the Dorchester or, if I'm feeling frugal and want understatement and comfort, at
NUMBER SIXTEEN Hotel."*
16 Sumner Pl. London SW7 Tel. 01-5895232
*From Bill Fine "Travel & Leisure"

rare occasions when there are letters of complaint, invariably the letters begin with an apology." Auletta said that part of his firm's work on the account consisted in "how to selectively utilize Frank" in coping with the many requests for Perdue to make speeches and recommending where he should agree to appear.

All this is not to imply that the kind of "recognition value" achieved in Perdue's case can be achieved merely through huge corporate expenditure on TV advertising. In speaking of the TV campaigns that have made Perdue such a celebrity, and of chief executive officers of other companies who might wish to equal that success through TV advertising, McCabe told me, "When you do something like this for a client, everybody wants you to do tha for *him.*" But in many cases, h said, potential clients seemed mor interested in celebrity than in sales "They're asking, 'Make me a star.' A soon as you do a big campaign using the head of a company, every egomaniac comes up here wanting to b put on television. We talked to on guy—the head of a retail furnitur chain. He *really* wanted to be on television. A couple of weeks after I saw him here in New York, I ran into him in a restaurant in Miami, where I was having dinner with Frank Perdue This furniture man was going o about whether we were trying to ge his account. He was being a pain an interfering with our dinner, and h said to me, 'Well, are you interested i our account? Are you going to put m on television?' I said 'No.' He sai 'Why not?' and I said 'You don't loo like a sofa.' " On such judgments ca hinge the spending of tens of million of advertising dollars.

—THOMAS WHITESID

•

FULLER EXPLANATION DEPT.
(BRITISH DIVISION)

[*Charles Reiss in the London Evenin Standard*]

But it was before their breakfast together that the president showed he ha his fingers crossed for a third win in a ro for Mrs Thatcher on Thursday.

Questioned by newsmen before the breakfast talks began, Mr Reagan w asked whether he was confident the Prin Minister would win again.

He replied with a baseball imag "Never talk about a no-hitter while it going on."

That, once British journalists had puzzled it out, means you don't tempt fa when a player is on the way to making complete round without being knocke out.

"An international anthem to the victory of the human will... immensely readable."—Susan Brownmiller

"Haunting, beautifully written." —Orville Schell

"A gripping, poignant chronicle of courage." —Stanley Karnow

"A triumph of the human spirit." —Arthur Miller

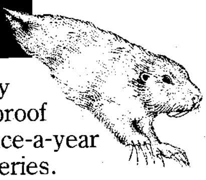
"Splendid, courageous." —Kay Boyle

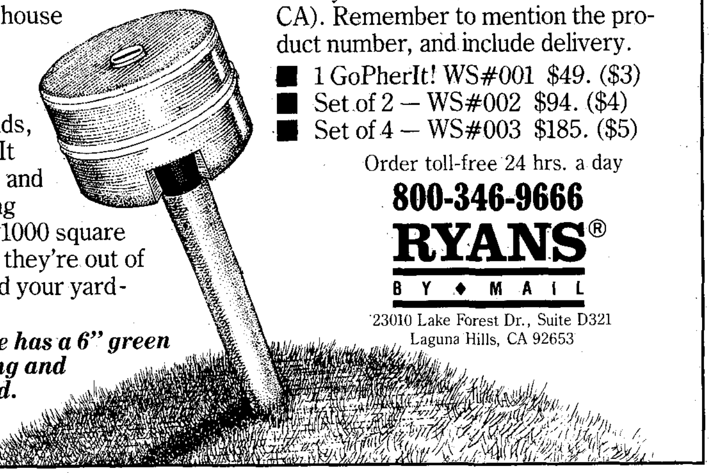
© Thomas Victor

LIFE AND DEATH IN SHANGHAI
NIEN CHENG

Book-of-the-Month Club
Main Selection

GROVE PRESS





BEAT GOPHERS WITH HIGH TECHNOLOGY.

You've worked hard to make your lawn and garden beautiful, but the only things coming up are those dirt mounds that announce—*you've got gophers!*

You can't surrender to these rodents. But gas, poisons and traps might hurt the kids or pets. And anyway, they'd only make you feel like a murderer.

Technology's solution is the GoPherIt.™ Unobtrusive to humans and house pets, this foot long invention emits a sound every 15 seconds, day and night. It drives gophers and other burrowing rodents within 1000 square yards so crazy, they're out of their holes - and your yard - forever! And the only servicing this waterproof device needs is a twice-a-year change of 4 "D" batteries.

Order it now with our 30 day, money-back return privilege. Better yet, order several. And this summer, clear your yard of gophers while you keep your conscience clean.

Credit card holders may order using the toll-free number below. Or send your check (add sales tax in CA). Remember to mention the product number, and include delivery.

- ■ 1 GoPherIt! WS#001 $49. ($3)
- ■ Set of 2 – WS#002 $94. ($4)
- ■ Set of 4 – WS#003 $185. ($5)

Order toll-free 24 hrs. a day
800-346-9666
RYANS®
BY ◆ MAIL
23010 Lake Forest Dr., Suite D321
Laguna Hills, CA 92653

Each 12" stake has a 6" green battery housing and weighs 1 pound.

THE THEATRE

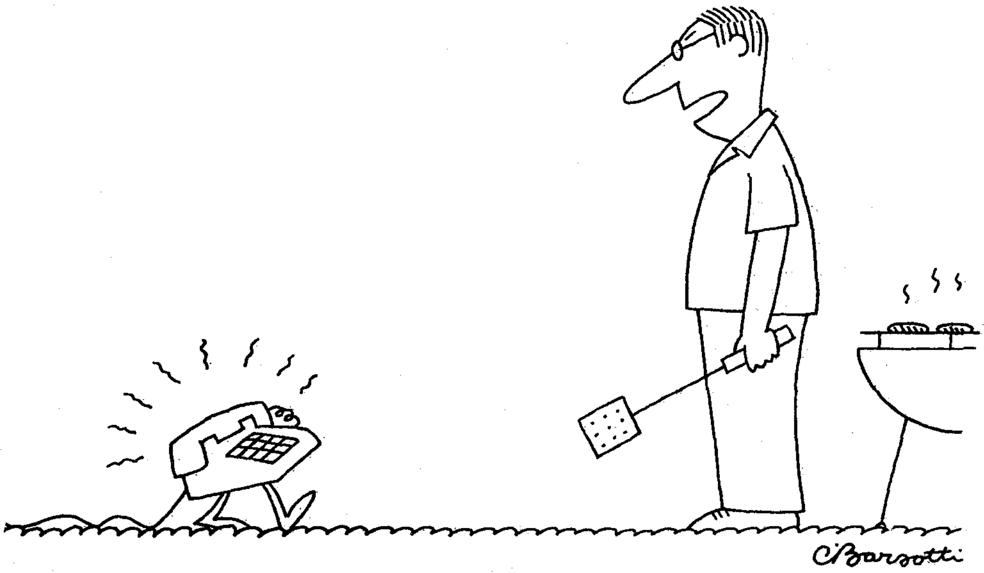
On "Broadway"

THERE was a charming air of mystery about the opening of "Broadway" last week at the Royale Theatre: no one seemed to know just where it had come from. An ad had appeared in the *Times* one morning, and when you rang the producer's office to ask why there hadn't been any advance notice about the how they explained that no one had been sure there would be money nough to put it on. "How sweet! How wonderfully M-G-M!" you hought. And you didn't remember ntil later that there'd been a reference n *Variety* to something called "Classic Broadway," produced in George Abott's honor at the Great Lakes Thetre Festival in Cleveland.

The revival of George Abbott and Philip Dunning's "Broadway," which losed after four performances, had Sonny Price in the leading role; in very other respect it was the Great Lakes production picked up and moved o New York, and it taught the lesson hat regional revivals can be every bit s bad as their homegrown counterarts. The mistake this production made was that of not trusting the audience: like so many New York revivals, it assumed a public too stupid to nderstand or appreciate the material. Broadway" is a period piece; it ought o have been played as a period piece, ot as a sort of pastiche of dramatic ichés. But everything in this producon of the play (which Mr. Abbott as credited with directing himself) onspired to make "Broadway" look ke a great big joke on itself: John zell's set, Jeanne Button's costumes, Donald Saddler's choreography, and, articularly, the performance of its ar.

Of course, a good deal in "Broaday" does seem to us like cliché: its oofer-hero/gangster-villain conflict, r instance, focussing on the fate of a rtuous chorus girl. Will Roy, a sime hoofer at the Paradise Night Club, able to save nice-kid Billie Moore om the machinations of smoothcketeer Steve Crandall, who can ve her diamonds and show her a ood time? It's a question straight out a production number in the 1952 Singin' in the Rain." The subplot, eanwhile, could be a reel of the 1939 Roaring Twenties": Mean gangster randall has hijacked a truckload of ooch from not so mean gangster Scar Edwards. When Scar comes unarmed to confront the rival gangleader, Crandall shoots him in the back. Scar's loyal woman, Pearl (the Gladys George figure), shoots Crandall, in turn; and, in the play's penultimate moments, the cop investigating the case lets her off, presumably because he's "strong for" her. But if plot elements of "Broadway" seem familiar now, that's partly because it is representative of a kind of theatre that was later subsumed by movies *like* "The Roaring Twenties" and, still later, alluded to in genuine pastiches like "Singin' in the Rain." Members of the "Broadway" company displayed the self-consciousness that comes with the knowledge that you are performing familiar material for a knowing audience. What they didn't seem to realize is that "Broadway" wasn't a cliché when it was written.

The result of Abbott's "doctoring" of Philip Dunning's "Bright Lights," "Broadway" was originally conceived as a vehicle for Lee Tracy, who, in the role of Roy Lane, the fast-talking hoofer, wowed New York audiences at the Broadhurst Theatre on the play's opening night, in 1926. (Tracy, who two years later would create the role of Hildy Johnson in "The Front Page," was an actor who specialized in tough, fast-talking roles.) Abbott, in his 1963 autobiography, describes how when Tracy made his entrance at the beginning of the third act on opening night "spontaneous applause broke out" in the audience. "I had never heard anything quite like it," writes Abbott. Of course, Abbott was still a neophyte on the Broadway circuit, as were Jed Harris, who produced the play, and the young press agent Sam Behrman, who drew Harris's attention to Dunning's play when all the important producers had turned it down. The play that the Great Lakes Festival chose to include this year, in celebration of Abbott's hundredth birthday, wasn't just any old play co-written and directed by Abbott; it was the one that put him on the map—"the first overwhelming success of the season," Charles Brackett called it in this magazine, then a year and a half old. But what made "Broadway" an overwhelming success (and all the critics of the day agreed on this) was its novelty, its realism, and the machine-gun pace that was to become Abbott's hallmark as a director. Part of the realism lay in the language, which the press of the time described as "loud," "salty," and "brassy." (And it was one of the weaknesses of this production that the actors didn't know how to speak in an idiom in which a girl is a "jane" and something easy is "duck soup.") But part of it must have been lodged in the idea of making melodrama a backdrop for the little events in real people's lives. The main focus of "Broadway," after all, is on the hoofer and his girl and their not very good night-club act; the gangster melodrama is just a subplot. Performed at breakneck speed, "Broadway" must have seemed like snippets of melodrama going by against a backdrop of earthy realism, and it must have affected its audience the way David



"What the hell sort of convenient new feature is this?"

THE
NEW YORKER
Give it as a gift
(or get it for yourself).

1. TO GIVE A GIFT
To give a one year gift subscription to The New Yorker, just write your recipient's name and address in this space and your name and address below.

To (please print) ______
Address ______ *Apartment*
City ______ *State* ______ *Zip*
Gift card to read "From ______ *"*

2. NEW ORDER OR RENEWAL
If you wish to begin a subscription to The New Yorker, or renew the one you already enjoy, all you have to do is write your name and address below and check the term you prefer.

Your name (please print) ______
Address ______ *Apartment*
City ______ *State* ______ *Zip*
☐ *Start a subscription for me only.* ☐ *Start gift only.*
☐ *Start my subscription plus gift.* ☐ *One year: $32* ☐ *Two years: $52*
Additional postage: Canada $18 per year; other foreign $24 per year. Payment in U.S. funds with order.
☐ *My check for $* ______ *is enclosed.*
Or, please bill my: ☐ *MasterCard* ☐ *American Express* ☐ *Visa*
Card Number ______ *Expiration date* /
Signature ______ 4277

3. CHANGE OF ADDRESS
Please give us 4 weeks' notice. Attach your magazine label here; print your new address above in section 2. (If you have a question about your subscription, be sure to send us your label with your letter.)

Please mail completed order to:
The New Yorker, Subscription Department
25 West 43rd Street, N.Y., N.Y. 10036

For orders only, call any time, toll free, 1-800-247-2160
(in Iowa 1-800-362-2860).

Mamet's "Glengarry Glen Ross" or Lanford Wilson's "Balm in Gilead" affected us. In the Great Lakes production, however, no aspect of the plo was subordinated to any other. Lonny Price led the cast in delivering each line as though it were to be his last or earth, and the production dwelled so indulgently on each moment of the play that it seemed to last a lifetime (Once or twice, I think I actually went into a trance.) There were competent performances from some members of the cast—most notably Richar Poe as Crandall, Dorothy Stanley a the avenging Pearl, and Janet Aldrich and Jennifer Thorsby as the choru girls Ruby and Mazie—but the relentless hamming of Mr. Price tended t offset their efforts. As Billie, the heroine, Peggy Taphorn went through th play in toothsome distress. (Even smiling, she seemed to be suffering.) Bu there were nice cameos by David Ossian, Bruce Adler, and Christophe Wells as a visiting trio of gangster from Chicago, and by Steve Routma as a waiter. On the whole, though the Great Lakes production took wha was seamy in Abbott and Dunning creation and replaced it with cuteness.

What George Abbott did in "Broadway" was to put together the mo glamorous and exciting elements i American culture for an audienc that was mired in normality and hungry for stimulation. The result ma not have been literature, but it wa probably good theatre, and it was th first of a long series of gifts to th American stage. It's a pity that th American stage can't seem to reciprocate with any degree of style.

—MIMI KRAME

●

The I-9 form, signed by both employ and worker, must be kept in the employer files. While not required, immigratio officials advise the employer to keep phot copies of employee documents on file well. Employers must keep I-9 forms on fi for three years, or for one year, whichev is longer.—*Westchester Business Journal*

Depends on the year.

●

UH-HUH DEPARTMENT

[*From a Barnes & Noble adv. in The Atlantic*]

1433507. HOW TO WRITE IN PLA ENGLISH By M.L. Stein. A step-by-st guide to writing clearly and effective that should be within arm's reach of eve student, businessperson, and profession who wants to express themselves wi clarity and confidence.

MUSICAL EVENTS

Fairy Tales Retold

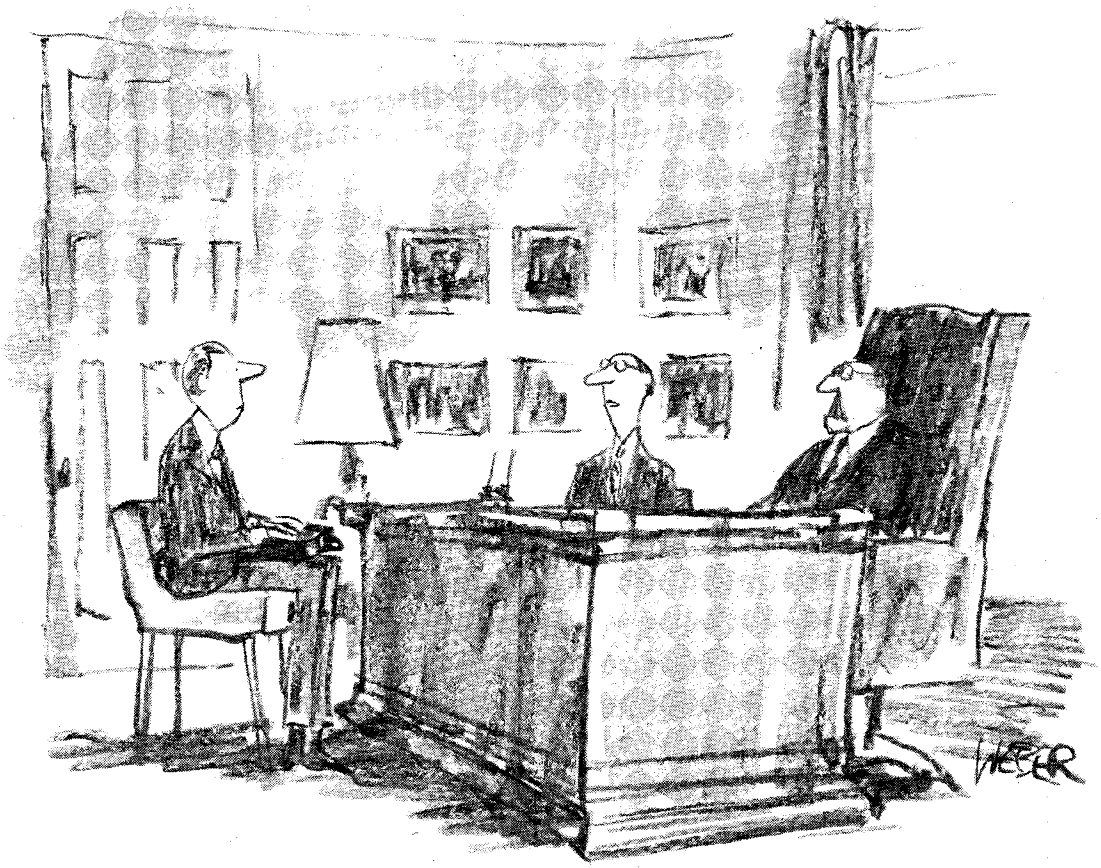
THE Opera Theatre of St. Louis continues to provide stimulation, challenge, and enjoyment. t is a company that takes opera seri usly, treats it as a living and impor ant art. And it schedules things so hat four operas can be seen in a three- ay visit to St. Louis.

The new opera this year was Ste hen Oliver's "Beauty and the Beast," hich was first heard at the 1984 Ba ignano Festival, and is an imagina ive, beautiful work. It is the thirty- fth or so of Oliver's forty-odd operas. orn in 1950, Oliver began young, nd in Paul Griffiths' "New Sounds, ew Personalities" he remarks:

> There's a tiny group of children in this untry [England] who spend day after day uring out in public the most impassioned d profound utterances of the human irit, couched in a heart-searchingly per nal rhetoric—the Book of Psalms. These ildren are choirboys; and I was one of em, at St. Paul's Cathedral. After that, hat can you write but operas?

e came to wide attention when his inth opera, "The Duchess of Malfi," as produced at Oxford, where he was undergraduate, in 1971. (Santa Fe ounted the piece seven ars later.) Since then, has composed on any scales and in any veins: "Sufficient eauty" (1974), a set three monodramas, is r baritone and small semble, "Tom Jones" 975) for a cast of two zen with chamber or estra, "The Waiter's evenge" (1976) for six gers and a couple of ning forks. He is a mposer at once fluent d precise, a dab at stiche (assuming a ctorian accent in his ore for the Royal akespeare's "Nicholas ickleby," a Tudor ac nt in his music for the vie "Lady Jane"), t personal in utter ce and individual in choice of what to y. He is variously rsed: in the Oxford uchess of Malfi" he g Bosola; in Tony lmer's Wagner film plays Hans Richter; he has translated Handel's "Tamerlano" and Aulis Sallinen's "The King Goes Forth" for singing; he composed the musical "Blondel." Musical, literary, and theatrical skills combine in his operas, which are unconventional: "Perseverance" (1975), for example, surrounds a central performance of "Dombey and Son," by professionals, with the medieval mystery "The Castell of Perseveraunce," done by school troupes; it was composed for Liverpool Cathedral. "Beauty and the Beast"—originally "La Bella e la Bestia"—was devised for ambulant singers, instrumentalists, and audience, moving from the monastic barn out to the olive grove, then into the cloister courtyard of Batignano (a former monastery), making journeys between the Merchant's house, the town, and the Beast's palace.

The libretto is Mme. Leprince de Beaumont's eighteenth-century telling of the tale, translated into Italian by Carlo Collodi (the creator of Pinocchio). It is set for six voices and eight players, somewhat in madrigal-opera fashion: the narrative passes between the voices, in varying textures; the phrases of direct speech are sung by the characters concerned. A supple, subtle enactment of the tale, it raises the deep, complicated questions that the old fairy stories do, stirs our speculation, but doesn't crudely insist upon explications of what the allegory "really means." Beauty's consternation when, after her realization and admission that she loves the generous, ugly Beast, she is fobbed off with a handsome prince is given keen musical expression. The Fairy is not all sweet kindness but has some asperous pronouncements, too. Colin Graham (who directed), in a program note, touched on the Book of Job, with its arbitrary, unmerited reverses of fortune, like those of the Merchant, and likened the Beast's disfigurement, "laid upon him not because of any character failing of his own," to devastating disease that cripples the body and sears the soul. The opera's last image is of Beauty's two sisters turned to gateposts, its last sound the snap of a lock. In other words, this is a serious piece. But it is not heavy or harsh; it shares something of the grace, charm, and tenderness of "Zémire et Azor," Grétry's excellent (and also serious) version of the tale. Oliver's musical



"Mr. Montague has closed his eyes. That means he likes your idea and will be in touch."

emphases and his distribution of the text animate the situations. His melodic lines, both vocal and instrumental, show a fine feeling for expressive interval, and the timing within each episode is sure. His imagination is fertile, the working economical. The first act lasts about forty minutes, the second about thirty-five. Although after a while I began to feel a lack of some fast, regularly pulsed music, I listened gladly to delicate inventions in which every strand could be heard. A peripatetic presentation would probably create more sense of contrasts.

The St. Louis production, given in the Loretto-Hilton theatre, sung in the composer's English translation, was poetic—sensitively staged by Mr. Graham (with a virtuoso comedy scene for the sisters and their puppet husbands), cunningly designed by Marie Anne Chiment and lit by Peter Kaczorowski, with melting transformation scenes. Victoria Livengood, a mezzo with pure, candid tones, was a touching Beauty. John Brandstetter was a poignant Beast, Ruth Golden a commanding Fairy. Andrew Wentzel (the Merchant) and Constance Hauman and Robynne Redmon (the sisters) completed an admirable cast. The instrumentalists were adepts—Jason Hurd's flute deserves special praise—and Hal France's conducting was poised.

HANDEL'S "Alcina," Rossini's "La Cenerentola," and "Carmen" completed the St. Louis bill. "Alcina" is another tale of supernatural enchantments. "La Cenerentola" (in Rossini's version not a fairy tale but a rational comedy of human behavior), like "Beauty and the Beast," has a heroine with two ill-natured sisters who marries a prince. And "Carmen" has a link of sorts with "Beauty and the Beast" in that Mme. Leprince de Beaumont was Prosper Mérimée's great-grandmother.

Of "Alcina" Winton Dean once wrote, "Its theme is not magic but the human heart." Yet magic provided the dramatic metaphors for Handel's emotional analyses, and there was too little of it in Stephen Wadsworth's production. The drama was played on a single island set (an attractive one, by Thomas Lynch); no attempt was made to suggest marvels and metamorphoses. Instead, Mr. Wadsworth resorted to dressing and undressing routines: there were few arias in which articles of clothing were not donned or doffed. By the close of Act I, a cape, a cloak, a torn-off sleeve, two gloves, and two hats littered the stage; the flighty Morgana, who first entered severely and unbecomingly dressed in what looked like a blue serge coat and skirt, soon stripped to her undergarments. There were also books lying about on the strand: Orontes read the text of his "Un momento di contento" from two of them. In general, Mr. Wadsworth showed small trust in Handel's ability to interest a modern audience unaided by extra inventions. The musical structures were constantly disturbed by entrances or exits of characters who had no business being onstage. The emotion of Alcina's "Ah! mio cor" was briskly dispelled by bustle at its close. In Ruggiero's lovely soliloquy "Verdi prati"—with sweet pangs of regret, the knight bids farewell to island enchantments—Bradamante was not only present; she actually took over one of the phrases. Mr. Wadsworth went to work with good intentions. He is not one of those directors who think that Handel operas are quaint, silly affairs in need of pepping up; he plainly aimed to show the force and intensity of the characters' feelings. But when, early on, Ruggiero flung Alcina to the ground one knew the tone had gone wrong. Alcina, played by Juliana Gondek, had no majesty, no grandeur. This was a recounting in prose of high poetic plights. Mr. Wadsworth's unrhymed English translation matched the approach.

Of course, "Alcina" was enjoyable. It is a great opera. But the St. Louis Symphony players seemed unskilled in Baroque music, and the unhappily deep Loretto-Hilton pit precludes intimate player-singer exchanges. John Nelson, conducting, took fast numbers so fast that the singers could not breathe and shape their phrases. Morgana's "Tornami a vagheggiar," the first-act finale, went at such a lick that Sylvia McNair couldn't be sparkly and playful. Bradamante's "Vorrei vendicarmi" and Alcina's "Ma quando tornerai" became hurdle races. There was one outstanding performer: Alice Baker, a St. Louis débutante, as Ruggiero. Her timbre is beautiful. Her delivery is fearless and honest. She has a glowing stage presence and vocal presence. The role of Oberto (three arias added by Handel at a late stage for "the Boy") and the ballet were reasonably enough, omitted, and otherwise the opera was done pretty well complete.

IT was a season of remarkable mezzos. Stella Zambalis was a delightful heroine of "La Cenerentola." Her voice was fleet, pure, unstrained, and colorful. Sparks of mischief lit her portrayal. Her adornments were stylish. (Rossini's decorated version of the final air, three pages now owned by the University of Chicago, had been consulted with profit.) Prince Ramiro was Richard Croft, one of the American tenors who give keenest pleasure—his tones fresh and unforced, his phrasing buoyant, his words distinct. He could be reproached only for attacking the peaks of his aria in full voice rather than with his sweet, gentle head tones.

Rossini and his librettist, Jacop Ferretti, devised a "Cinderella" without magic, mice, pumpkin, or fair godmother: discreet stage managemen by the prince's tutor, Alidoro, his advice "Do as your heart directs you," and Cinderella's goodness bring about the happy ending. Francesca Zambello, the St. Louis director, avoided the common error of reintroducing supernatural paraphernalia, but in other ways her cliché staging wa tiresome: not "La Cenerentola" but filming of the opera was enacted—Alidoro (of course) doubling as i director. The courtiers wore "Bo Friend" costumes and fell into "Bo Friend" poses. Some numbers we handled as "rehearsals," sung fro sheet music. All this added nothin but irrelevant fuss. Yet beneath it "L Cenerentola" could be perceived: th essential motivations of the dram were accurately observed, and the musical values survived. Joseph Rescign was a polished, merry conductor. A berto Zedda's edition of the scor which strips off post-Rossini thickenings, was used.

COLIN GRAHAM's staging of "Carmen"—his first—was vivid an direct. The stage directions we tinkered with only insofar as the configuration of the small theatre ma

:hanges necessary. (The processions hat open the last act passed in the nind's eye while bright choral singing rom galleries high above filled the heatre, turning the bullring crowd .nd the actual spectators into one au-.ience.) John Conklin's décor was imple and striking. On the night I ttended, it was announced that the Carmen, Emily Golden, would be inging despite illness; her perfor-nance, however, needed no apology. n the program book Charles MacKay, the general director of the com-any, proclaimed his preference for "a vell-placed, bright, forward voice, one hat isn't overblown," and continued, I don't like a masked or swallowed ound, and I have an absolute aversion o people who oversing. . . . It always mazes me in auditions when young ngers blast Mimì at us full throttle." Miss Golden was a Carmen who idn't oversing. Her voice flowed. She sed the words. She brought the music nd the character to life with flicker-ng, teasing inflections, flashes of an-er, phrases of seductive smoothness. Ir. MacKay must have been less eased with the Micaëla, Kallen Es-rian, who was agreeable in Act I but reamed the climaxes of her aria; ith the Don José, Peter Puzzo, who oked right and spoke and acted well ut sang rawly; and with the Escamil-, Lee Velta, who sacrificed sense volume. Richard Buckley's conduct-g seemed unsettled. The chief mu-cal pleasures were provided by Miss olden and by Donald Palumbo's orus—so deliciously precise, well lanced, and pointed in the first-act mbers that the reinstatement of me choral passages that Bizet decid- to cut was welcome. Fritz Oeser's ition—an ill-considered conflation Bizet's first thoughts and his revi-ons—formed the basis of the perfor-ance, and in places its readings weak-ed the drama. The program bore, in g red letters, the legend "The direc-r requests that the audience refrain om applause during the acts." The dience ignored his request.

Conrad Susa's "Transforma- tions," an opera for eight singers d eight players, first done in Minne-olis fourteen years ago, was given o performances in Merkin Hall last onth by the New York Opera Rep-tory Theatre. The libretto, like that "Beauty and the Beast," is narrative in this case, Anne Sexton's retelling old nursery tales with new glosses: e witch who imprisons Rapunzel is a lesbian aunt; the Sleeping Beauty wakes to find her father slobbering over her. It's a kaleidoscope of horrors, shot through with smart similes ("Her blood began to boil up/like Coca-Cola;" "The king looked like Munch's *Scream*"). Susa has set the prologue and nine tales to alert, intelligent music, incorporating his own "transformations" of Bing Crosby, Andrews Sisters, Ethel Smith, and other manners. The piece has been widely performed; I wrote about it after its New York première, at the Manhattan Theatre Club in 1976. The Merkin Hall version, conducted by Leigh Gibbs Gore and directed by David Gately, was less lively. "The music hangs on every word and so does the audience," Susa wrote in an introductory note. This audience didn't, couldn't. A combination of instruments ringing the stage, oversinging on the actors' part, and insufficient attention to the result in Merkin acoustics insured that the text was largely unintelligible. Jane Shaulis was the only performer who did justice to Sexton's verses. Karen Beardsley, Phyllis Treigle, Douglas Perry, and Charles Walker had their moments.

I trust that before next season Merkin will do something about the low hum in its ceiling which in recent weeks has made it an unacceptable place for musical performance.

—Andrew Porter

•

HOW'S THAT AGAIN? DEPARTMENT

[*Gary Levin in Advertising Age*]

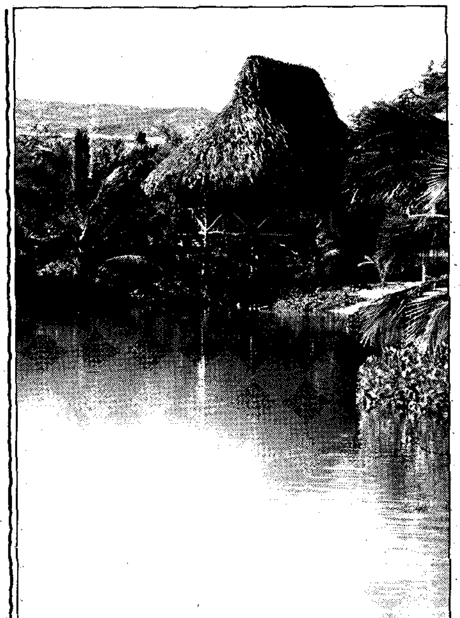
David McConnaughey, VP-management supervisor, BJK&E, said the campaign "celebrates our users and the positiveness of their travel experience." It escapes what he calls the Oedipus complex of smiling hotel employees and service claims, and instead seeks a unique brand personality.

•

AMERICA, AMERICA

[*From Fast Lane*]

If you're thinking of having your body frozen when you die, think again. The word out of California is that it's cheaper and more practical to freeze just your head. It costs about $100,000 to freeze and store a whole body, but a head can be iced away for half that. It's called "neural treatment," and you can sign up for one at the Institute for Cryobiological Extension (ICE) in Los Angeles. The idea is that scientists of the future will be able to thaw dead heads and graft them onto new bodies. "When you think of the cost and ease of handling, it's the only way," says spokesman Jerry Leaf. According to Leaf, ICE has six heads in cold storage and 120 on the waiting list.



THE MOST DREAMED-OF SPOT ON EARTH ACTUALLY EXISTS

KonaVillage
A CLARION RESORT
at Ka'upulehu
P.O. Box 1299, Dept. NY
Kailua-Kona, Hawaii 96745
Phone: 800-367-5290

"A private estate that sweeps all honors as the most enchanting lakefront sanctuary of its kind in America."
"The Hideaway Report"

THE POINT Seven years of rave reviews have produced a magic atmosphere of familiar camaraderie at this former Rockefeller estate in the Adirondack Mountains. Come experience life as it's meant to be: breakfast in bed or under the hemlocks; bloodies on the sundrenched beach; picnics to islands in mahogany speedboats, and walks through the woods or golf or croquet; toasting the sunset from an antique lake launch and wonderful dinner parties in the Great Hall. Nothing is organized and everything's private but the call of the loon.
Come discover why The Point is one of only ten Relais et Chateaux in America.

THE POINT, Saranac Lake, NY 12983
518-891-5678

Country Casual
SOLID TEAKWOOD
BENCHES • SWINGS • PLANTERS
colour catalog $2.00
COUNTRY CASUAL - NY
17317 Germantown Road
Germantown, MD 20874-2999
(301) 540-0040
4' Chippendale II
The Garden and Leisure Furniture Specialists

SOUTH OF FRANCE

Are you driving between Paris and Florence or wanting to savour the delights of Provence and the Riviera? Then we invite you to stay on our secluded 260-acre estate owned by a hospitable Anglo-American family. Five comfortable private apartments, pool, informal dining patios with splendid views only half hour from Cannes. Brochure available from La Collette St-Pierre P.O. Box 7543 St. Petersburg, FLA 33734; or call France direct: (94)76•96•79.

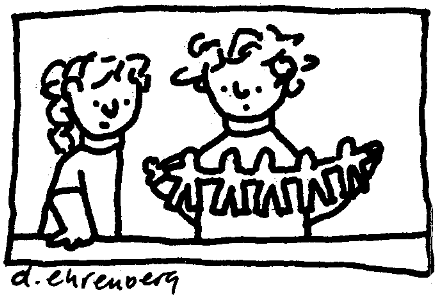
OUR FAR-FLUNG CORRESPONDENTS

HOT SPRINGS

EACH year from spring to fall, small fishing vessels with tall poles on either side from which webs of lines hang into the sea appear, like big birds, on the coastal waters of British Columbia. They seem to sit motionless on the surface, but they are actually moving slowly, at a speed of about two knots. The boats are trolling for salmon, and I spent several summers aboard one of them—accompanying my husband, John Daly, a commercial salmon fisherman, on his forty-one-foot troller, the MoreKelp, registered out of Vancouver, British Columbia. He was sixty-one when we met, and I a few years younger. He had been fishing all his adult life—except for part of the summer, eleven years earlier, when he had a serious heart attack in the middle of the season. I had never been on a fishing boat in my life before I embarked on the MoreKelp; I had lived in a house in Cleveland, Ohio, during my childhood and in an apartment in New York for most of the next three decades. Aside from trips with his two sons, who worked summers as deckhands while they were growing up, or with occasional helpers or a few rare visitors, John had always fished alone until we made the mutual discovery that I loved being on the boat while he fished and he enjoyed having me there. We were together on the MoreKelp for four years, until he had a second, fatal heart attack.

A fishing vessel, unlike any boat I had been on before, has very low gunwales, and I spent my first season on the MoreKelp concentrating on not falling overboard. I also kept looking over the side to see if John had caught a fish. It reminded me of a game I'd played when I was not more than five years old. The game was called Go Fish, and you played it with a magnet suspended from a piece of string on a small stick. A supply of shiny metal fish was hidden on the floor behind an upright cardboard screen painted like the sea. The idea was to cast the magnet over the frame and catch as many fish as you could.

John fished for every kind of Pacific salmon that would bite at a hook, but he specialized in springs, which are known in the United States as chinook or king salmon. Occasionally, he would catch a halibut—his favorite food fish—and if it was a small one we would set it aside for dinner. There were four fishing poles on his boat—two were off the bow and two behind the pilothouse. The bow poles pointed up at the sky at a forty-five-degree angle from the gunwales. The rear, or main, poles were longer, and spread directly outward over the water from heavy brass hinges fastened to the deck. Each of the bow poles carried a single line. The main poles had two lines each: one that dropped directly into the sea, and one that swung clear of the boat off the stern by means of special rigging consisting of snaps, stoppers, and plastic-foam floats (called "pigs," supposedly because the early ones, made of canvas and tire inner tubes, looked like pigs). The hooks, usually six to a line, thirty-six in all, moved through the water submerged by the weight of lead sinkers known as cannonballs, which they resembled; and they ranged from twenty to sixty pounds in weight. For lures, depending on the time of year and day, the color of the water, and the type of fish he wanted to catch, John used metal spoons; wooden or plastic life-size models of herring, known as "plugs;" chrome rectangles, called "flashers;" or bright plastic squidlike objects with fluttering appendages, referred to as "hoochy-koochies" (they were thought to look like Hawaiian dancers with colored grass skirts). Each line was connected to the top of the pole by a short spring, and when the spring quivered you knew you had a bite. The lines were sent out and pulled in by a hydraulic winch, referred to as a "gurdy" (after the hurdy-gurdy). John winched in each line every forty minutes or so. "Ideally, I should haul in all the gear three times an hour," he said, "because you pick up a lot of junk, like sole, cod, hake, jellyfish, seaweed, or plastic bags—and once an indignant gull that tried to bite me. When junk corrodes the hook, you don't catch salmon."



When John landed a fish he wante to keep, he hit it hard on the back o the head with a gaff—a baseball ba with a heavy hook attached to one end He would remove the hook and lure eviscerate the fish, wash it severa times, and put it in an open fish box i the stern to drain, cool, and stiffe before he iced its interior and set down in a bed of ice in the fish hatc "Otherwise, the fish would melt th ice," he explained to me one day. " use flaked ice, and if it melts it form rough, lumpy granules that bruise th fish. Mine are top-quality fish for th fresh and freezer market, so I can't b too careful. They mustn't have an marks. With care, they keep in to condition ten or twelve days, until deliver them to the cannery—either one that's partway up the mainlan coast or to one at the north end Vancouver Island. On the secon morning, I'm away again for ten twelve days, and I do this endless from spring to fall. By the end August, it's a tough-it-out-a-littl longer contest, but I love most of it.'

The thud of the gaff killing the fi and the thump of their bodies landi in the fish box were the sounds which I assessed the quality of t day's fishing. Thud, thump. Thu thump. On a good fishing day, it w like the beat of a heart in the cockpi

DURING our first season togeth there was a fishermen's stri which, I found out later, was a fai common occurrence. John sai "We've got time to go to the h springs and get a good soak. It will a sort of honeymoon for us."

"Hot springs!" I said. "You shou have told me beforehand. I haven't g the right clothes for that. All I've g is bluejeans." The only springs ever seen were at Saratoga Sprin New York, and they had big hot around them, with fancy dini rooms.

John looked astonished, th laughed.

"Well, what are your hot sprin like, then?" I asked.

"You'll see."

That day, from the relatively op water of Fitz Hugh Sound we ran four hours up several channels. tied up overnight at an isolated a rain-soaked town with a pulp m called Ocean Falls, and awoke

"Strike 'baloney, horsefeathers, and hogwash.'"

• •

ext morning to raindrops rushing against the win- ows of the boat. Right fter breakfast, we turned to a waterway called ean Channel.

"We're actually going two hot springs," John id. "The one at Eucott ay is a bit more formal."

was preparing salmon owder with a small coho hn had caught the day fore. He looked in the d stewpot on the stove. We'll take some of this to o old fellows who live a float house at Eucott," said.

We passed bays and in- ts on our way, and after ree hours John turned to the entrance of a ng, narrow body of water lled Cascade Inlet. In is bay of many water- lls, we ran past four autiful ones tumbling er steep cliffs in clouds spray. "Waterfall-chas- g is a favorite occupation mine," John said, lin- ring at each one. We rned left, slowed down, d entered a much smaller y, hidden among trees. We were in cott Bay. He stopped a few feet side. The rain was over, and at the end of the bay I could see what peared to be marsh grass and a sandy ach. Beyond, through a V in low lls covered with green firs, I saw owy mountains blending with a ass of white clouds in a bright-blue mmer sky.

John anchored, and pulled down a art. We were in fourteen fathoms, t right in front of us it was only ree. The MoreKelp drew six and a lf feet. "We'll have to wait for high e to call on Frenchy and Simpson, cause right now it's low tide and eir dock is resting in mud," he said. They live in a float house—an old, andoned fish camp—that's been lled up on the grass. It's just out of r sight now, beyond those pilings er there."

All I could see was three posts of ferent heights sticking up out of ng grass. "I don't see any hot spring re," I said. "Where is it?"

"Over there." He turned in the op- site direction. The water was very allow and as still as a pond. I saw o unpainted shacks shaped like lean-tos. One, on the water, was a float house. It was no larger than a toolshed, and seemed to have no windows. A wooden ramp connected it to the second, slightly larger structure on the shore.

"That's it—that's the hot spring," John said. "A fellow named Ole Overgaard lives in the float house. He was a fisherman, like me, before he quit. He built the larger house around the hot spring to protect it, and he keeps it locked. He's a bit fussy about who uses it. I'll have to go and get the key. He lives alone and doesn't like visitors much. I'm pretty sure he's there. I'll ask him to lunch."

John put the dinghy in the water and rowed over to the float. A lean man with strong regular features and a bald head edged with white hair emerged from the float house—evidently Ole Overgaard. He was wearing green pants and a yellow shirt with the sleeves rolled up. John motioned in the direction of our boat, and the man nodded, so I hastily began to prepare lunch for all of us. John returned first, and by the time Ole was rowing toward us across the water I had three bowls of hot salmon chowder ready on the hatch top. "Don't mention the old men," John said. "They and Ole aren't speaking."

Ole proved to be either taciturn or shy with strangers—I never found out which. When he did talk, it was with a Scandinavian accent that I guessed was Norwegian. When he left, right after lunch, he gave John the key to the bathhouse and urged us to use it as much as we wanted. "Just be sure to lock it up and give me the key when you go," he said. Then he rowed away and disappeared into his float house.

"Who lives in this bay besides Ole and the two old men?" I asked John.

"That's all," he said. "All winter long, just the three of them are here, except for an occasional visitor from Ocean Falls or when the United Church boat, the Thomas Crosby, stops in to check up on them."

"There are only the three of them in this bay and Ole and the two others don't speak?"

"That's right."

"Why?"

"It could be anything, but I think it was a political disagreement. It doesn't matter; they may not even know why themselves. These guys living in isolated spots like this tend to get paranoiac. Come on. Get your towel, and let's take a bath in the hot spring."

We rowed over to the shore beside the larger shed, pulled our dinghy up on the sandy beach, and stepped from the beach onto the wooden float. The bathhouse was a neatly constructed building with weather-beaten tongue-and-groove facing. There was a white-painted door in the center, and when John unlocked it we entered a traditional bathhouse room, with benches around the walls on which you could leave your clothes. John led me into a room beyond. "There," he said. "There's your hot spring."

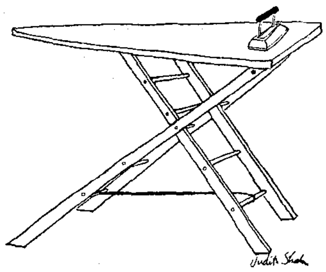
I was dumbfounded. So much for my fantasies about fancy hotels and dining rooms with white-coated waiters! Our hot spring flowed into a rectangular wooden box—it looked more like a coffin than like a bathtub—about seven feet long and three feet deep. A narrow black pipe came through a small hole in the wall and rested on the side of the tub. A rag had been stuffed into it, and when John pulled the rag out, steaming water rushed in. He swished the running water around to rinse out the tub, and then plugged the drain, at the bottom, with a stopper on a string. While the tub filled up, he took off his clothes and laid them on the bench in the other room. "It's about a hundred and forty degrees Fahrenheit," he said. "We'll have to let it cool off for a few minutes." He sat down on the edge of the tub with his arms folded across his chest and waited. I leaned over and felt the water. It was good and hot and had a sulfury smell. John said, "Before Ole built this bathhouse, everyone bathed in a concrete pool outside. In the wintertime, hand loggers used to throw armfuls of snow into the pool to cool it down so they could get in." He waited a bit longer, then climbed into the tub and sat down. He held his wrists directly under the water coming in through the pipe. "God, this feels good," he said. "Wonderful for my arthritis. Why don't you get in?" He reached for the rag and plugged the pipe up.

I sat in the tub for quite a while, with steam rising around my head, the sour smell of sulfur in my nostrils, and the water almost up to my shoulders. I thought, What am I doing sitting in a bathtub in the middle of nowhere? How did this happen to me? A little groggy, I wiped beads of perspiration from my forehead.

"We've had enough," John said.

Outside, the air was cool, and I felt incredibly refreshed.

"There's nothing like a good soak in a hot spring to remove the kinks from your system," he said. "I suppose from now on you'll be begging to go to the hot spring all the time." He took my arm. "I'll show you where we used to go before Ole built a bathhouse." We started walking through some marshy grass. "There are hot springs up and down this coast, on the west coast of Vancouver Island, and in the Queen Charlotte Islands as well," he said. "The Indians have always known where they are, and fishermen, loggers, and the locals have used them for years and years. Someone might come along and install a tub or build a concrete pool around one, and another fellow, usually a logger or a fisherman, might come by and put a shelter over it, and then another guy, even someone on a sailboat or a cabin cruiser, would pass by and improve the roof or repair the pipe or install a better spout. All the hot springs are different, and some of them might be on private land, like this one. I don't know the status of this stretch of land now, but at one time there was quite a group of people living on this bay. There's scarcely a trace of them left. Someone bottled the water and sold it commercially. The mud, too, I think."



We walked up on the rocks a short distance and came to a place where the hot spring ran like a stream. The pipe that terminated in the bathtub came from the streambed, and a second, battered pipe went through a fairly wide area where concrete had been poured to form a rough pool. The bottom was full of slimy brown and green algae. "Some years ago, a body was found here," John said. "A Japanese fisherman."

"What happened?"

"Nobody knew for sure. He may have had a heart attack, or been overcome by the heat. He was found by passing fishermen or loggers who had stopped for a soak. I don't know whether his boat was found or not. On this coast, fishermen disappear all th time without leaving a trace. Or th boat may be found, or parts of it. Or a body may eventually wash up on a beach. The sea is always out to ge you."

As we rowed back to our troller John stopped and dipped an oar quietl in the water to turn us around so tha we could both see the shore we ha left. "Don't move," he said. "If yo look at the water toward the V in th trees, there's a seal making eyes a you."

I saw a dark-gray triangle in th water. The point at the bottom was nose, and in the wide part two eye were looking steadily at us. As noiselessly as the seal's head had appeare it was gone, resurfacing at some distance on the other side of our boa When John turned us around, it disappeared again, and reappeared wher it had been before. The seal was playing games with us. Next, it appeare beside the MoreKelp, which wa swinging around slowly at ancho When John rowed on toward th boat, the seal vanished. We sat an waited to see if it would show u again. It didn't. "The seal population is unbelievable since shootin them has been forbidden," John sai "Seals eat colossal amounts of herring in every little bay, and a lot o our salmon. They need to be shot o again." When I protested, he shoo his head. "The balance of nature been buggered. We *have* to bump o seals to survive."

As he resumed rowing, he told m about a time he had tied up at Qua sino Inlet, on the west coast of Vancouver Island, and stayed with a frien who had a fantastic garden. "It was the height of the garden season. H had strawberries, raspberries, an green beans, and he produced seven o eight thousand pounds of holly on h place every year, because he used seaweed as his fertilizer. The water wa so warm that year that we went swimming and played with a tame seal th belonged to the store. This seal made daily visit to all the floats. Everyon kept something for it to play wit and I had a piece of trolling po that I would chuck in off the flo when I saw the seal coming. It wou grab it with its flippers and g round and round. Some S.O.B. didn know about our seal and shot it. used to come home every evenin to the store and crawl up and l down behind the stove, and th night it came home wounded and died."

"IT'S high tide, so we can go over to see Frenchy and Simpson," John said when we were back on the MoreKelp. He poured some salmon chowder into a jar, and put it in the dinghy along with a bag of apples and oranges, a custard pie, a six-pack of beer, and a bottle of Scotch. At the last minute, he went below and got a pring salmon he had caught on the way, and brought that, too. He rowed us across the bay toward the three pilings. There we entered a channel in grassy marsh. At the far end, half hidden among the trees, was a low, at-roofed oblong wooden building with a covered porch. It was dark red, with white trim on the eaves and on he doorframes, and on the moldings f the windows. The building was on scow, on skids, a foot or so off the round. There were some half-ruined, npainted small shacks in the grass ehind it.

As we came to the dock, a slight, ent little man rounded a corner of the orch, hurrying toward us. He was wearing dark wool fish pants held up y suspenders, and a yellow-red-and-lack plaid wool shirt, wide open at he neck, with a broad expanse of ingy-gray underwear showing underneath a medal on a chain. A wide-rimmed felt hat was pulled down to is large ears. He had a small, deeply ned face, with a day's growth of eard. When I got out of the dinghy, e bowed low and removed his hat, evealing a bald pate encircled by white hair. He smiled, and I saw that e had no teeth. When I stood up on he dock, I was looking straight into is bright, dark eyes; we were the ame height—five-two.

"Hello, John," he said. "We see ou come in today, and now you bring our lady to see old Frenchy and imp*son*, yes?" He spoke with a rench accent. Turning to me, he aid, "My name is really Leo Jacques, nd sometimes they call me Jack, but eople know me as Frenchy. My iend's name is Albert Simpson. You ant to see Mr. Simpson, John?"

"We came to see you both, renchy," John said, tying the dinghy a rotting plank. He handed me he custard pie, gave the spring salmon to Frenchy, and took the other hings himself. He looked fondly at renchy. "You look very well—better han the last time I saw you. You were having trouble with your stomach."

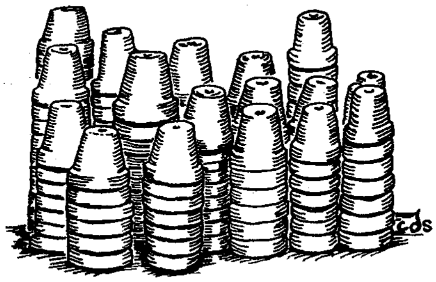
"Boy, I wish I had a stomach like that old man Simpson," Frenchy said. "Oh, well, I am certainly O.K., and I do a lot of praying for Simpson. He's my friend." He started walking ahead of us, then stopped and said to me, "That old man, he looks like Churchill. I'm eighty-four this month, but that man Simpson is eighty-eight." He held up the salmon. "I'm sure glad to get fish. We haven't had any for long time."

The dock teetered when we walked across it, and a plank connecting it to the grassy shore quivered when I stepped on it. A path led to the house, past rows of neatly piled firewood—uniformly cut alder. We crossed the rotting porch and entered the house.

It was so dark inside that it took my eyes a minute or two to get adjusted. We were in a narrow, rectangular room that must once have been a store, with a counter, and shelves behind it. There was a calendar on the wall with a picture of a Japanese girl in a white kimono, and with a green pennant that said "Alaska, 1969." Farther along the wall was a magazine cover with a picture of de Gaulle, and above that a set of antlers was mounted on a board. An oil lamp hung from the ceiling, and several dark socks were draped along the sill of a dusty window.

"Come on, old man, see what company I brought you!" Frenchy shouted. I looked down the room and saw a large elderly gentleman wearing a brown fedora. He had a round moon of a face, and looked absolutely like Churchill. He was sitting up rigidly straight, smoking a cigarette in a holder held upright between two fingers that stuck straight out. He was dressed in a blue-and-white checked shirt and gray pants, and his feet, which were swollen, were encased in bedroom slippers. A crutch was hooked to one arm of his chair.

Frenchy drew up two more chairs, then darted over to Simpson, leaned over him, and closed the fly of his pants with the tender gesture one would reserve for a child. We sat down facing the big man, who was staring at me. Frenchy seated himself on a bed against the wall and mopped his brow. "I get so nair-vous and excited," he said apologetically. "Just with people I like. The others I don't give a damn about. I pay no attention." Simpson meanwhile had finished his cigarette and was fumbling to pick another out of a package he held, but he dropped the package on the floor. Frenchy jumped to pick it up, and took out a cigarette, lit it, and handed it to him, saying to me, "This old man here fell off a roof t'irty years ago and landed on his hands, so he broke them and they aren't much use. He can't walk, neither. Since he had his stroke, he's partly—partly—" Frenchy paused, searching for the word.



"Paralyzed?" John suggested.

Simpson spoke for the first time. "Right you are, sir. That's the word for it." He spoke slowly, in clipped, precise English. His voice was unexpectedly deep and clear. "I have been living in this bay with Frenchy for fifty years, since we met and teamed up together." He turned his head toward me, paused to move his hand slowly to his mouth, and drew on his cigarette. "I'm of Scotch background, from Nova Scotia. We were a family of eight, and most of my family is around Boston now. I have a sister who writes often, and another sister who left a hundred thousand dollars to her church."

"The money we have, we decide to leave to hospital," Frenchy announced.

"What hospital?" John asked.

"Oh, well, whatever hospital we decide to die in," Simpson said. "We split everything fifty-fifty. Frenchy's a smart man. He's a Frenchman, but he's honest."

"That Simpson, he's not a very good trapper. He's no good at all," Frenchy said. "He has trouble even catching a mouse."

Simpson removed his cigarette with stiff fingers and gave a deep, easy laugh, revealing gums as toothless as Frenchy's. "Yes, I could learn a lot from Frenchy," he said.

"Have you been back to Nova Scotia often?" I asked.

"I never wished to go home again," he said. "I worked first in Alberta, but I wanted to fish, so I came to B.C. and went trolling. Frenchy is from Trois Rivières, in Quebec. We used to troll together, but he's had trap lines as

THE
METROPOLITAN
MUSEUM
OF ART

Christmas Catalogue

Explore our new 132-page color catalogue with more than 500 suggestions for exclusive Christmas presents—books, jewelry, glass, porcelain, boxed notecards and more. The Metropolitan Museum's catalogue is different. It has a world of surprises.

Egyptian Cat, 3¼" (F0843X)
$19.50 plus $2.95 postage

To receive your copy, simply send this coupon with $1.00 to cover mailing.

THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART
255 Gracie Station, New York 10028

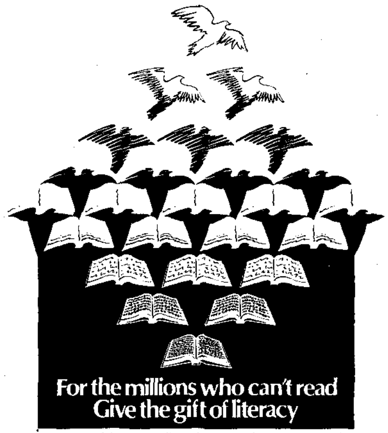
Name ____________

Apt. # ____________

Address ____________

City ________ State ____ Zip ____

Request catalogue no. 1567


For the millions who can't read
Give the gift of literacy

A Project of the Book Sellers of the United States and Canada
In Partnership with Telephone Pioneers of America
A Fraternal Organization of the Telecommunications Industry

MICHELANGELO

Limited edition portfolio of 14 lithograph prints of the Italian Master's drawings. Exact scale reproductions printed in Florence on Rusticus paper capture superior detail.
TO ORDER: mail check for $150.00 plus $3.50 for shipping to: C. Miller, P.O. Box 1294, Media, Pa. 19063. Or write for further information.

THE
GINGER
MAN
RESTAURANT
Manhattan
51 West 64th Street • (212) 399-2358

well, trapping marten and mink. He made five hundred dollars one month."

He stopped talking, and Frenchy jumped up again. "Do you want a bottle of beer?" he shouted at Simpson, and Simpson nodded. Frenchy opened a bottle from the six-pack that John had put on the counter, and handed it to him. Simpson raised it clumsily between his hands to his mouth, took a healthy swig, and managed to set it down on a table beside him. Frenchy offered us some, but John shook his head, so Frenchy poured us each a mug of coffee instead, from a pot on a kerosene-drum stove under the window.

"I never go back to Quebec, neither," Frenchy volunteered. "My father was doctor, and my mother died when I'm two year old, and he had a nurse take care of us children. My older brother had a big farm, but I left home very young and crossed the country. I never went to school. I got shot in the First World War." He opened his shirt. "See that hole?" He leaned over so we could get a good view of a small, round scar. "The bullet went out back. And I got slit with a bayonet right across here." He ran his finger across his neck, then pulled back his shirt collar to show us that scar, too. "Only four or five come back, but, by jeez, this crazy Frenchman, he come back! I got a bunch of medals, but they sank one time when I lost my boat."

"Show them the document that was presented to you with your King George medal," Simpson said.

Frenchy went to a drawer, took out a folded sheet of faded paper, and handed it to me. "Old King George and the Queen came to see me when I was pretty near dead in University Hospital, London," he said.

I opened the paper. Below the Royal Crest in red at the top, and the words "Buckingham Palace, 1918," it read, "The Queen and I wish you Godspeed, a safe return to the happiness and joy of home life with an early restoration to health. A grateful Mother Country thanks you for faithful services." It was signed "George R.I."

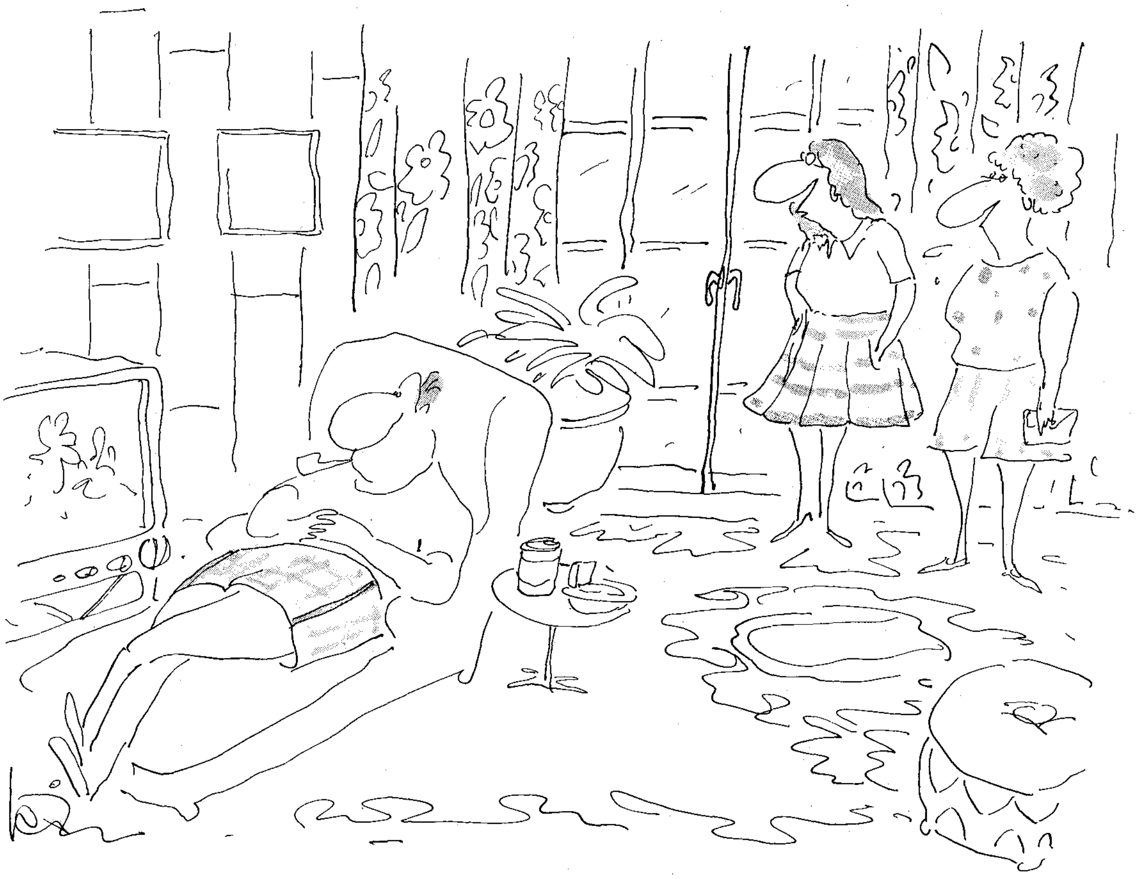
Frenchy nodded proudly as I finished reading these words out loud. He pulled a card out of his shirt pocket and handed it to me. It was a holy card with a picture of the head of Jesus wearing a crown of thorns, above a prayer in French, printed in green ink. "I had this in my breast pocket when I got shot," Frenchy said. "I kept i from 1918, and I been all over the world with it on them freighters I used to go on—especially on the Grea Lakes." He patted it and put it carefully back in his pocket. "I had hal my Army pay going to my sister, a very lovely woman, and when I com home I find she give two hundre dollars I send to help her priest to sa prayers for me. So I never send he more, and when I leave I tell her 'You won't hear from me, because yo worry too much.' I never been back t see her, not since 1919, and I neve wrote, neither—not to my own sister."

It started to rain. Two or thre raindrops hit my shoulder, so I slid m chair an inch or two back from a lea in the roof. Frenchy leaped up and pu a tin can on the floor to catch th drips, and from then on the patter c rain on the roof was accompanied by musical *ping*.

Frenchy sighed, and said, "Someon brought this old fish camp here on scow and left it all to rot. When w move in, she look like hell. I pull he up here and push some cedars unde her when the tide is in. I patch th roof real good, but I guess I have to d it again. Last winter, John, we liv real nice. Someone from the Canadia Fish Company tow a fish camp with store here and we look after it, so w got to live on it until spring. Especially because it have an oil stove, it much more comfortable than this ol wreck. I have a lot of work carryin five-gallon drums of oil inside for th stove, but it's good all the same t wake up in a nice war house, and we had ve little snow." He laughe "By golly, I sure neve want to go back t Quebec. Too cold!"

There was a sudde crash. Simpson, lifting his cigarette t his mouth, had knocked over his bee bottle. Frenchy scrambled after it as rolled away. "We have more troub from morning to night," he sai Without warning, he burst into son "Ho! Ho! Ho!" he sang. Then he san it again, in a faster rhythm—"Ho-h ho!"—smiling at Simpson. "We g some good laughs," he said.

"Yes, we do," said Simpson. "We' have the Seventh-Day Adventists i here soon and have a gospel night. We were all laughing now, Simpson heavy body shaking. "The Unite Church boat, the Thomas Crosby I



"When I first met Howard, he had a touch of class. As it turns out, it was just a touch."

• •

ops in here every ree weeks to see us," e said finally, taking t a blue bandanna d wiping his foreead.

"I know that boat," hn said, still smilg. "It's a big steel e, eighty feet long. goes anywhere in y kind of weather."

Frenchy went on nging little "ho-ho"s himself as he ipped back to the bed here he had been sitg. He picked up a ndsome patchwork ilt and a yellowd-blue crocheted anket and brought em over for me to e. "We asked the homas Crosby to ing us sleeping gs," he said. "The e they give us for mpson was too all, so the United urch at Prince Rurt sent us these, and ut them on this old n's bed instead."

"We had quilts like at in Nova Scotia," Simpson said. other used to make them."

Frenchy ran to an alcove behind me, ich was evidently his bunk, and me back with an armful of quilts, nouncing, "I got two or t'ree more ilts that the church brought us, and five girls who crocheted blanket me to see us. One of them church ls gave me a kimono but I don't say t'ing." The quilts were handmade d beautiful.

Frenchy removed his hat, scratched head, and put the hat on again. I lized that I hadn't seen Simpson thout a hat. Later, when I asked hn if he had ever seen Simpson tless, he said, "No, and nobody I ow has, either."

Frenchy said, "We hire a guy to ng our groceries every four weeks wintertime, too. He's a paperworker m Ocean Falls, a Prussian with nice boat that takes an hour and half to go twenty-eight mile to Falls. He do everything for us." enchy grinned. "When I used to to Ocean Falls, I used to go to the ppy House, right around the bend what we call Pecker Point. The lers have cert-ainly grown over that Happy House fast since it closed."

Simpson was frowning, shaking his head at Frenchy, who suddenly stopped talking.

Looking amused, John picked up the conversation. "That German you hire must have a powerful boat. It took us three hours to get here with my seventy-horsepower five-cylinder Gardner."

Simpson leaned back in his chair, cackling. "Oh, I know that one! It's a good one!"

"I used to have nice boat, troller, for seventeen years," Frenchy said. "The Albatross, built at Sointula, on Malcolm Island, that you pass on the way up. In 1936, I get twenty-four cents a pound for springs and six cents a pound for coho in Namu—forty cents for a whole coho. A lot of people were living in this bay then, in small shacks in winter. Mostly loggers and fishermen. But there was a woman here who sold baths. She had bathtubs in little huts and you could take a bath for two bits or a dollar, whatever you thought it was worth. She would lend a towel to you for ten cents or sell it to you for twenty-five; the only thing, she was such a bad cook. I know because I used to chop her wood to have a cup of tea and whatever she gave me to eat."

"What happened to the Albatross?" I asked.

"I sink it, I t'ink in '43, maybe '44," Frenchy said. "The manifold and exhaust and fumes, they put me to sleep, and—bingo!—she went on the rocks. I go out in a rowboat, and someone from Bella Coola in a gill-netter came along and pick me up. No insurance, so I lost the whole works. I bought another boat the next year, and someone walked on it and stole eight hundred dollars." He shrugged. "Fishing from daybreak to night was too long anyway. I got dizzy from the exhaust and from looking up at those lines, and had to cut off the engine."

HE got out four glasses and poured us each a Scotch, and said, "There are some nice big ducks around, and we don't even shot one. We like to see them around. We used to make home brew and then t'row away the corn, and when ducks came around they'd get drunk and go round and round like this." He lay down on the floor on his side and flapped his arms, hopped up, and sat down again on the bed, still talking. "They was fat and in good shape, and once in a while a hawk or owl came around and got one. We used to have lots of owls at night, but no more now."

"Every night, they used to howl 'Hoo! Hoo!' " Simpson said. "We used to have lots of Japanese from the Falls—they came and took those awful hot baths. There was this old fellow who was eighty-four, a gill-netter, who used to hang around here in the winter, and his heart stopped in the hot spring. He wasn't a bad one, either. Better than that fellow that's over there now."

Frenchy leaned over and said to me in a low voice, "I don't mind Ole, but him and Mr. Simpson don't get along well."

My eye had been attracted by a white ceramic angel with a gold halo on the shelf behind Simpson's head, and when my glance shifted to binoculars hanging from a hook on the wall next to it Frenchy said loudly, "From here, Mr. Simpson can see a bear way up at the head of the bay without glasses. He got to do somet'ing. I shot two black bears last year. There used to be a lot of deer, too. They would come in evening at low water and drink, but I don't see none now. I fish for Simpson, but I wait until there is more than one fish in the water and then I don't make too much noise. Seals and otters come right up to your boat if they t'ink you have fish. They walk on the bottom, those otters—I see the tracks—and they say when seals come like that, fish are coming in. Seals walk one and a half mile to this lake above here, and then another mile to another lake. We saw twenty wolves in one bunch, too, they come down for fish. They howled right alongside here, right around our door. Some fellows was sleeping here on our floor. Good old Jim, a Scotchman who was engineer, said 'Frenchy, do you t'ink we're safe?' and I said 'Just keep the door shut.' "

"Oh, they were really scared," Simpson said, finishing his whiskey and signalling for more. Frenchy poured some into his glass and handed the glass back to him. "Thank you, sir," Simpson said. He held the glass up between both hands and drank, put it down, and said, "We had the best cat in the country, and the wolves got him. Oh, he was a wonderful fellow."

"When anyone came, he just sat by Simpson and growled," Frenchy said.

"Oh, the wolf caught him right at the door. I know he did," Simpson said.

"I saw that wolf come back for another cat, and I want to shoot him so much I missed him twice," Frenchy said. "That black-and-white cat, Ta-Puss, would sleep up on the pillow against Simpson's head and would snore, and Simpson would wake up and say, 'Quit your snoring,' and push that cat to the wall. One night, he was sleeping right beside Mr. Simpson, snoring, and Mr. Simpson tried to push him off once too often, and Ta-Puss bit him in the hand." Frenchy began to laugh, rocking back and forth. He laughed so hard he had to wipe his eyes with his sleeve.

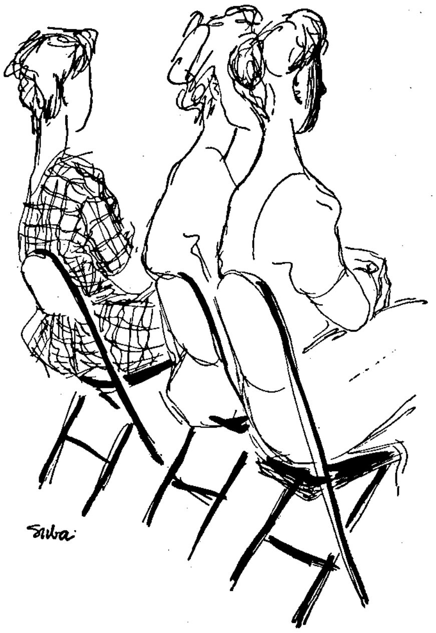
Simpson wiped his eyes, too, and said, "Ta-Puss would push on the doorknob and then push the door open."

"Old Ta-Puss. I wouldn't take fifty dollars for him," Frenchy said.

"I wouldn't take a *hundred* for him," Simpson said, shaking his head solemnly. "Oh, I wish we had him now. He would never catch the mice in here. He would just sit and look at them walking back and forth in front of him."

The light coming in through the windows was fading, and the room had become even more shadowy. John rose to go. "Tomorrow, we're going to the hot spring at Nascall Bay. We'll stop in on our way back from there," he said to Simpson, who was looking downcast.

Frenchy walked back to the dock with us. It was now totally dark, and we rowed to the MoreKelp in a driving rainstorm. I was thoroughly chilled. It was so cold when we got back to the boat that John turned u the stove while, shivering, we took o our wet clothes. We ate supper surrounded by the smell of soggy clothe drying out on a clothesline that crisscrossed the cabin. John said, "I alway stop and see those wonderful old me once a summer, even if it means losin a day's fishing. I sure admire Frenchy It's not easy for a man his age to do a that cooking, and he washes thei clothes, too, by hand. Frenchy tells m he has to lift Simpson sometimes. don't see how he does it. Simpson almost twice his size. No, no, Simpso is not an easy man to take care of. H liked you, by the way. If he hadn't, h would have sat there like a sphinx, n saying a word."



JOHN moved the MoreKelp to a different position during the nigh because of the wind, and just before w left the next morning we looked o the window toward Frenchy an Simpson's place. With the tide out, could see, tied up at the small dock, neat gray speedboat that I hadn't noticed the night before, because of t tall grass around it. John said, "It Frenchy's, and it's sixteen feet, with small cabin and a gas engine. If the float house burned up, he could p Simpson on that boat. They lived another float house for eleven year but it's a wreck now. There were a l of cases of rum drunk there, I can te you."

As we came out of Eucott Bay, saw a cormorant take off, skimmi across the water and leaving a litt cascade of whitecaps and foam in i wake. The sun was gleaming on t mountains behind us as we turned le again, into Dean Channel. By noo we had arrived at Nascall Bay. large seine boat was there, so v anchored at the entrance of the bay— smaller one than Eucott—to wait o turn at the hot spring. We watch while four men with towels set off in dinghy from the seiner and, sin there was no beach, landed on t rocks and disappeared up the hi John was looking through the glasse "That boat is from Sointula, and th are probably Finns," he said. "Soi tula fishermen love hot springs."

In an hour, they came down aga and went away, and before the sein had disappeared we were rowing o dinghy toward those same rocks. Jo tied the painter around a large bou der, and we climbed an escarpment. thought that by now I knew what expect, but this hot spring, in a setti of woodland and sea, was not at all like the one at Eucott Bay. We arrived shortly at a small, rough board cabin with a peaked plank roof. The cabin, set up on flat rocks, surrounded the hot spring and was just big enough to contain a bathtub and a wooden bench. There was a white-painted doorframe, and someone had hung a long piece of weather-stained canvas there for a door and white sheeting as curtains over the empty window frames. The words "TURKEY TOWN II" were painted in foot-high red letters in a slant over the door, and below the front window was a legend reading "SHOWTIME LODGE." Someone else had scrawled "RELAXO!" in big letters vertically down the front wall to the right of the door.

Inside, I had a surprise when I saw he bathtub into which the springwater was running from a pipe. It was an ordinary old-fashioned porceain one, sunk in the floor. John put a plug in the drain, and the tub gradually filled with hot, sulfurous springwater. Since the tub wasn't big enough or both of us, I sat on the bench nd waited while he soaked. When my turn came, I found that the water was pleasantly warm instead of being ot enough to cook in. No other boats rrived, so John fastened the canvas oor above the jamb, and I could look ut on the blue water of the bay while floated in my medicinal warm bath, he air fresh and cool around me. "This is paradise," I said. The inteior walls of the cabin were covered with carved and written names of revious bathers, and John and I dded our own initials, and the date, efore we left.

THE afternoon had turned unexpectedly warm. When we got ack to Eucott in the early evening, nd anchored again at the entrance of he bay, we were attacked by horseflies s big as bumblebees. They drove us razy until we turned out the lights, nd then we could hear them buzzing round outside the cabin all night, so n the first possible tide in the morning we rowed over to say goodbye to Frenchy and Simpson. Frenchy was n the dock to greet us, and hurried us n to see Simpson. "I cook that spring ast night, and tonight we have a hash wit' onions and potatoes," he said. We sure are glad to see you. Mr. Simpson had me up all night watching ut for you."

"Right you are," Simpson said. "I old Frenchy, 'I don't see no light. You better go and see if they are all right or I won't sleep very good.' One slip, you know, and that's the end of you."

"So I went out with my boat and row over to make sure you were all right," Frenchy said. At John's look of surprise, he added, "I'm very quiet, so you don't hear me."

We left a little later, and Frenchy came along beside us in his motorboat, carrying a big can and several pails, to get fresh springwater from a waterfall in the next bay. We went with him to a little spring coming down the mountain; John helped him with the heavy containers and got some drinking water for us, too. When we turned our boat to go out, Frenchy, moving at terrific speed, was just rounding the bend in the opposite direction from the one we were taking.

WE went back to visit Frenchy and Simpson in Eucott Bay whenever we could. The next year, Ole Overgaard moved his float house to Bella Coola, in another channel, some distance away, and his bathhouse was broken into and vandalized. Someone dragged the tub out onto the beach and hitched the broken hot-spring pipe to it again, so we continued to bathe there if no one else was around, and John always stopped and soaked his wrists. The last year John and I fished, when we rowed over to see them Frenchy came out to meet us with the news that Simpson had died that winter. We went inside and had a cup of coffee with him. He was a heartbroken man. "Rheumatism just ate Mr. Simpson up," he said, wiping his eyes. "When he was dying, he ask me to pray for him, which I did, for half an hour in the middle of night, and then Simpson said, 'Now I feel better.' I have to pick him up, and light cigarettes for him at 2 A.M., and he start fires in his bed. I have to send him to hospital finally in Ocean Falls, and after t'ree days he died. I was so exhausted I didn't go see him, even though he ask for me." Frenchy put his hand to his eyes again. "I would have cried, so I just stayed here."

—EDITH IGLAUER

•

BLOCK THAT METAPHOR!

[*Richard Medley in the Los Angeles Times*]

To talk with Greenspan is to realize that he carries in his stomach a rumbling fear of recession, a visceral understanding that an economic slump could rip the already shredded band-aids from the battered world economy.

ASK ABOUT OUR SUMMER SPECIAL.

Now our Weekend Plan includes the three of you.

YOU TWO AND YOUR CAR.

$54.75* per person, per day, double occupancy.

Taxes included. Friday and Saturday nights.

Includes deluxe room. Continental breakfast, New York Times, box of gourmet chocolates, 2 "Big Apples," bottle of champagne and PARKING.

Enjoy our fashionable location, close to shops, theatre and entertainment and the warm hospitality and friendly welcome. Experience the Doral Park Avenue difference.

* Limited availability. Existing reservations cannot be converted—these rates do not apply to groups, conventions, etc.

DORAL PARK AVENUE
NEW YORK'S EXQUISITE, SMALL HOTEL
Park Avenue at 38th Street • New York 10016
Tel.: (212) 687-7050 • Telex: 968872
For reservations, call your travel agent or toll-free 800-847-4135.

Dromoland. A beautiful Irish Castle.

Dromoland Castle and Clare Inn

Just 8 miles from Shannon Airport, amongst the finest hotels in Europe and a secluded inn set within Ireland's wonderful countryside.

Brochures and Reservations:
McDonough Hotels, Newmarket-on-Fergus, County Clare.
Phone (061) 71144 Telex: 26854 Free Toll: 800 624 1921

BOSTON BOUND?

Our short-term furnished apartments cater to those not wanting a full year lease but wanting accommodations at attractive rates. We have pleasant, clean, fully equipped apartments, complete with linen, china and kitchenware in the nicer parts of Back Bay and Beacon Hill.

Home Away, (617) 523-1432
66 Mt. Vernon Street, Boston, Mass. 02108

The discovery of a new dish does more for the happiness of man than the discovery of a star.
—Brillat Savarin

La Trattoria
BEACON HILL
288 Cambridge Street Boston MA 02114 227-0211

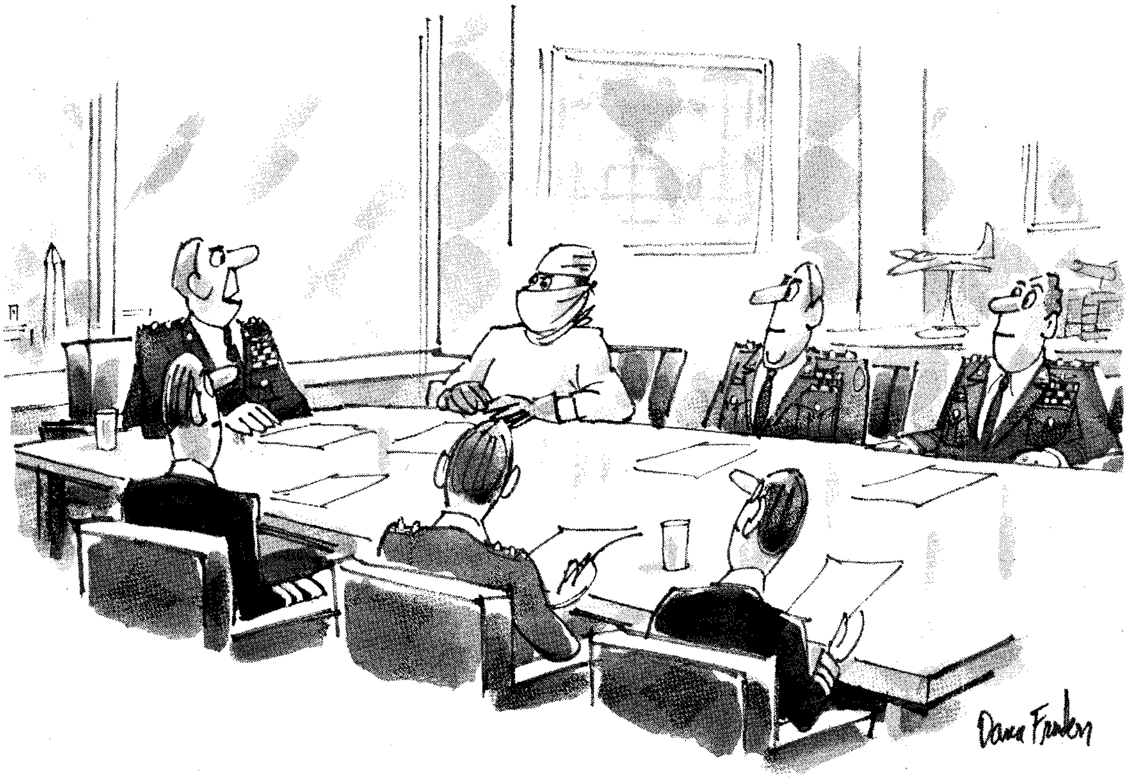
DANCING

Zeitgeist

ANTONY TUDOR's great ballets were all made before 1950. He was born five years after George Balanchine and Frederick Ashton, but his work is actually closer to the time and spirit of Léonide Massine and Kurt Jooss. His masterpiece, "Jardin aux Lilas," was created in 1936; after he moved from England to America, in 1939, he became famous as the choreographer of a new type of dramatic ballet ("Pillar of Fire," "Undertow"), which could be discussed in the clinical language of pop psychology, but his finest work of this period may well have been "Romeo and Juliet," to music of Delius—a return to the delicate characterization and mute pathos of "Jardin aux Lilas." The advent of Tudor in America coincided with large-scale developments in the career of Martha Graham. In their different ways, each evolved a brand of expressionism powerfully responsive to the cultural climate of the forties. Though Tudor's creative impetus died and Graham's lived on, she is his closest American contemporary.

Exactly why Tudor's invention ceased is a matter of debate. His dramas of socially frustrated sexual passion went out of style, but their qualities of theatrically intelligent physical movement, emotional refinement, and musical transparency made them interesting to watch even when you didn't find their subject matter engaging. Tudor was one of the self-styled aristocrats who founded British ballet on an image of royal succession, changing their names to suit the image. Miriam Ramberg became Marie Rambert, Edris Stannus became Ninette de Valois, William Cook became Antony Tudor. Like the rest of his generation, he was forced to improvise the skills that academy-trained Russian, French, or Danish dancers took for granted, and, as outsiders sometimes do, he saw more in the language of classical ballet than those who spoke it as a native tongue. In "Jardin aux Lilas" he converted the discipline of ballet into a metaphor for social constraint, and this expressionistic use of ballet took its place in his vocabulary of elaborately encoded naturalistic movements and gestures. No choreographer ever studied the science of pantomime more closely. Tudor worked with taste and intuition. What he lacked in schooling he made up in imagination. His then limited ballet technique probably did him less harm than the expressionistic uses to which he put it. Next to the sleek classica ballets of Balanchine, Tudor's began to look coercive and sentimental. And as the popularity of ballet grew in America it gave rise to a master race of dancers whom even Balanchine referred to as "monsters of perfection." Tudor reflected the trend in his work But using ballet as direct expression seemed to reduce him to anonymity "The Leaves Are Fading," a late addition to his canon, is a wistful attemp at a long, lyrically transportin "pure" ballet. As a composition it i full of prowess. As a drama it is ver timid Tudor.

Tudor taught and coached a generation of dancers, and he saw his repertory staged with fidelity by this generation even though the times were ou of joint and few interpreters arose t continue what Nora Kaye, Hug Laing, and Alicia Markova had begun. "Pillar of Fire" lasted int the seventies on the strength of Sallie Wilson's performance. Natali Makarova arrived from Russia to cas a new light on Tudor ballets, an when Gelsey Kirkland joined American Ballet Theatre, Tudor was move to compose new work. "The Leave Are Fading" was danced this season a the Met (though without Kirkland along with "Pillar of Fire" an "Dark Elegies." Tudor himself, at th age of seventy-eigh had cast and rehearse all three. He died th day before the seaso began. He had survived his greates American ballerin Nora Kaye, by tw months; he himself survived by Hug Laing, who more tha any ballerina incarnated the Tudor aesthet and focussed Tudor creative drive. Lain had no successors. No even Anthony Dowel as the Boy with Matted Hair in "Shadowplay," elicited the kin of poetry from Tudo that Laing did Tudor's ballets wer dark webs threade with erotic tension an a kind of heroic fatalism. Without bein



"I take it, General Sedgewick, you're about to propose a surgical strike."

KOHALA COAST IS MY RESORT

Discerning travelers who know Hawaii best choose the Kohala Coast. A resort destination, a land of legend, a truly Hawaiian place, the Kohala Coast stands apart. Experience luxury retreats, historic sites, golden beaches, emerald golf courses and gourmet dining at The Westin Mauna Kea, Mauna Lani Bay and Sheraton Royal Waikoloa hotels. And, opening soon, the Hyatt Regency Waikoloa.

Let United take you to Hawaii's Neighbor Islands direct. Your experience begins the moment you come on board with Royal Hawaiian Service to the Big Island: music, movies, exotic drinks and Polynesian food. All served up in the spirit of the Islands by the people who know Hawaii best.

THE BIG ISLAND, MY HAWAII

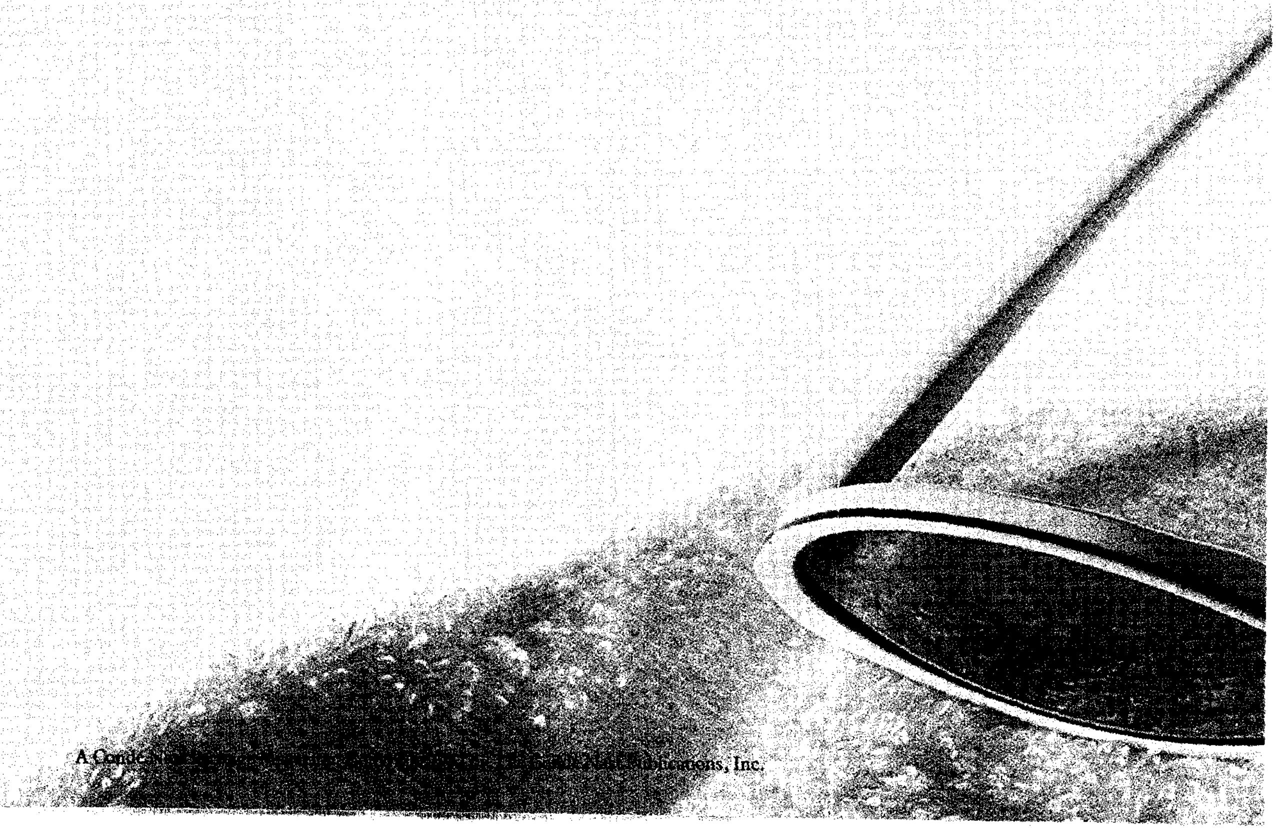
UNITED AIRLINES

Call United or your travel agent.
For personal assistance, call Noelani
at (808) 885-4915 or write:
Kohala Coast Resort Association
P.O. Box 5000; Kohala Coast, Hawaii 96743-5000.

Where to sunbathe in the Soviet Union.

Introducing Condé Nast's Traveler

The insider's guide t
the outside world.



A Condé [illegible] Publications, Inc.

Where to find the proper nourish-
nt for your tan by the Black Sea?
ıere to buy a bow tie (when nothing
; than yellow foulard will suffice) in
m Springs after midnight? Where to
sfy a craving for a rendition of Louis
nstrong's "Potato Head Blues" in
Turks & Caicos Islands?
Such are the questions of a discern-
few. Introducing the answer. Condé
st's Traveler. Beginning *September 1*,
r 550,000 discriminating subscribers
look to Condé Nast's Traveler for
de travel information that to some
y seem trivial, but to the passionate
eler is nothing short of necessity.
If you want to reach the tourist (an
y word to be sure, but this point must
nade) look elsewhere. If you want
each the traveler, look no further–
journey begins *September 1*.
Tom Florio, (212) 880-2160.

Крем
для загара
ДЛЯ

The most precious thing you can own

Land . . . what else can give you so much pleasure now and for years to come?

The land we're offering is far from the crowds and rat race of cities, away from noise and pollution. It's nature in an unspoiled state.

Each ranch is 40 acres or more. A really big spread. With controlled access that assures exclusivity and privacy. We're up in the mountains of Colorado's glorious Sangre de Cristo range—the heart of the Rockies. Where deer, elk, eagles, wild turkey and other birds and animals still roam.

Very few owners will share this part of the American Alps, and our concept for buyers is simple: A large, desirable piece of property, offered with financing and full buyer protection. You can build here if and when you want. You may use it as a base for vacations, for cross-country skiing, hunting, fishing, hiking, camping and all kinds of outdoor sports and family fun.

It's the perfect place to acquire a substantial part of the American dream. Here you will taste life on the scale it was meant to be lived.

Forbes Magazine's division, Sangre de Cristo Ranches, put this project together based on the many requests received over the years for a really large tract of land. Through Forbes Wagon Creek Ranch, we're pleased to be able to share a part of it with you and your family. We've ranched this area for almost two decades and plan to be around for generations to come. Our neighboring Forbes Trinchera Ranch covers over 400 square miles, which is our firm commitment to the future of this unspoiled paradise in Colorado.

Ranches here start at $30,000. It's not a small sum. But unlike paintings and jewelry or new cars, this ownership extends past your lifetime and the lives of those you love to guarantee your own substantial heritage in America the beautiful.

For complete information, without obligation, call 303/379-3263 or write to: Errol Ryland, Manager, Forbes Wagon Creek Ranch, P.O. Box 303, Ft. Garland, CO 81133.

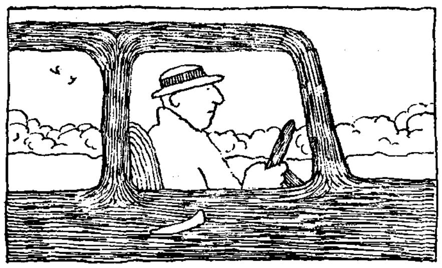
**Forbes
Wagon Creek
Ranch**

Obtain the Property Report required by Federal law and read it before signing anything. No Federal agency has judged the merits or value, if any, of this property. Equal Credit and Housing Opportunity. A statement and offering statement has been filed with the Secretary of State of the State of New York. The filing does not constitute approval of the sale or lease or offer for sale or lease by the Secretary of State or that the Secretary of State has in any way passed upon the merits of such offering . A copy of the offering statement is available, upon request, from Sangre de Cristo Ranches. NYA86-153. A statement of Record filed with the New Jersey Real Estate Commission permits this property to be offered to New Jersey residents, but does not pass upon its merits or value. Obtain the New Jersey Public Offering Statement and read it before signing anything. NJA #60686004 CO; Florida AD 20537 rectly about Laing, they took their lor from him; he was their exponent d, perhaps, their one true inspira- n.

I felt Tudor's presence at A.B.T. is season not in his own work so uch as in Paul Taylor's "Sunset," hich A.B.T. was staging for the first ne. This piece about soldiers meet- g girls in a public park is one of the angest, saddest, and most haunting at Taylor has ever made; the banal- of the idea (it's like a tragic and finitely becalmed "Fancy Free") is t transcended but embraced. A war morial, an elegy for dead young n, a study of sexual relations (men d men as well as men and women), essay on loneliness and group iden- y, a meditation on the past: "Sunset" all those things, and it is also a long k at a side of Taylor—a defense- sly emotional side—that doesn't of- emerge. Taylor was a student of udor's (and he later became a Gra- m dancer), but I wasn't struck by resemblances to Tudor in "Sun- " until I saw it done at A.B.T., iere its shimmering aura of memory d bursts of throttled eloquence emed almost an act of homage. iere was even a technical link to idor, in the constant shifting of the ion from the literal to the non- ral and back again, which sug- sted the continuity in "Pillar of re" (not "Dim Lustre," where idor kept pausing to change gears).

"Sunset" leaves a great many things said, and one feels it's not because y are unsayable in dance but be- ise Taylor respects the inarticulate- ss and the discretion of his charac- s too much to tell stories about m. A full-scale narrative ballet is nething he just wouldn't dream of. r this production of "Sunset," he pears to have made a few small anges. A sequence in which one of soldiers is extensively coddled and ried about by the girls seemed less minent than it once did. At the et, the dying of the light on the ex Katz set had a pallor it didn't ve at the City Center, but I assume s was an effect Jennifer Tipton did t intend. "Sunset" is hardly the kind Taylor piece a ballet company nor- lly chooses to do. (San Francisco llet is the only other company to ve attempted it.) It wouldn't have n a surprise to see the whole pro- ction fail, but though the dancing the A.B.T. cast was ballet-style iylor, it was not at all bad, and the ing, projected with a little extra force, was quite good. Lila York reconstructed the choreography. Her former role—that of the little girl who walks on the men's backs—was taken by Dana Stackpole, and Kathleen Moore was unexpectedly vivid in Kate Johnson's role. (She hadn't been a very interesting Hagar in "Pillar of Fire.") Robert Hill, John Summers, and the other men were less individually distinctive than Taylor's dancers, but their esprit was perfect.

TAYLOR'S latest work, shown during his own season, earlier this spring, at the City Center, was a bit of a disappointment to admirers of "Sunset," "Last Look," "Roses," and other recent pieces of his. Neither "Syzygy" nor "Kith and Kin" was on that level, and "Kith and Kin" was peculiarly constructed, too. A man and a woman in brown Victorian costumes presided at a rampageous polka festival held by youngsters; from time to time, a clear-browed young woman raced unobserved across the stage in her slip. The best explanation came from a friend who meditated a full minute after the curtain came down. "Well," he said finally, "the kith and kin are Paul's dancers. The couple are Paul and Bettie de Jong." Bettie de Jong is the Taylor company's rehearsal mistress. And the girl in the slip? "Terpsichore." O.K. The whole thing was set, with Taylor's usual aplomb, to Mozart's Serenade No. 4, K. 203. "Syzygy," to a commissioned score by Donald York, was a dark bramblebush of a piece, thickly strung with ornaments in some places, bare in others. Douglas Wright seemed to take his flashing solo as the cue for a dance choreographed and performed by himself on another of the Taylor programs. Taylor this season handed out choreography assignments to some of his dancers; each was to do a solo no more than five minutes long. Wright's "Faun Variations," with plastique à la Nijinsky, and Kenneth Tosti's "Diary of a Fly," a swift-moving cameo with a surprise ending, were the best. Tosti had not choreographed before. Wright, a New Zealander, had formed his own group in New York. He now returns home to a full-time career in choreography.



Ballet Theatre also produced a first effort at choreography by one of its principal dancers, Clark Tippet. The title "Enough Said" led you to expect a jokey piece, but though Tippet's choreography was frequently nimble, even witty, it didn't crack a smile, or if it did it was a thin, wintry Clint Eastwood kind of smile. Clark Tippet has for years been one of ballet's best partners, and his ballet deals with men meeting and partnering women in various combinations: a woman and three men, a man and three women, one long pas de deux followed by several brief ones performed at the same time. In the final section, the cast runs through a new set of orderly permutations, and then the principal couple ends the game with a neutral handclasp. The structure of "Enough Said" may be derived from "Agon." Tippet's music is the Serenade No. 3 by George Perle, the central movement of which is dedicated to George Balanchine. The choreography's blend of gymnastics and classical dancing, the spareness and logic of its exposition, the cool-cat dance manners —these suggest "Agon," too. But, as John Martin noted in his *Times* review thirty years ago, "Agon" does smile.

Tippet's atmosphere is the changed climate of male-female relations in the eighties, and his ballet is closer to Peter Martins' newest piece, "Ecstatic Orange," than either of them is to anything by Balanchine and Stravinsky. Martins' music is also by a contemporary American—Michael Torke, whose compositions are inspired by colors. For New York City Ballet's spring season, Martins choreographed Torke's "Green" and "Purple," and presented both sections with the "Ecstatic Orange" he had shown last winter in costumes by Stephen Sprouse. This time, the dancers wore plain black leotards and tights, but the choreography still had the lethal ferocity it had when they were in Sprouse's headbands and loincloths. The two other sections, also performed in black leotards and tights, were in the same spirit; the whole ballet is beyond Thunderdome.

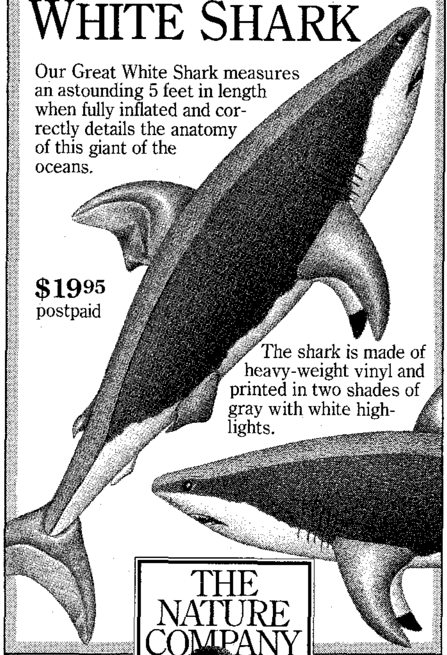
If the sexual atmosphere in Tippet's piece is glumly neutral, in Martins' it is primitivistic. Though Torke's music has a certain jagged neo-Stravinskyan vein running through it, Martins seems to hear it as anti-classical. He

GIANT INFLATABLE WHITE SHARK

Our Great White Shark measures an astounding 5 feet in length when fully inflated and correctly details the anatomy of this giant of the oceans.

$19⁹⁵ postpaid

The shark is made of heavy-weight vinyl and printed in two shades of gray with white highlights.



THE NATURE COMPANY

Berkeley
San Francisco
Palo Alto
Corte Madera

Carmel
Costa Mesa
San Diego
Seattle

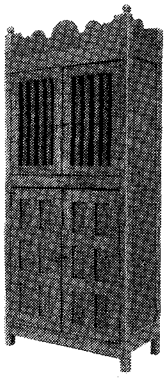
ORDER TOLL-FREE 800-227-1114

Use Visa, M/C, AMEX or send check to: The Nature Company, Dept. NY, P.O. Box 2310, Berkeley, CA 94702. (Calif. add 6% sales tax)

SEND $1.00 FOR OUR LATEST CATALOG

Our original handmade Southwestern furniture is uniquely suited to a variety of interiors and offices, contemporary or traditional. Interesting catalog, $3.00: Taos Furniture, Dept. J, 232 Galisteo, Santa Fe, New Mexico USA 87501.

TAOS Furniture®



ITALIAN IN VENICE

Monthly Courses + Accommodation: $ 768
Tel. (41) 5228330

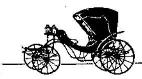
INTERLINGUA
C.P. 650 - 30100 VENEZIA-ITALIA

The CHARLOTTE INN

MARTHA'S VINEYARD

FEATURED IN *Country Inns and Back Roads*

South Summer St., Edgartown, MA 02539 • 617 627-4751



may be right. Just as Stravinsky incorporated popular elements, Torke represents a style of pop-based composing which incorporates Stravinsky. Martins' choreography emphasizes slashing limbs and thrust pelvises; principals and corps are as turned in as a Broadway chorus. "Purple" is a disjointed tango of the type Martins has several times choreographed to Stravinsky's music. To Torke's specially commissioned music he puts Heather Watts and Jock Soto through a series of tortuously evolving maneuvers that seem designed to top anything he's done before: lifts in which Watts goes over Soto's back and between his legs or is spun in the air or is held upside down while she does splits; absurd poses including a reclining one with only the top of her head and one point touching the ground. It is in the Watts and Soto roles that Martins expresses a fang-and-claw vision of sex. Soto, with the physique of a wrestler, can partner anything, and Martins keeps the zingers coming. The pas de deux ends with Watts kneeling on Soto's thigh, gripping her ankles (like the Siren in "The Prodigal Son"), being lowered by him to the floor, and there being turned knee to knee until the music runs out. This cheaply mechanistic role for Watts is a reduction rather than an extension of the other roles Martins has made for her. Unattractive as many of those roles made Watts out to be, they were analytical rather than exploitative. And Soto, whose career got under way in Martins' ballets, has become her gruntingly acquiescent caveman partner. He's a good dancer, Watts in the right ballets is a useful performer, and Martins has become a choreographer who commands wide respect, but they seem to bring out the worst in each other.

A successful first ballet is not hard to pull off. What's hard is the second, the third, the fourth. Tippet's début was unusually promising, because of its clear thinking and smooth execution. He did not pick easy music. He does not seem to have relied on special performers. (A.B.T. showed the piece with two sets of principals: Bonnie Moore and Ricardo Bustamante, and Nora Kimball and Robert Hill.) But until he makes more ballets no profile of Tippet the choreographer can be drawn. Clearer than Tippet's prospects, though, is the trend at A.B.T. toward ballets bearing the stamp of
New York City Ballet. Tippet's wa
not the first that looked as though
could or should have been danced b
the company across the way at Lincol
Center: Twyla Tharp's "Bach Pa
tita" and Karole Armitage's "Th
Mollino Room" had "Balanchine
written all over them, and A.B.T
since Baryshnikov took it over h
produced a string of Balanchine's ba
lets; the latest, "Stravinsky Violi
Concerto," is being unveiled this se
son in Washington. Meanwhile, Pet
Martins produces an aggre
sively "modern" ballet a
announces a three-week fe
tival of choreography fe
turing American music a
guest choreographers draw
from the same moder
dance circuit that has bee
providing Baryshnikov wi
premières. To top it off, in the ne
future N.Y.C.B. plans to produ
"The Sleeping Beauty;" A.B.T. h
just done it.

Perhaps the two companies a
drawing closer together because it is
the spirit of the times that they do s
But perhaps they are being forced on
the same path from having year aft
year to compete for the same audien
in New York. When Balanchine r
City Ballet, and it played every sprir
and summer opposite Ballet Theatre
the Met, the competition was seen
many observers to be between h
"neoclassicism" and its standard bra
of classicism. One could disagree wi
those terms, but whatever the conte
of each company's offerings was sa
to be, it accounted in most peopl
minds for the division in taste whi
then really seemed to exist. If y
liked Balanchine, you were not lur
by Ballet Theatre. If you wanted bi
name stars in three-act ballets, or sin
ply the prestige of the Met, you d
not attend City Ballet. Now, wi
Balanchine gone, the divide betwe
N.Y.C.B. and A.B.T. appears to
closing, and the ballet audience is b
ing forced to choose more arbitrari
what it will see. The booking polici
that pit our two greatest compani
against each other annually in Ne
York were always deleterious, b
their worst effects were mitigated
long as there was a clear aesthet
choice. What, though, if N.Y.C.
and A.B.T. were to become as indi
tinguishable in the public mind as C
and NBC? Surely then the fact th
they play every year at the same tin
in the same place would be the least
their worries. —Arlene Croc

BOOKS

Einstein When Young

WHEN Albert Einstein died, at the age of seventy-six, on April 18, 1955, the terms of is estate had been fixed by a will he ad signed five years earlier—on arch 18, 1950. The will read, in rt, "I give and bequeath all of my anuscripts, copyrights, publication ghts, royalties and royalty agree- ents, and all other literary property d rights, of any and every kind or ture whatsoever, to my Trustees reinafter named." The two trustees named were the late Otto Nathan, economist at Princeton University, ho had befriended him when he came the United States, in the nineteen- irties, and Helen Dukas, Einstein's cretary since 1928. Miss Dukas was ally a part of the Einstein household: ong with Einstein's stepdaughter, argot Einstein, she shared his mod- t house at 112 Mercer Street, not far om the center of Princeton. But Ein- ein chose Dr. Nathan as the sole ecutor of the estate; he no doubt anted the estate to ovide an income—a ing—for Miss Du- s and his stepdaugh- , and felt that Dr. athan would be well ited to handling the actical management his papers. Indeed, r. Nathan did, to his edit, proceed to sort t the complicated atters involving pyrights and the e. What Einstein d not anticipate was at Dr. Nathan uld set himself up a sort of arbiter of w the papers would used by scholars and hers. I turned up this le of the coin when, 1973, I wrote a ofile of Einstein for is magazine. Before ving me permission use published ma- ial controlled by the ate, Dr. Nathan in- ted on his right to ad (and, presumably, prove) my manu- ript—a request I was rced to accede to, ce the Profile would have suffered irreparably without Einstein's own voice. I felt at that time, and feel now, that this condition went far beyond anything Einstein might have intended, and, indeed, that it was an intolerable intrusion.

While this was going on, I learned that the Princeton University Press, which two years earlier had entered into an agreement with Dr. Nathan to publish a complete collection of the Einstein papers, was having its own troubles: Dr. Nathan had instigated legal proceedings against the press; they were eventually settled by arbitration in 1980, and the settlement effectively removed Dr. Nathan from a position in which he could block the publication of the Einstein papers. In the meantime, Dr. John Stachel, a professor of physics at Boston University, had been engaged as the editor of the papers, and in January of 1977 he began readying them for publication. In view of the uncertainties, the project had difficulty raising money. It was saved from bankruptcy by a million-dollar endowment from Harold W. McGraw, Jr., and the papers themselves, in accordance with Einstein's will, became the responsibility of the Hebrew University of Jerusalem in 1982, which then became the partner of the press in their publication. Now, thirty-two years after Einstein's death, the first volume of what will be at least a thirty-volume series has appeared.

In truth, despite all the delays and the publicity surrounding the publication of the papers, it was not an event I had been anticipating with any special enthusiasm. The reason was that, as far as I knew, the first volume, entitled "The Early Years, 1879-1902" (Princeton; $52.50), was going to consist of material that, in one form or another, I had already seen. It is, of course, valuable to have together in one convenient place such items as Einstein's high-school report cards; the affectionate short biography written by his sister, Maja, in 1924; his

"Can he call you back? He's writing a property."

rejection, in 1901, for combat service in the Swiss Army because of “*Pes planus*” (flat feet); the rather moving advertisement offering private lessons in physics and mathematics which he inserted in a Bern newspaper in 1902 (giving such lessons was almost his only means of support at the time). But it did not seem to me that there would be anything really new—anything that someone who, like me, had been reading the available Einstein literature for decades would find particularly exciting or revelatory. Last fall, however, I was alerted by people close to the project that in fact something remarkable had happened. A cache of some five hundred letters—correspondence between Einstein and his first wife, Mileva Marić, together with letters written by Marić to friends—had been discovered. The letters belong to the Einstein Family Correspondence Trust, of which Dr. Thomas Einstein—he is the son of the late Hans Albert Einstein, one of two sons Einstein had with Marić—is the chief trustee. Fifty-one of these letters have been included in “The Early Years” (the others will follow in chronological order), and as far as I am concerned they have transformed what had promised to be a relatively routine scholarly enterprise into a fascinating, almost hypnotic, and, above all, extremely moving human document. As I read these letters, I kept thinking that both for what they revealed and for what they kept just out of sight they were the equivalent of clues in a novel like Nabokov’s “Pale Fire,” in which an entire world is hinted at but never quite revealed.

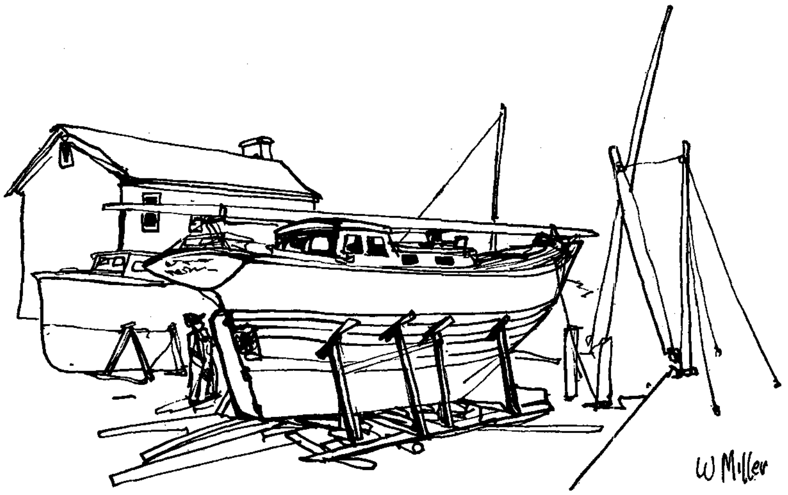
Albert Einstein entered the Eidgenössische Polytechnische Schule—the Swiss Federal Polytechnical School—in Zurich in October of 1896, at the age of seventeen. He was slightly younger than his classmates, among whom was Mileva Marić, three years his senior. She was born in Titel, in an area of southern Hungary that is now part of Yugoslavia. Her parents were Greek Orthodox. None of the letters cast any light on how she made her way to the polytechnical school. That cannot have been a trivial accomplishment, because there was a stiff entrance examination; Einstein himself had failed the section on general knowledge a year earlier. Zurich was then a city in which liberal tendencies flourished, and the school was one of the few places in Continental Europe where a woman could be educated in science. The first of the letters is from Marić. It is written from Heidelberg the following fall (1897), after she had temporarily withdrawn from the school and was auditing courses at the University of Heidelberg. It is clear from this letter that she and Einstein had already begun their friendship. (In quoting from it and the other letters, I will use a translation from the German—all the letters are printed in the original language—provided by the Princeton University Press. The translations, which seem adequate, were done by Anna Beck and Peter Havas, and are available as a paperback supplement to purchasers of the book ($22.50). Many of the letters are written in a kind of slang, and the translators have tried to preserve that flavor; when puns and the like seem untranslatable, they say so.) In this letter Marić writes:

> My father gave me some tobacco to take with me and I was supposed to hand it to you, he wanted so much to whet your appetite for our little country of brigands. I talked with him about you, you absolutely must come with me someday. The marvelous conversations you would have here! But I will take over the role of interpreter. But I cannot send it [presumably, the tobacco] to you, you would have to pay duty on it, and then you would curse me along with my present.

Despite the familiar tone of the letter, it is written employing the formal *Sie*. At the end of it, there is a brief mention of physics, and, indeed, this became a characteristic of their correspondence—a continual mixing of physics and the personal. This has led several of the commentators on the letters to remark that Einstein a Marić had a kind of collaboration physics, and some of what Einstein lat writes to her seems to bear this out.

In the next letter, written by Ei stein from Zurich the following Fe ruary, also using the formal *Sie*, a beginning “*Geehrtes Fräulein!*”— “Esteemed Miss”—he congratula her on having decided to return to h studies at the school, which she d the following April. By August 1899, the letters—written by Einst to Marić when he is on vacation wi his mother and sister—have taken a more intimate tone. He addresses h as L.D., for *Liebes Dockerl*—“D Little Doll.” There are tantalizi glimpses of what is obviously a dev oping personal relationship. For e ample, he writes, “To be sure, in o place in Zurich you are the mistress the house, which is not bad either, a of what a marvelous household that!” They are certainly not yet l ing together, so it is not clear wh this refers to. In these letters Einst sends the affectionate greetings of mother and sister; there is not a hint the storm of animosity that was ab to descend. The situation appears to relatively innocent—two young s dents happy in each other’s compa But by the year 1900—Einstein’s fi year at the polytechnical school—th relationship had blossomed into a l affair. Marić writes, “Since I like y so much and you are so far away tha cannot give you a kiss, I am writi this little letter and am asking y whether you like me as much as I you? Answer me *immediately*. Th sand kisses from your D.”

By this time, both Einstein’s mo er and his sister have become riously alarmed. It is not entir clear what they have against Mar The fact that she older than Einstein brought up, and so the fact that she has been able to obtain diploma. She has tak the final examinati twice, and both tin she has failed it. P haps their objections based on the differe in religion or cultu background, or perh on some feeling so d and instinctive that t are unable to fully ticulate it. As is wi



recognized, Einstein had a very
ıbborn side to his character—the
ıacity of a mule, as he sometimes
:t it. In the matter of his relation-
ip with Marić, he simply dug in
s heels and decided to go his own
ıy. There is a remarkable descrip-
ın in a letter he writes to her in July
1900:

> We come home, I into Mama's room
> ıst the two of us). First I have to tell her
> out the examination [the first one that
> ırić failed], then she asks me quite inno-
> ıtly: "So, what will become of Dock-
> ?" "My wife," say I, equally innocently,
> t prepared for a real "scene." This then
> sued immediately. Mama threw herself
> the bed, buried her head in the pillow,
> d cried like a child. After she had recov-
> d from the initial shock, she immedi-
> ly switched to a desperate offensive:
> ou are ruining your future and blocking
> ır path through life." "That woman
> ınot gain entrance to a decent family."
> she gets a child, you'll be in a pretty
> ss." At this last outburst, which had
> n preceded by several others, my pa-
> nce finally gave out. I rejected the suspi-
> n [that] we had been living in sin with
> my might, scolded properly and was
> t ready to leave the room when Mama's
> nd Mrs. Bär entered the room, a small,
> ly little woman full of life, such a sort
> hen of the nicest kind. Thereupon we
> nediately started to talk with the great-
> eagerness about the weather, new spa
> sts, ill-behaved children, etc. Then we
> nt to eat, after that we played some
> sic. When we said "good night" to each
> er in private, the same story started
> ıin, but "più piano." Next day things
> re already better, and this, as she herself
> d, for the following reason: "If they
> e not yet had intimate relations (so
> ch dreaded by her) and will wait so
> g, then ways and means will surely be
> nd." Only what is most terrible for her
> that we want to stay together always.
> r attempts at converting me were based
> speeches like: "She is a book like you—
> you ought to have a wife." "When
> ı'll be 30, she'll be an old hag," etc. But
> she sees that in the meanwhile she is
> omplishing nothing except to make me
> gry, she has given up the "treatment"
> the time being.

By the spring of 1901, Marić and
nstein were going off on short vaca-
n trips together, and it must have
n then that Marić became preg-
nt. There is a casual reference in
e of Einstein's letters to her to the
hild and the [child] mood." It is
ar that Einstein wanted to marry
r—he did so in 1903—but had no
y to support her. From the time of
graduation from the polytechnical
ıool, in the spring of 1900, until
ne of 1902, when he was appointed
technical expert third class at the
tent office in Bern, he was unable to
d a proper job. In a letter that
arić wrote to her friend Helene
Savić in the fall of 1901, she explains the reasons for this as lucidly and succinctly as they have ever been explained. She writes, "It is not likely that he will soon get a secure position; you know that my sweetheart has a very wicked tongue and is a Jew into the bargain." (The German reads "*Du weisst mein Schatz hat ein sehr böses Maul und ist obendrein ein Jude.*" *Maul* is the equivalent of "maw"—an animal's mouth—and *böses* can be translated as "nasty.") The fact that Einstein's manner at this time was irritating to many people, including his teachers, has been well known, but we have it here from the woman who loved him.

At the end of that year, Marić went back to Hungary to have her baby. Einstein did not accompany her—something that I find odd. He certainly loved her, at least then. ("I always find that I am in the best company when I am alone, except when I am with you.") Yet, for whatever reasons, he let her return to her home by herself—which must have been very painful for her—to await the birth of their child. In January of 1902, a girl, whom they called Lieserl (a diminutive of Liese), was born. Perhaps the most remarkable letter in the collection is the one that Einstein wrote to Marić after he received a letter from her father announcing the birth. It had been, apparently, a difficult labor. He writes:

> Poor, dear sweetheart, you must suffer enormously if you cannot even write to me yourself! And our dear Lieserl too must get to know the world from this aspect right from the beginning! I hope that you will be up and around again by the time my letter arrives. I was scared out of my wits when I got your father's letter, because I had already suspected some trouble.... But you see, it has really turned out to be a Lieserl, as you wished. Is she healthy and does she already cry properly? What kind of little eyes does she have? Whom of us two does she resemble more? Who is giving her milk? Is she hungry? And so is she completely bald. I love her so much & I don't even know her yet! Couldn't she be photographed once you are totally healthy again? Will she soon be able to turn her eyes toward something? Now you can make observations. I would like once to produce a Lieserl myself, it must be so interesting! She certainly can cry already, but to laugh she'll learn much later. Therein lies a profound truth.

To this letter Einstein appends a sort of schematic drawing of his room in Bern. It resembles the kind of drawing he often made later when he was describing his *Gedanken* experiments—the "thought" experiments in

William Chaney Chairman
Tiffany & Company
Distinctive
Publication Portraits
Black & White
Publication Glossies $137.50
Color Portraits Start at $175.
Children & Weddings

Bachrach
Photographers since 1868

Boston
617-536-4730
•
Chicago
312-236-1991
•
Morristown
201-267-2006
•
New York
212-755-6233
•
Philadelphia
215-563-0551

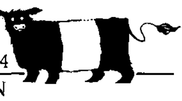
Quiet Elegance
in London's
Most Fashionable
Setting

The Chesterfield
Hotel Deluxe

35 Charles Street, Mayfair
(just off Berkeley Square)
London W1X 8LX, England
Telephone: 01-491 2622 212-245-9389
Telex: 269394
A Tollman-Hundley Hotel

TAPAS•TAPAS•TAPAS•TAPAS•TAPAS•TAPAS•TAPAS•
"New York City's Best Tapas Bar"
Mimi Sheraton
TIME MAG.
The Ballroom
Join Chef Felipe For Lunch, Dinner & Private Parties
253 West 28th St. NYC (212)244-3005
TAPAS•TAPAS•TAPAS•TAPAS•TAPAS•TAPAS•TAPAS•

CHAPEL HILL, NORTH CAROLINA.
Retire to the midst of a 625 acre farm full of bluebirds, hollyhocks, belted galloway cows, shops, a country inn, and families of all ages.
Free brochure.
Call 800-334-5475.
Box 111N, Chapel Hill, NC 27514
FEARRINGTON



HOMES & ESTATES

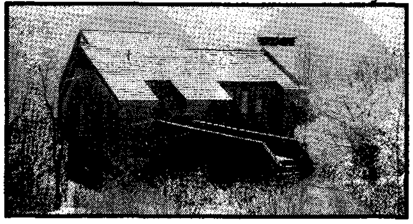
VERMONT
Be a Part of This Special World

My family and I moved from the city to the green mountains of Vermont nearly 20 years ago. I then formed a real estate organization devoted to helping others locate and analyze real estate opportunities. Once familiar with your guidelines, I research alternatives which best match your criteria and only then do we review the best selection together—saving you time, money and inconvenience. Whether for investment, a place in the country or a permanent move, why not give me a call and we can begin converting your enthusiasms into reality?

BROOKS H. BARRON
REAL ESTATE

R.D. #1, Box 26A, Rochester, VT 05767, (802) 767-3398

Vermont's Mountain Hideaway



Spectacular Mountain Views! 3 bedrooms, 2 baths—all new furnishings set on 2 acres—$178,000 (Broker/Owner)

HAWK NORTH REALTY, LTD.
PO Box 529, Pittsfield Vermont, 05762
(802) 746-8911 or 746-8424

ENDANGERED SPECIES

Sanibel Island, Florida: Ground level, new construction must be elevated. Near beach and wildlife refuge. Ideal for senior citizens, bird watchers, and beach lovers. Well landscaped, nature walk to lake. Three bedrooms, two baths, double garage. **$155,000.** Reply to Dr. Eleanor Scott, 4639 Brainard Bayou Road, Sanibel, Florida 33957. **(813) 472-4482.**

Waterfront Properties
Lake Tahoe
Gardner W. Mein
Grubb & Ellis
1823 Union Street • San Francisco, CA 94123
415/922-7100

Vermont's Mountain Hideaway

Now accepting reservations for nitely, weekly, & seasonal rentals. Act promptly to insure the accomodations of your choice.
For brochure: HAWK NORTH
PO Box 529, Pittsfield, VT 05762
(802) 746-8911 or 746-8424

FAMOUS ARCHITECT'S UNIQUE CONTEMPORARY surrounded by woods and meadows with private sand beach in lovely Village of ASHAROKEN LI. $695,000

CALL OWNER FOR APPOINTMENT
212-758-4540, 516-757-0696

For more information on advertising in "Homes & Estates," please call (212) 840-3800 ext.244.

which he envisioned how physics might look in various situations. In this diagram he labels the parts of his room with letters, as in "B = Betterl" ("little bed"), and "b = Bilderl" ("little picture"). The thought experiment here seems to involve how Marić and Lieserl can be made to fit into this room. He never actually asks Marić to come and live with him, and by the time they do get married, a year later, Lieserl has disappeared. Dr. Stachel tells us in an introduction that no one involved with the Einstein papers has been able to trace what happened to her or to discover whether Einstein ever saw her. Without the evidence of a handful of letters, she might never have existed.

What, then, is one to make of all this? At the age of sixty-seven, Einstein undertook to write something like an autobiography, and there is no mention in it of either Marić or any of his children; indeed, in it he talks about his lifelong attempt to free himself from the "chains of the 'merely-personal.' " On their face, these letters appear to show Einstein in the toils of the "merely-personal." I say "on their face" because in almost all his letters physics is not very far away. The letters are full of casual comments on his developing ideas in physics—comments that will keep historians of science busy for years. The letters in this volume and those to come will also keep biographers of Einstein busy for years. For example, the notion given in "Einstein: The Life and Times," by Ronald W. Clark, that Einstein "tumbled into marriage, almost by accident, possibly while thinking of more important things" seems now disputable. As these often anguished letters show, there was a time when his relation to Marić was—his physics apart—the most important thing in his life. Eventually, it went sour. They were divorced in 1919, and they had been separated for several years before that. In "Einstein: His Life and Times," Philipp Frank, who taught physics at Harvard, and knew them a few years after they were married, wrote, "For Einstein life with her was not always a source of peace and happiness. When he wanted to discuss with her his ideas, which came to him in great abundance, her response was so slight that he was often unable to decide whether or not she was interested." By this time, Marić had borne two sons, and she may well have had little or no time to be interested in physics. However, the letters collected in this volume suggest that in the early da Einstein thought of Marić almost as collaborator in physics. He keeps r ferring to "our theory," and how th two of them will test it. But as far as know he never made any mention, any paper he wrote, of a collaboratic with her. The letters show that early as 1899 he was correspondir with Marić about the electrodynami of moving bodies—the eventual title his 1905 relativity paper. Yet in th paper he thanks, for "loyal assi tance," his "friend and colleague" tl engineer Michele Besso, to whom I is "indebted . . . for several valuab suggestions." Discrepancies of th sort are the reason I find these ear letters so compelling. Through the we get as close to the young Einste as we are ever going to. Still, he r mains—at least to me—as much of enigma as before.

—JEREMY BERNSTE

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

BURNING PATIENCE, by Antonio Ská meta, translated from the Spani by Katherine Silver (Pantheo $10.95). A jewel of a story, set Isla Negra, a Chilean fishing v lage, about a passionate postm and would-be poet, a voluptuo barmaid, her fire-breathing moth and their neighbor—the postmar idol—Pablo Neruda. For a whi all is well. President Allende nam Neruda Chile's Ambassador France, and Neruda wins the Nol Prize in Literature. The postm practices his metaphors; the barma bears Neruda a godson; and t postman's mother-in-law opens restaurant. But then food shortag orchestrated by Allende's foes, obli her to make minestrone and call stew; the rest is history. There is lovely episode near the middle, wh the postman watches Neruda dan alone to the Beatles' "Please M Postman." The novel's title com from a line of verse by Rimbau which Neruda quotes in his Nol Prize acceptance speech: "*À l'auro armés d'une ardente patience, no entrerons aux splendides villes.*"

UNDER THE DOG STAR, by Jose Caldwell. (Viking; $16.95). T widow of a stickup man returns her family's defunct dairy farm this novel about greed and guilt b gins. At the center of the story is live-in grease monkey, raised in orphanage, who triggers an alarr ing sexual rivalry between two of the widow's children. Meanwhile, the widow herself juggles two half-hearted affairs: one with a confident neighbor who owns twenty acres she could use, and the other with a confident lummox who claims to be the grease monkey's father. Mr. Caldwell is good at conveying the menace implicit in his characters' misreadings of their own and others' motives, and at describing creatures that manifest the changing state of the family's combustion: an old bull blocking the road, a puppy galumphing about a milking barn, a beheaded chicken taking one last turn around the yard.

GENERAL

IFE AND DEATH IN SHANGHAI, by Nien Cheng (Grove; $19.95). "You are here because you committed a crime against the People's Government," one of Nien Cheng's Cultural Revolutionary prison guards said to her one day. When she replied, "I've never committed a crime in my whole life," the guard said, "Your being here proves you have committed a crime." In fact, her sin was that she came of a privileged class. Her husband, for a time a Kuomintang official, became (with the new Communist government's permission) manager of Shell Oil's Shanghai office. When he died, in 1957, Nien Cheng became assistant manager; she held the job until the storm broke, in 1966, and she was imprisoned. Steadfastly, in spite of torture, starvation, and ill health, she denied guilt of anything. In the musty cell where she lived for nearly seven years, she whiled away the time between interrogations and brutal manhandling by calmly musing on what might be going on outside—the political ferment, the intrigue, and, most important, the fate of her daughter, Meiping, who was an actress with the Shanghai Film Studio. At last, the government, believing that she had cancer, freed her. Only then did she learn that Meiping was dead—a suicide, according to the official story. Nien Cheng didn't believe it, and she spent the next seven years finding out what really happened. Then she left China, came here, and wrote this harrowing book.

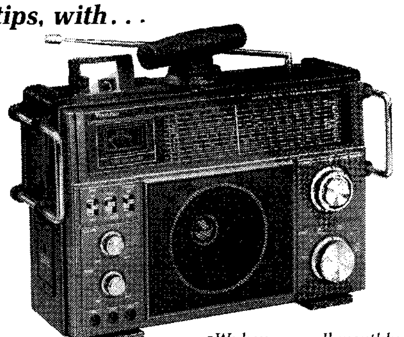
HE CLOSING OF THE AMERICAN MIND: HOW HIGHER EDUCATION HAS FAILED DEMOCRACY AND IMPOVERISHED THE SOULS OF TO-

Put the whole world at your fingertips, with. . .

Venturer Multi-Band Receiver

Only $99.95*

But read the ad for an even better deal!



•We have a small monthly allotment of the Venturer 2, same as the standard Venturer, but it also plays cassette tapes. It costs $20 more. The "special deal"—3 for the price of 2—is also available for this model.

The *Venturer* Receiver gives you crisp reception over the full ten bands of the radio spectrum, including, of course, the entire AM/FM range. But you can also roam the international shortwave and ham radio bands (4 to 12 mHz) for information from all over the world. And you can pick up the TV-audio from channels 2 to 13, a great way to keep up with your favorite programs. But there is more: Listen to 24-hr. reports of the U.S. Weather Bureau, and get news of all support services—police, fire, ships, and civil defense. Then there is the aircraft band, and all 40 channels of the CB band. The *Venturer* works off your 110-volt house current, off batteries, or off any external 12-V. DC source.

We import *Venturers* in container loads and can offer them for just $99.95. But we have an even better, almost unbelievable deal: ***Buy two for $199.90, and we'll send you a third one, with our compliments—absolutely FREE!***

Take advantage of this special offer and order your *Venturer Multi-Band Receiver(s)* today!

FOR FASTEST SERVICE, ORDER
TOLL FREE (800) 621-1203
24 hours a day, 7 days a week
Please give order **#1195 E104.** for the *Multi-Band Receiver,* and for the cassette version, give order **#1196 E104.** If you prefer, mail check or card authorization and expiration. We need daytime phone for all orders and issuing bank for charge orders. We cannot ship without this information.

UPS/insurance: $6.95 for one *Venturer Multi-Band Receiver,* $8.95 for three. Add sales tax for CA delivery. You have 30-day return privilege and one year warranty.

since 1967
haverhills
131 Townsend Street, San Francisco, CA 94107

937 Bestsellers

The U.S. Government Printing Office has put together a new catalog of the Government's bestselling books. Find out what Government books are all about. Send for your **free** catalog.

New Catalog
Post Office Box 37000
Washington, D.C. 20013

THE AFTERLIFE
JOHN UPDIKE

A fine edition signed by John Updike
26 copies on hand-made paper
in quarter leather at $325
175 in cloth at $100

Prospectus from
SIXTH CHAMBER PRESS
33B Chalcot Square, London
NW1 8YA England

All of the contents of this book appeared originally in *The New Yorker.*

GALAPAGOS
You, 9 others and our licensed naturalist will sail by yacht to explore more islands than any other Galapagos adventure. 44 trip dates. Machu Picchu option.
FREE BROCHURE
INCA FLOATS 415-435-4622
1606Y Juanita, Tiburon, CA 94920

An Ideal Restorative
Aubergine
french restaurant and inn
207-236-8053
6 Belmont·Camden·Maine·04843

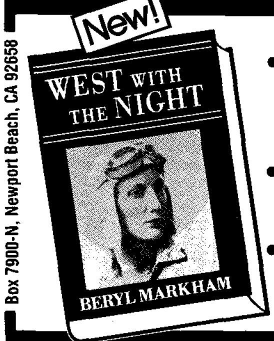
GOOD USED BOOKS
Since 1948, thousands of libraries and individuals have been buying regularly; you can too! Send a dollar for 20,000 typical titles and prices classified in over forty subjects.
EDITIONS DESK Y,
BOICEVILLE, N. Y. 12412

RUSSIAN LACQUER BOXES
PLEASE SEND FOR OUR
FULL COLOR BROCHURE $2
LIGHT OPERA GALLERY
GHIRARDELLI SQUARE #102N
SAN FRANCISCO, CA 94109
415-775-7665

DO YOU TEACH ?
IF SO, PLEASE READ ON...

The New Yorker is delighted to introduce a new education program for teachers who want to share the magazine with their students. For information and materials to help you use The New Yorker in the classroom, please call Elaine Berman at (212) 840-3800 ext. 523 or write to her at the address below:

THE NEW YORKER
EDUCATION PROGRAM
25 West 43rd Street, New York, NY 10036



BOOKS ON TAPE™
- Best Sellers on Cassette
- Full-length Readings
- Call for Free Brochure

Box 7900-N, Newport Beach, CA 92658
(800) 626-3333

HOST TO GREAT AMERICANS SINCE 1716
Gracious hospitality amidst the sights and sounds of our nation's birth. 60 rooms with all modern comforts. Great food and spirits. Write for brochure.
The Colonial Inn
on the Green Dept N Concord, MA 01742
(617) 369-9200
Operated by the Grimes Family

day's Students, by Allan Bloom, with a foreword by Saul Bellow (Simon & Schuster; $18.95). This essay, whose author is a political philosopher at the University of Chicago, argues that American universities have yielded intellectual and moral authority to the point where their students are not taught values, and are not even allowed to discover them. Because the traditional curriculum has been eroded, undergraduates have little chance to understand the ideas that shaped the past, and the result is that they do not learn to think coherently about the present. This process may be described, at least in part, as good intentions gone awry: post-Second World War faculties, attempting inclusiveness, taught tolerance, drifted into a pervasive relativism, and left themselves without any intellectual foundation for moral judgment. At present, the author finds the university compartmentalized: science departments are enclaves of self-importance; the humanities faculties "do not believe in themselves or what they do;" and political science is "a haphazard bazaar." He allows his readers to decide whether the disarray of our learned institutions represents or misrepresents the condition of the wider society.

Africa Then: Photographs 1840-1918, edited by Nicolas Monti (Knopf; $35). This extraordinary album shows us Africa and its peoples as they appeared to European photographers in the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries, or as those photographers wanted them to appear to Europeans. The pictures, mostly by Italian, British, French, and Austrian photographers, amateur and professional, present an exotic, picturesque land—Arab caravans traversing desert wastes, groups of fierce-looking warriors, a chief with more than thirty of his wives, tourists swarming over the pyramids, prostitutes and Ouled Naïl girls, scenes of the Boer War, Africans in European clothes, and, in one instance, a pornographic study of a nude white woman and a nude black man. The editor has written a thoughtful text, tracing the history of the white man's partition and exploitation of "the Dark Continent," and analyzing the colonialist attitudes that are reflected, consciously or unconsciously, in the photographs.

Note: "Scenes from the Fashionable World," a collection of pieces l Kennedy Fraser, has been publish by Knopf ($17.95). All the piec originally appeared in *The Ne Yorker*.... "Racing Through Par dise: A Pacific Passage," by Wi liam F. Buckley, Jr., has been pu lished by Random House ($25 Some of the contents first appear here.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

Heartstones, by Ruth Rende (Harper & Row; $10.95). Th short novel—a long short stor really—is an example of Miss Re dell at her spookiest. Its highfalut narrator is one Elvira Zoffany, hateful, pedantic English teen-ag who reads Sophocles in the origir Greek with her classicist father, whom she is more than devoted. H mother has just died, and she a her younger sister, Despina, a their father live in a famous haunted old house overlooking medieval cathedral. Elvira's favor writer (in English) is Poe, and t story she tells us is Poe-ish enoug disembodied footsteps in the night ghostly cat, a death from falli which could be murder, a cache cyanide, a case of anorexia and o of gluttony, an apparent suici The ending, however, is pure Re dell. That is to say, a crafty su prise.

Suicide Season, by Rex Burns (V king; $16.95). Mr. Burns seems have lost interest (perhaps or momentarily) in his Gabe Wag the Denver half-Chicano homici detective, and has taken up with private eye named Devlin Kirk, b the scene, happily, is still Denv Kirk, whom confused strangers o ten call "Mr. Devlin," is differe from Wager—better born, bett educated, and with a thorough reliable business partner—but equa ly interesting. The matter at ha here is essentially industrial espi nage or insider scam, but there a a satisfactory number of viole deaths. There is also a hint, in ending reminiscent of that of "T Maltese Falcon," of a reappearan by Devlin Kirk.

•

CONSTABULARY NOTES FROM ALL OVER

[*From the Brookline* (*Mass.*) *Citizen*]

A Brookline officer aided a Village re dent who had a pizza stuck in her mailb last Monday night, according to the poli journal.

APE
OWER.

[illegible]

PURE POWER. Power. That's what a Z-car is really all about. Convincingly delivered by one of the world's most advanced engines: Nissan's 3.0-liter V-6. Electronic multiport fuel injection. 5-speed manual. Or 4-speed automatic overdrive. Turbo. Or non-turbo. The 1987 300 ZX moves fast. Stops quick. Without fade. Thanks to vented disc brakes now at all four wheels.

Feel the need for speed? Take the 200 hp turbocharged Z. With a lower rear axle gear ratio to get off the line quicker than ever.

PURE Z. It's a driver's car. For the driver who understands shape. Demands performance. Respects power. The 1987 300 ZX. Pure Z. Your Z. Awesome.

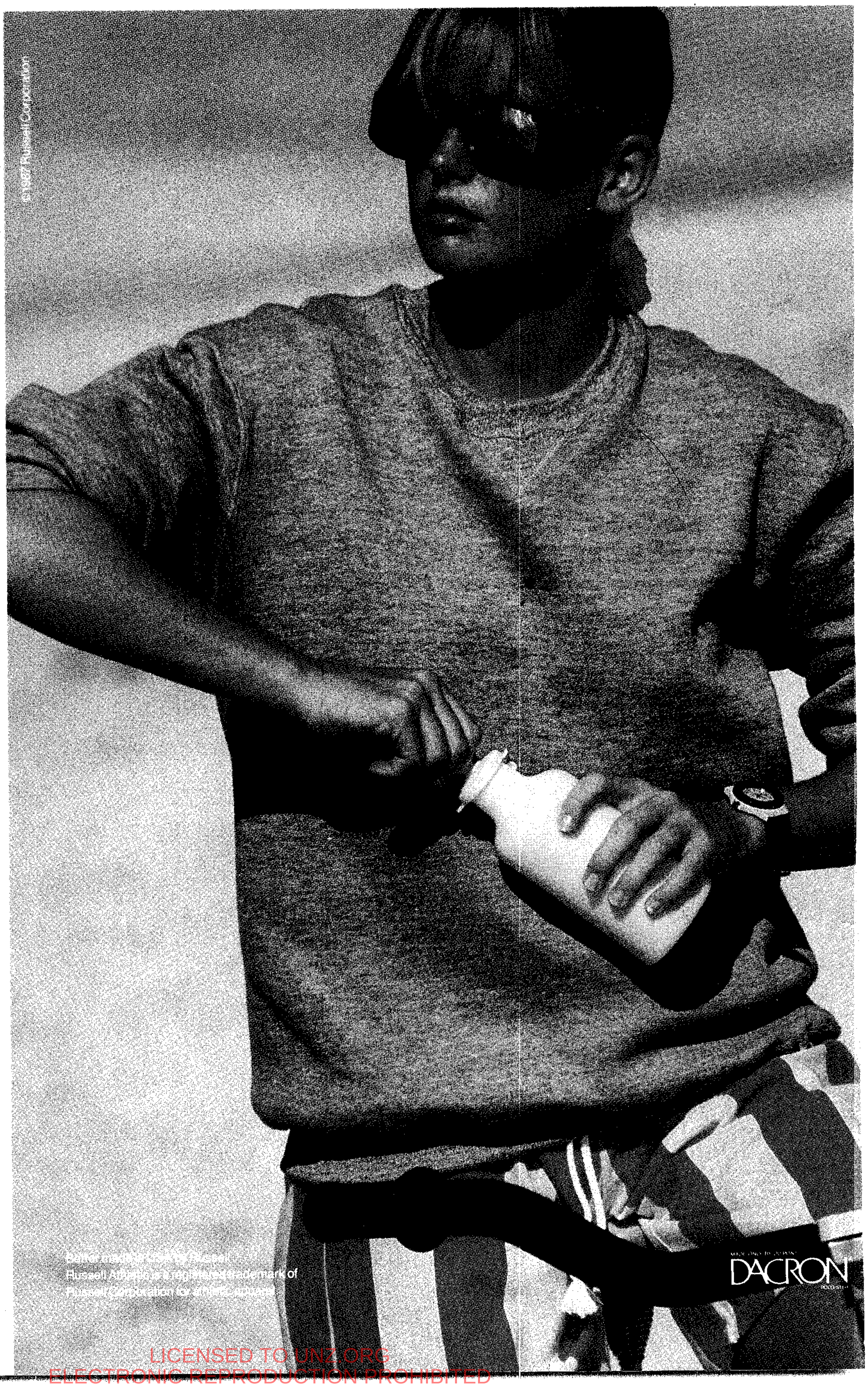
NISSAN

PERFORMANCE IS 300ZX.

ME IS NISSAN

Property of
AMBASSADOR COLLEGE LIBRARY
Big Sandy, Texas

The Sporting Life.
Pretty tough. Sweats from Russell Athletic.®


©1987 Russell Corporation
Russell Athletic is a registered trademark of
Russell Corporation
DACRON

Classic style.
Sensational colors.
And the strength to make it through the toughest workouts.
That's Russell Athletic.
Athleticwear with the kind of field-tested performance that comes from outfitting generations of America's best athletes.
For comfort and strength Russell Athletic is pretty tough to beat.
Russell Athletic.®
Authentic American Sport.

RUSSELL®
ATHLETIC

For a nearby Russell Athletic retailer, call 1-800-526-5256 toll free 24 hours a day. In New Jersey, call 1-800-624-0470.